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1. Read the following passage as fast as you comfortably can, but without losing its meaning. Time yourself precisely with the second hand of your watch and write down the elapsed time as soon as you have finished.

"YALE'S efforts to make itself a vast contributing part of New Haven are too many and too well known to require any detailing here." So reads the first sentence of an editorial in the *New Haven Register* of June 17, 1959; it is quoted here not because such statements are rarely found in the local newspapers but because they are appearing with encouraging frequency. Yet University authorities, adjusting to this very welcome popularity, were hardly prepared for a pamphlet, issued by the Southern New England Telephone Company in July, which bluntly announced that Yale is worth at least $33,000,000 annually to the New Haven community.

This highly informative financial report explained that Yale has an annual payroll of $18,000,000, paid to some 1700 faculty members and 2000 service staff workers, virtually all of whom live and shop in the New Haven area. The University spends approximately $6,000,000 annually in New Haven for supplies and equipment. Each year Yale students spend $5,000,000 locally, and this is increased by another $4,000,000 when alumni, parents and other Yale visitors are included. Then there is the extensive construction program. In 1958, for example, the University dedicated new buildings costing more than $7,000,000, and plans for the next five years call for at least $12,000,000 in additional construction.

— FROM *Town and Gown*

*Reading Time:*_____**minutes**_____**seconds**

2. Without referring back to the passage above, indicate below what you consider to be the one most important fact stated in it.

_____a. Yale brings $18,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____b. Yale brings $6,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____c. Yale brings $4,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____d. Yale brings $33,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____e. Yale's building program is the only real benefit to New Haven in dollars and cents

NOW TURN TO PAGE 15 TO SEE WHAT THE RESULTS OF THIS TEST SIGNIFY

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

"THE House," wrote Woodrow Wilson more than half a century ago, "has the advantage of being regarded as the more truly representative chamber and of being more directly in touch with the general sentiment of the country. The House also has the advantage of being under thorough discipline and standing ready to do what it is told to do promptly." Both these assessments have remained correct so long that it is something of a shock to appraise the House today, in comparison with the Senate, and to find how far it has strayed from the body of which Wilson wrote.

The fact is that today it is the Senate which is the more liberal, or more "progressive," body, if one wishes to use the word President Kennedy uses to describe his own point of view. The House has become balky; Administration officials contend that it is less expressive of the national mood than the Senate is. The House is more conservative than it was in the final two Eisenhower years; one reason is that a score or so of liberal Democratic members were defeated as Kennedy was winning narrowly. But there are deeper reasons.

For one thing, while the nation has become more and more urban — 70 percent of the people live in or around cities — the layout of House districts results in overrepresentation of rural America. The state legislatures, which are dominated to an even greater extent than the House by their rural members, do the redistricting for the House after each census, and this built-in bias is again evident in the current redistricting decisions in many states. Pure politics, too, has made many districts unrepresentative by piling large numbers of voters of one party or the other into a single "safe" district. There appears to be no relief from this problem unless the Supreme Court permits the federal courts to take a hand in at least the most glaring cases of inequity.

Another factor is that House members tend to particularize, to vote according to what they consider to be the interests of their own districts, whereas senators, with larger constituencies, must pay attention to a considerable variety of often conflicting interests. This situation, of course, is not new, but it seems to have grown worse with the multiplication of organized pressure groups of all sorts and with the multiplicity of foreign policy issues which come before Congress on roll calls. The President must convince the congressmen, and senators too, to vote in the national interest at their own political risk. This is asking a lot, but it is easier to convince a senator than a congressman.

The Kennedy program

The tone of the President's State of the Union address was clearly within the meaning of the term "progressive" rather than "liberal." But the Congress, especially the House, is something less than progressive as things now stand. This is an election year, and all House members must face the voters. Therefore, the prospect favors final passage of most of the Kennedy proposals, though many items will be watered down before they reach the President's desk for signature.

Naturally enough, there is a high degree of political content in the Kennedy program. This is especially so in his medical care and civil rights proposals. The aim, frankly, is less to pass the medical care bill this year than to get a roll call in each house, in the belief that negative GOP votes can be turned to political advantage on November 6. No substantial shift in the division of the Senate, where only a third of the membership must face the voters, is in prospect. But Kennedy well knows that in every nonpresidential off-year election in modern times, with the single exception of 1934, the party in power has suffered

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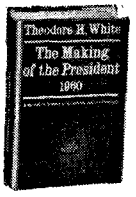

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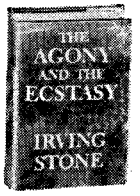

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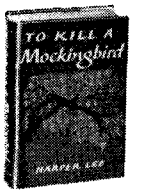

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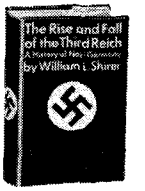

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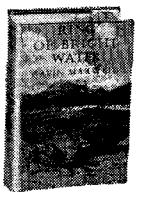

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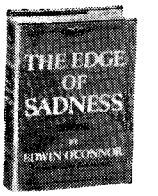

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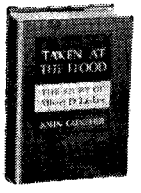

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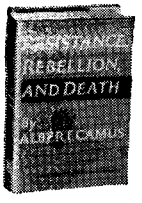

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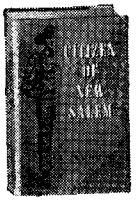

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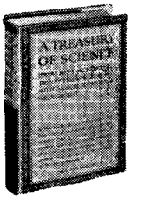

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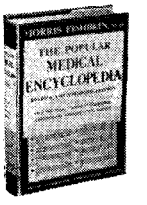

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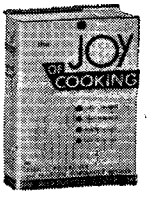

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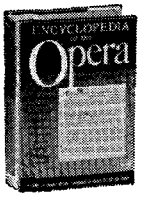

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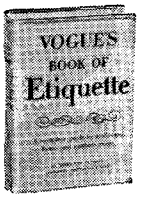

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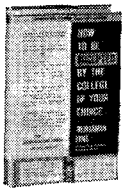

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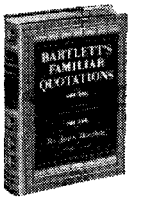

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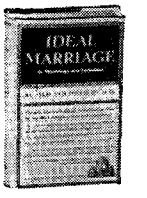

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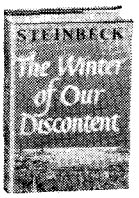

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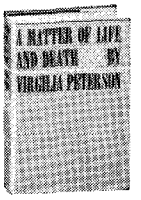

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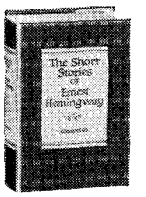

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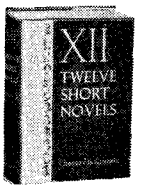

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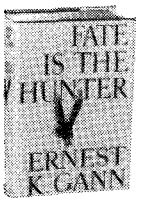

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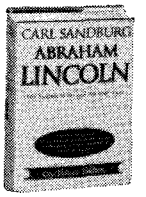

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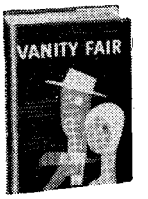

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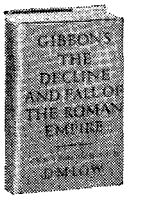

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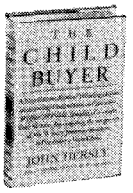

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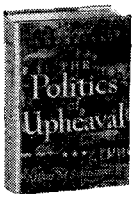

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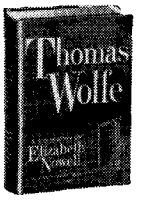

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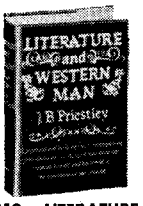

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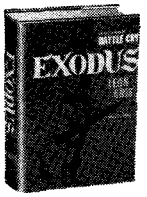

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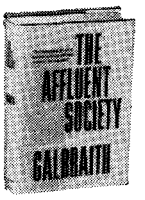

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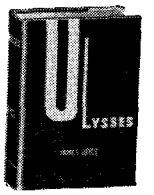

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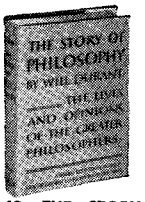

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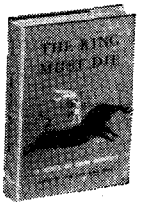

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Report on Washington

losses. And he cannot afford losses if he is to succeed in getting Congress to pass the legislation he has asked for.

During the 1960 campaign, Kennedy made some rather sweeping civil rights promises, especially if one considers him bound by the wordage of the Democratic platform. But practical politics has led him to avoid legislative fights for new measures and, instead, to lean heavily on various forms of executive action for progress in this field.

In all fairness, it must be recalled that Kennedy said repeatedly that he could do a great deal as President without new legislation; his criticism was that Eisenhower had not used the powers he already had. Yet President Kennedy has run out on Senator Kennedy's campaign promise to end with the stroke of a pen discrimination in housing built with the aid of the federal government. He shelved this idea, though an executive order had been drafted, in the very realistic belief that such a move would rouse so much Southern ire that it would lose him indispensable votes on a good many other measures.

But, to answer criticism from Negro and liberal leaders who had supported his candidacy, the President unexpectedly proposed this year to back a measure to end arbitrary tests as a qualification for voting. This instantly jabbed a sensitive Southern nerve.

The power of Congress

Both the voting proposal and Kennedy's request for the power to cut income taxes for limited periods as an anti-recession measure would affect the division of powers within our system of government; both are being attacked on that ground as much as on their own merits. The voting scheme, related to the 1961 Civil Rights Commission proposal to accept education through the sixth grade as sufficient qualification to meet any state literacy or education test, would mean setting a federal standard in a field almost wholly left to the states thus far. There is considerable argument as to whether this could be done by legislation rather than through a constitutional amendment.

The tax measure transgresses the jealously guarded constitutional power of the House to originate, and the Congress to set, tax rates. The President's trade measure also runs afoul of the historic right of Congress to set tariffs, but this right was vitiated back in 1934 when Congress transferred to the President in the first Reciprocal Trade Act a large measure of its power.

A year ago, Washington was so agog over the dynamism President Kennedy had introduced into the executive branch of the government that Congress was relegated to a back seat. This year, things are different; the novelty has worn off, the less controversial parts of the Kennedy legislative program already are law, and the hard bills are now before Congress, which is finally getting its voice back, in part because of the coming election.

Nevertheless, foreign affairs will surely dominate 1962 as they did 1961, and in this field the President is the key man. Congress must vote the money, and it has the power of harassment through investigations, a power which will come into play this year as dissenters over Administration policies, toward the Congo, especially, use the congressional forum. The normal interplay of politics and of the check-and-balance system between branches of government is once more very much in evidence.

Has Kennedy gone conservative?

There has been a good deal of criticism that the President is hewing too much to the middle of the road politically. To this, Kennedy reacts with annoyance; indeed, there have been occasions when high officials close to the President have openly told reporters from newspapers which have been rated too critical that they do not see why they should continue to meet the newsmen. This is a phase of bureaucratic foolishness through which many new administrations have passed, but it has served to irritate a lot of newsmen.

However, it is not accurate to say that Kennedy has gone conservative. Indeed, the centerpiece of his foreign policy plan this year, the proposal for a new trade policy, is a big step forward, a bold plan, courageously undertaken. A number of the President's advisers suggested that he wait another year to press for its enactment and that this year be devoted to public and congressional education. He rejected this advice and plunged into a full-scale battle for action at this session.

Furthermore, he has endeavored to take the issue out of the context of merely juggling tariff rates and to define it in terms of creating a more closely knit Atlantic community, which would be incomparably more powerful than the Sino-Soviet world in the global civil war between the two power blocs.

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Welsh girls make those jaw-breaking Welsh names sound like music. This girl was snapped at Llangollen—pronounced "thlanngothlen."

For children only: How to get Father to take you to Britain

DON'T tell Father you want to visit Britain just because it's fun. *Don't* tell Father you want to go because British children speak English—and it's easy to make friends.

Don't tell Father you want to see the Queen; shake hands with a Beefeater; meet a Bobby; or see the Lord Mayor's Show. These things may be true, but they're the wrong approach. Far better to hold a history book in your hot little hand and announce that you want to go to Britain because it's *educational*. Don't giggle. Move in with facts.

The Shakespeare Season of Plays at Stratford is *educational* to beat the band. It goes on from April through November. Stately homes and ghostly castles are *educational* because they prove that history is made by people—not by books. And England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland can all claim to be *educational* because each is a branch of America's ancestral tree.

If you want to educate Father on how much it costs, take him to a travel agent. He'll learn how little it costs for grown-ups to fly or sail to Britain. And under-twelves, with a thirst for learning, go half-price. Only fair.

FREE! For free illustrated literature including booklet "Children Visiting Britain," write British Travel Association, Box 164.
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More mouths to feed every year.
Who'll help grow the food to feed them?

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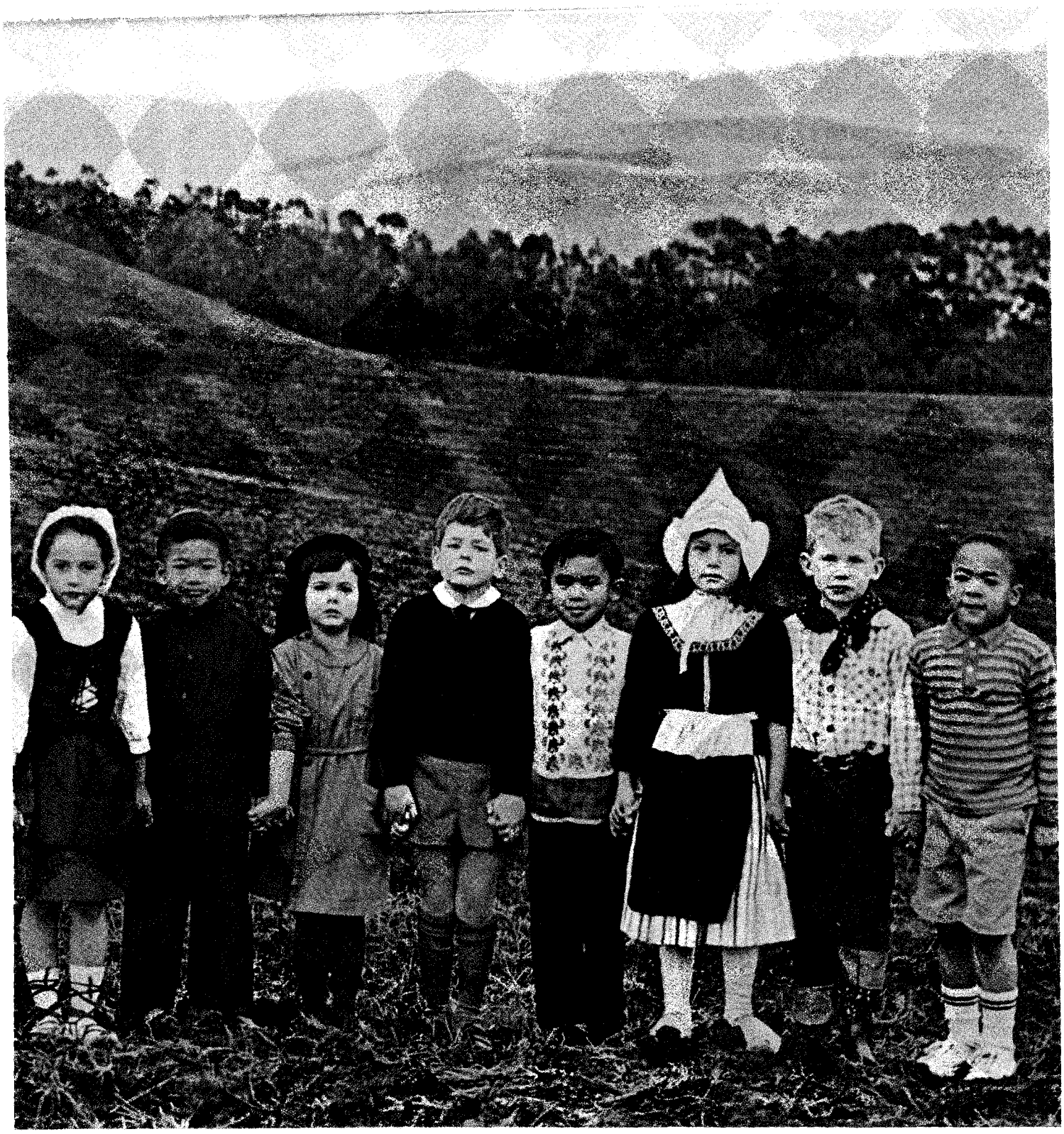

Most of the human race is still poorly fed, and the world is producing people much faster than food. By 1970, world population will have zoomed another half billion. The earth must be helped to do its share.

The earth *is* learning to produce more, partly because of a bold move fifteen years ago. During World War II, the U.S. Government urged the chemicals industry to develop a high analysis fertilizer to boost our farm yield. But there was one hitch. Our farmers were pretty "sot" in their ways; how could they be persuaded to buy the stuff? The Chemicals Division of Olin took on the job. Olin not only developed the new-type fertilizer. (Ammonium phosphate in a pellet form that practically guaranteed even distribution. Half the bulk of ordinary fertilizers. Much easier to apply.) They hit the road to coax the farmers out of their prejudices. Soon this new Ammo-Phos® was helping the U.S. farmer produce more wheat, more corn, more beans per acre than he'd ever thought possible.

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Today, Olin is selling the fertilizer – and the facts – to farmers almost everywhere in the free world. Ammo-Phos® is being applied by hand, by machine, even by airplane (over flooded rice fields, for instance). Wherever it goes, more food grows. And fewer people go hungry. ■ Another creative solution to a problem . . . from the Chemicals Division of Olin.

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The 1906 chain-driven Grand Prix car developed 100 HP with six cylinders and its top speed was about 95 miles per hour

Pavlova Danced, Caruso Sang and Mercedes Was Winning Races

When the world was half a century younger, this handsome, white Mercedes was a spirited and successful competitor in road races and hill climbs. That was 1906. However, as early as 1894, the ancestors of today's Mercedes-Benz were winning races. And they kept on winning them so that the white cars were a familiar sight at the checkered flag. When Mercedes-Benz retired from racing in 1955, it was as world champion. All of the vast experience and knowledge accrued through decades of success are evident in the engineering and construction of every Mercedes-Benz. The silver three-pointed star is the silent symbol of this glorious past and the hallmark of automotive excellence for today and tomorrow.

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Report on Washington

These are the terms in which the American public can comprehend the stakes involved; they are the terms which alone will overcome the sectionalism and the particularized voting interests of individual House members when the showdown comes later this year. President Kennedy has constructed some rather clever methods of meeting the problem of aiding those businesses and employees who would indeed be hurt by the kind of across-the-board tariff cuts the United States must be prepared to make in dealing with the expanding Common Market.

The President has said that the Atlantic community must grow "like a coral reef." This figure of speech denotes, however, a rate of speed considerably slower than what even the cautious President may privately accept. At any rate, he has firmly adopted the view long ago expressed by "Mr. Europe," France's Jean Monnet, that economic ties must come first, and that from them slowly, and in good time, will come increasing political ties.

The second team

Number-two men in any government department seldom hit the headlines. Usually their job is to stick to the desk while the top Cabinet members take the stump at home or abroad, on Capitol Hill or downtown. One exception was Douglas Dillon, now Secretary of the Treasury, during his period as number-two man in the State Department during the final Eisenhower years. An exception now is 52-year-old George W. Ball, who succeeded Chester Bowles as top deputy of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Along with Roswell Gilpatric at the Pentagon and Henry Fowler at the Treasury Department, Ball is proving to be the best kind of right-hand man. Common to all of these men is long experience in government; in Ball's case, with the Lend-Lease Administration, the Foreign Economic Administration, the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, and the French Supply Council.

It was Ball's vast knowledge of economics and his ability as an administrator while serving in the number-three spot at the State Department which got him his new post. Politically, Ball had been Adlai Stevenson's man in Washington, a fact which did not endear him to Kennedy. But he has worked loyally in harness since joining the Administration as a chief prodder of the Europeans for more help to the underdeveloped nations, as a principal architect of the President's new trade program, and, on occasion, as an articulate spokesman for American foreign policy.

Sufficient first-rate manpower long has been a problem in Washington, for no Cabinet member can carry all the burdens of his department. Men like Ball, Gilpatric, and Fowler have given Kennedy a second team of proven merit.

Mood of the Capital

Every President's State of the Union message in January tends to set the tone of his Administration for the ensuing year. For several weeks before his speech, the President was showing signs of coming out of the sometimes melancholy mood which marked his first year in office. The official and public switch from last year's "The news will be worse before it is better" to this year's use of such words as "progress," "success," and "encouraging" indicates that the Administration has gotten its second wind.

Looking ahead, Administration officials say that this will be a noteworthy year if two things alone are accomplished: the accession of Britain to the Common Market and the passage by Congress of the trade bill to permit the United States to deal with the Market; and, second, the liquidation of the Algerian war, the biggest stumbling block to eliminating the colonialism issue which has long plagued relations between the United States and its Western allies, and between the West in general and the free but underdeveloped nations.

Another factor, however, is also vitally important. The President spoke of the "extraordinary rumbles of discord [which] can be heard across the Iron Curtain." It very well could be that the discord within the Communist bloc will be as important in the "global civil war" as the developments in the Common Market and Algeria.

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The Atlantic Report JAPAN

THE Japanese continue to enjoy record prosperity. Since 1958, Japan has been experiencing a sustained boom, now tapering off. Despite the slackening of Japan's expansion, the rate of growth of national product continues to be very high — perhaps the highest in the world — and the Japanese look forward to living on a European standard within the next decade.

With the new prosperity, ancient patterns of consumption are changing. The Japanese are beginning to eat bread, meat, eggs, and dairy products in preference to the traditional rice-centered diet. "Instant" foods of all descriptions, catering to the new tastes as well as to the desire of the housewife to take it easy, have gained great vogue. Enjoyment of the material pleasures of life has become widespread for the first time in Japanese history.

The shortening of the work week for the average Japanese has given currency to the popular phrase, "leisure boom." No longer are shops open every day of the year except during the New Year holidays. According to a recent survey, Japanese workers now spend an average of 24 days at work every month, as contrasted with 27 days in 1934. Life expectancy, reflecting the better food and medical care now enjoyed by the Japanese, is higher than it ever has been. Japanese women can now expect to live to be 70; men, 65. In the mid 1930s, the men's average was 46.9, and that of women was 49.6.

Overpopulated cities

The post-war expansion of industry in Japan has led to an overconcentration of population in the cities, with soaring costs of land, shortages of water, and paralysis of harbor, highway, and railroad traffic. Vast and noisy Tokyo, wrapped in an almost perpetual blanket of smog, the world's most populous city and the home of one out of ten Japanese, epitomizes the difficulties.

The government is attempting to persuade industry to disperse to other, less developed areas of Japan, and there has been considerable talk of moving governmental offices to a new site outside Tokyo as a further means of relieving some of the congestion. Since earthquakes prevent the construction of any building more than a hundred feet high, a scheme of filling in Tokyo Bay to create space for expansion of the city has also been seriously suggested.

One of the greatest immediate problems is transportation. The public transportation system in Tokyo, with an extensive network of trains, buses, trolleys, and subways, is one of the world's finest, but it is hopelessly overloaded. In desperation, the Japan National Railways are calling upon government offices, private companies, and schools to stagger their hours so as to alleviate the crowding.

Five hundred students have been given part-time jobs by the railways as traffic controllers. Their function is to stand on the platform and push passengers into trains, so as to utilize available space to the maximum. And, with some fanfare, a clothing manufacturer recently introduced a new winter overcoat expressly designed for commuters. The "rush-hour coat," as it is called, has a smooth nylon surface, which the manufacturer boasts makes it easier for the wearer to squeeze on and off trains.

These problems of modern life are not dissimilar to those faced by any other heavily urbanized industrial nation. In Japan's case, they are probably solvable as long as the birth rate can be controlled. In 1940, there were 72 million people living in Japan. Today there are 94 million, and the number continues to grow. Birth control is practiced but is usually ex post facto; abortion is legal and costs less than three dollars. Japanese demographers hope that the population curve will follow a classic pattern and level off at a stable figure, although this would probably not occur until the first decade of the next century.

Tariffs and trade

The post-war era has seen a rise in Japanese foreign trade and a great expansion of the Japanese

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WHAT THE TEST ON PAGE 3 REVEALS ABOUT YOUR PRESENT READING SKILL

NOTE: If you missed this little test and are interested in learning how fast and how retentively you now read, please turn back to page 3 before reading what follows

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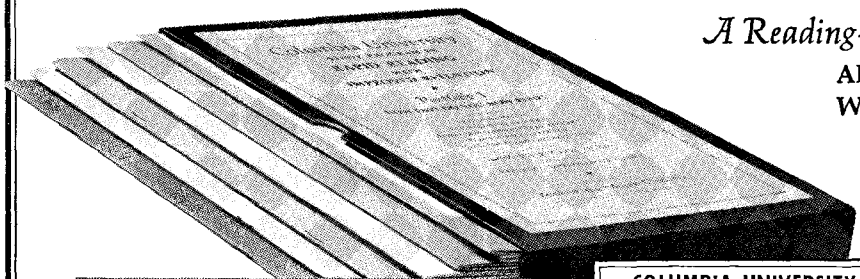

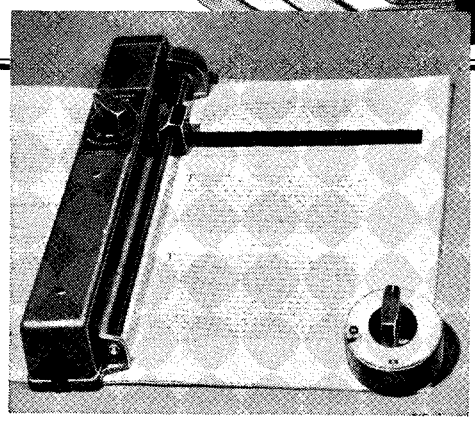

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economy in the field of heavy industry, with substantially increased production of machinery and other capital goods.

Emphasis before the war, at least in the export market, was on light industry, on textiles, and the like. Heavy-industry capacity was largely devoted to the production of armaments. The new diversification is due in part to increased knowledge of sophisticated industrial techniques; in part it is Japan's response to the need to sell a large share of its products overseas. Textiles, notably cotton and rayon goods, still constitute the major segment of Japan's exports, but electrical machinery, chemical products, metals, and metal manufactures have growing significance.

Diversification has not allowed the Japanese economy, short on supplies of virtually all the basic raw materials necessary for an industrial power, to become any more independent of foreign sources of supply. And Japan, with its greatly increased foreign commerce, is even more vulnerable now than it was before the war to the shifting currents of the world market. The impending development of regional economic organizations, such as the European Common Market, is frightening to the Japanese, who see themselves excluded and isolated. Japan has no close congenial neighbors with which it could create a similar economic affiliation.

In general, Europe has not welcomed trade with Japan; Europeans have been less ready to forgive and forget World War II than have Americans, and post-war economic rivalry has not eased European feelings toward Japan.

Japan's best customer

The United States buys roughly 30 percent of what Japan has to sell; consequently, the state of the American economy is a subject of great interest to the Japanese. Prime Minister Ikeda was swept back into power in the November, 1960, elections with his promise to double the national income in the next decade. To accomplish this, Japanese economists envision a doubling of exports;

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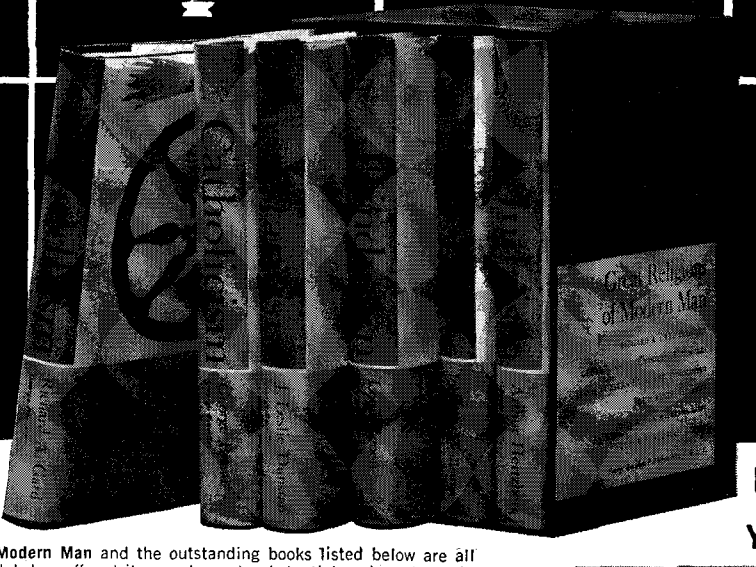

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Japan must, therefore, expand its present markets and find new ones. It wants to sell more to the United States.

The Kennedy Administration has shown itself to be sympathetic to Japan's plight. In November, Secretary of State Dean Rusk headed an American delegation, including four other Cabinet members, who met with their Japanese counterparts for three days of talks in the Hakone Mountains southwest of Tokyo.

Nothing new was brought up at the conference, but the informal and convivial atmosphere of the secluded resort was conducive to a frank and friendly exchange of opinions. Japanese goods, particularly textiles, are severe competition for domestic manufactures in the United States. High tariffs are the present means used by the American government to protect these products.

This protectionism is a cause of great anxiety to the Japanese, who point out that Japan buys more from the United States than any other nation except Canada. But Japan faces the embarrassment that, while favoring free trade overseas, it pursues a rigid protectionist policy at home, highly discriminatory toward American automobile manufacturers and Swiss watchmakers, to cite but two cases.

Political infighting

Curiously, the Japanese express no great feeling of exhilaration from the spectacular economic success gained by their nation in the seventeen years since the end of the greatest disaster in Japanese history. The well-publicized industrialization of China, for example, attracts far more appreciative interest.

In intellectual circles in Japan there is a decided tendency to write off the present "business society" as corrupt and exploitive. This emotional judgment, which was strong in the 1930s also, is bitterly echoed by the ultra-right, which fears that the "immorality" of Japanese capitalism may make the nation more susceptible to Communism. Thus, on both left and right there are the deeply alienated who feel they cannot plunge into the mainstream of Japanese life.

Conservatives have governed Japan since the end of the Occupation, and the right-wing Liberal Democratic Party now controls almost two thirds of the bicameral Diet. The strongly Marxist and neutralist Socialist Party has made steady growth but has been unable to make any spectacular breakthrough in its efforts to achieve a more even balance with its opponents. Neither of the two major parties has any profound commitment to parliamentary democracy, at least as it is understood in the West.

For the purposes of voting in the Diet, each party is generally well disciplined, but behind a thin facade of unity, the infighting and political maneuvering within each are vicious and unprincipled. All of Japan's political parties, including even the small Communist one, are rent by factionalism.

Colorless leaders

The party factionalism is more personal than ideological, but despite the fierce loyalties engendered by the factional organization of Japanese politics, none of Japan's political leaders enjoys any real measure of personal popularity. None save the late Inejiro Asanuma, chairman of the Socialist Party, who in October, 1960, was stabbed to death by an ultra-right fanatic, has in recent years exerted any genuine magnetism.

By far the most colorful figure in the Japanese political world is now in retirement. Former Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida (1946–1947, 1948–1954), elder statesman of the Liberal Democrats, has retreated to his opulent seaside villa in Oiso, south of Tokyo. Yoshida, luxury-loving and Anglophilic, fancies himself the Churchill of Japan; but his sharp tongue reminds one, rather, of Harry Truman.

The wily Nobusuke Kishi, who was the least popular of the post-war Prime Ministers, was dethroned after the riots against the United States–Japan Security Treaty and the embarrassing cancellation of the proposed visit of President Eisenhower. He lurks in the political background, still a potent figure. The

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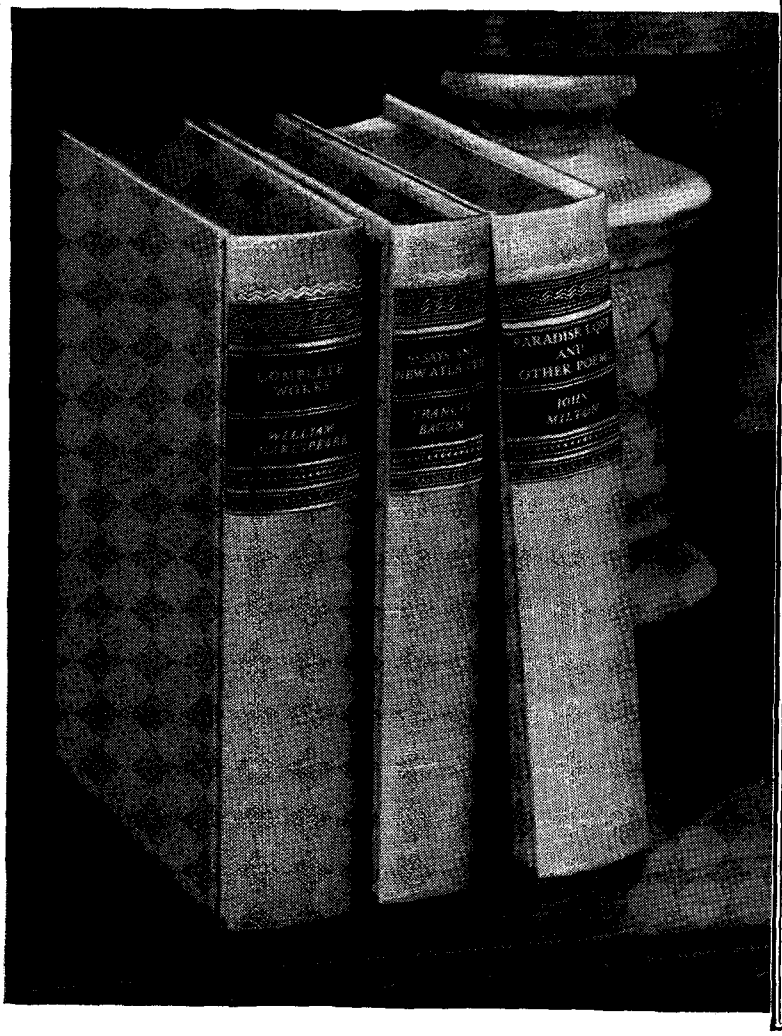

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present Prime Minister, Hayato Ikeda, is a highly capable political technician, but his leadership is uninspired, and there is considerable grumbling over the rapid rise of consumer prices, for which Ikeda is blamed. His program to double the national income has not captured the public imagination.

The Japanese Socialists

There is a third force in Japanese politics, the Democratic Socialist Party, formed in 1960 by a band of dissidents from the right wing of the Socialist Party. It is predominantly moderate and parliamentarian, offering the Japanese voter an alternative to the extreme political viewpoints of both major parties. A Democratic Socialist government would be far more agreeable to American tastes than a Socialist one. But the Democratic Socialists are another split party. Many of the members favor a foreign policy of nonalignment, and some also oppose rearmament; others support a limited buildup of Japan's defense forces. Some are not satisfied with the goal of a welfare state, but would like to have instead a full-scale social revolution.

Furthermore, the party's record at the polls has been miserable and makes its future existence doubtful. Reasons for this are the unfamiliarity of the electorate with the party and its program, poor organization at the grass-roots level, and the ineffective leadership of unpopular party chairman Suehire Nishio.

Rounding out the political picture are the ultra-rightists, minute in number, splintered into many tiny groups, but capable of making headline news from time to time.

The tactics of terror used by these fanatics are strikingly reminiscent of those used in the 1930s, but there is one highly significant difference between then and now. In the 1930s the ultra-right, through its manipulation of the army, could capture the nation. Today it has no access to the levers of power.

Anti-American feeling

For the United States, one of the most disturbing aspects of Japanese politics is the fact that the Liberal Democrats are the only party whose foreign policy now is heavily sympathetic toward American aims. The winning of office by the Socialists would be a major disaster for the United States. The foreign policy of the Socialist Party adheres rather closely to the Communist line. Although the party ostensibly favors nonalignment, its sympathies lie more with the Communist bloc than with the free world. American actions receive far more critical comment than do those of the Soviet Union.

More objective voices than that of the Socialist Party occasionally judge the United States very harshly *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. A recent editorial in the *Asahi*, generally regarded as Japan's foremost newspaper, likened the United States and the Soviet Union to Germany and Japan prior to World War II, both menacing world peace.

The majority of Japanese still do not accept the realities of the world situation; they feel no sense of involvement. This is beginning to change, but only very slowly. Political apathy and a preoccupation with the problems of daily life obscure awareness of the menace of Sino-Soviet power. The sudden resumption by the Soviet Union of nuclear testing in the autumn caused a notable, although unspectacular, reaction in Japan. Fear and disgust were expressed by most Japanese, and even the ardent apologists for the Communist bloc were momentarily silenced.

But the reaction of the people was not exploited by any large well-organized political group. The left was embarrassed; the vociferous extreme rightists are too few to stage giant demonstrations. Consequently, those protesting at the Soviet Embassy in Tokyo were infinitesimal in noise and number compared with the snake-dancing thousands who came out last year to protest against the United States–Japan Security Treaty.

Barriers to understanding

The shadow of Karl Marx continues to cloud the thinking of most Japanese intellectuals. As a result, their world view is not surprising. In order for the Japanese to sharpen

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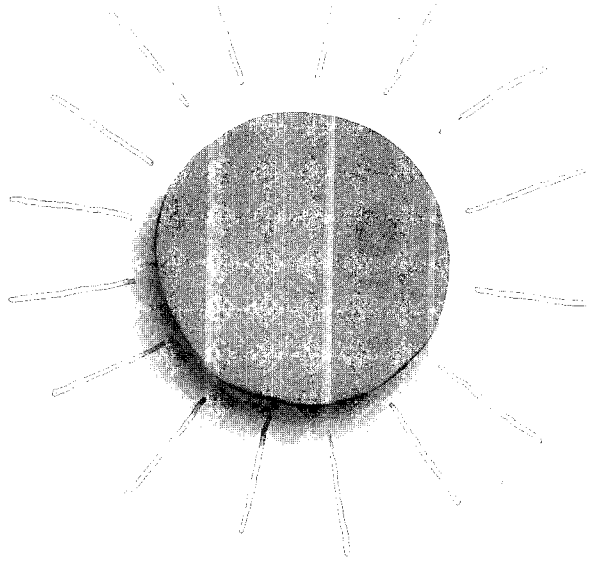

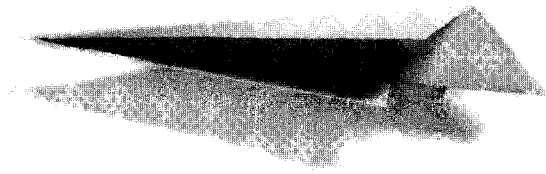

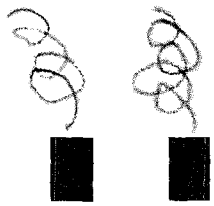

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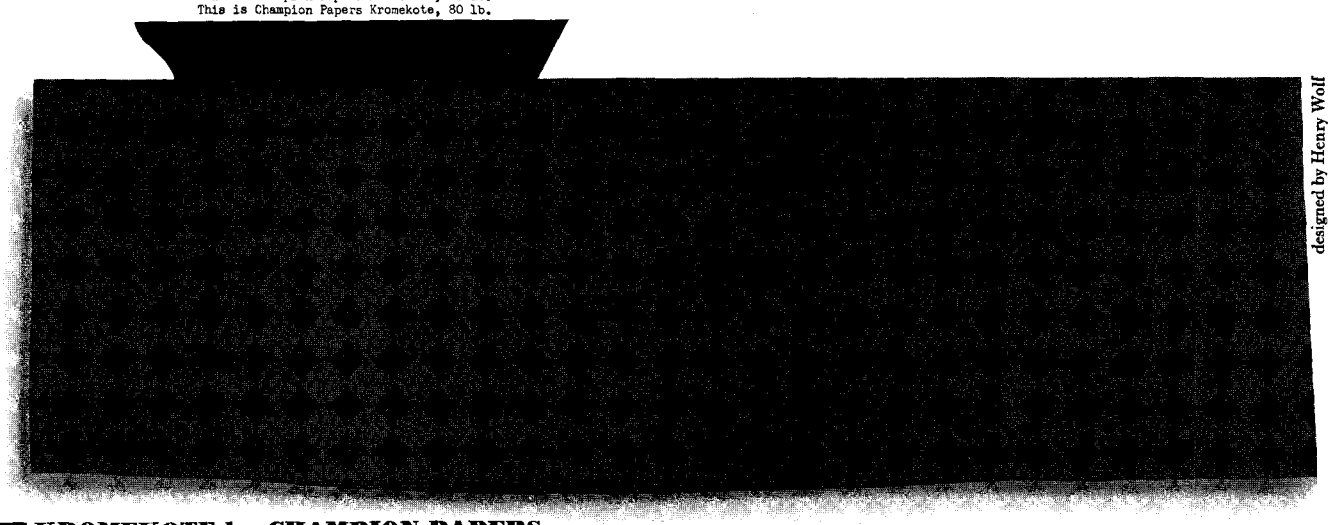

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their judgment of international events, very basic ideas will have to be changed.

The Japanese are a very literate people, a nation of readers, but their education suffers under two great handicaps, geographical and linguistic. Few Japanese ever gain any direct experience of the outside world; few ever can travel outside the home islands, even to the mainland of Asia nearby. Those nations in the world most akin to Japan in terms of technological development, the Atlantic powers, are geographically remote.

The second disadvantage is the Japanese language, which, in its written form, is the most intricate in the world. Few foreigners ever master it. The burden of communication, therefore, rests upon the Japanese. English is the most popular foreign language in Japan. But in Japan, English is taught for the most part by people who cannot speak it.

Recently, United States Ambassador Edwin Reischauer, a former Harvard professor keenly interested in educational exchange, proposed that Japan receive a hundred teachers of English from the Peace Corps. Japanese government reaction was initially favorable, but from the public there was vigorous objection on the basis of implied insult; the Peace Corps is intended to assist underdeveloped nations, and Japan is not one of these. And the powerful, strongly leftist Teachers' Union, ill-disposed toward the American government, immediately denounced the plan.

Japan is eager to be accepted as an equal by the other technologically advanced world powers. No other nation, except possibly the United States, is as nervously concerned with its international reputation. Despite its new prosperity, its economic recovery and growth, and its experience with parliamentary government, Japan has not yet sufficient confidence to assume the important role it is capable of playing in the world today, that of mentor and exemplar to the emerging nations of Asia and Africa.

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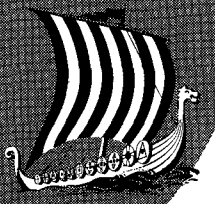

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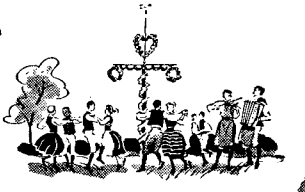

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The Atlantic Report ANGOLA

THE fighting in Angola has continued for more than a year, and many Africans and European residents in this overseas province doubt that Portugal will be able to restore order. The all-out campaign by the 30,000 Portuguese troops to exterminate the rebels during the dry season — June through September — failed. In October the Portuguese government announced that order was restored, but it is doubtful that even 10 percent of the 7000 Europeans who fled the Portuguese Congo last spring have returned to their homes.

The Portuguese, in their attempt to restore order, have had no squeamishness in meeting terror with terror; the only difference is that Portugal acted under the cloak of defending Western and Christian civilization in Angola.

According to the Portuguese, the revolt in northern Angola was unexpected. The suddenness of the attack by African nationalists in the Congo convinced the Portuguese that they were not at fault. Portuguese spokesmen said, "We know our Africans. If this revolt had been planned from within, we would have been forewarned." The Portuguese tried to explain the revolt in terms of forces outside the Angolan province.

Portugal places the blame

Premier Salazar, in his address to the Portuguese National Assembly on June 30, 1961, condemned the United Nations for giving comfort and aid to the Angolan "terrorists." After the United States voted in favor of the UN resolution to investigate the conditions in Angola, the Portuguese lamented that America betrayed them. "We were their allies," they said. "Now they are no longer our friends."

One of the forces behind the revolt in the Portuguese Congo, according to the Portuguese, is Communism. In a series of articles featured in the newspaper *A Província de Angola*, Armando César stated that the activities of the Communist Party are essential in the creation of a revolutionary climate in the Portuguese overseas provinces. Another scapegoat has been Protestant missions. The Portuguese claim that 95 percent of the Protestant missionary personnel are foreigners; therefore, they say, Protestantism is a foreign element. Protestant missions stressed education for Africans, and Portuguese settlers resent educated Africans — more so when an African has a higher education than his European neighbor. Europeans refer to educated Africans as *calçinhos* ("those who wear European trousers") and distrust them. The Portuguese say it is significant that in the actions of the terrorists not a single Protestant mission was attacked.

Land, the bone of contention

Africans reject the Portuguese explanation that the revolt is the result of exterior forces and say that violence was inevitable. The immediate grievance was land. The boom in coffee prices in 1945 increased the desire of Europeans to acquire more land. In the next few years, the European population of 7000 appropriated most of the suitable coffee land from the indigenous people.

Africans describe the Europeans' tactics as follows: A Portuguese settler makes a survey of an area and stakes it out as his property. He registers it under his name with the juridical administration of the district. Later, as he begins to plant his coffee trees, he finds that small African coffee farms are within his staked area. The settler demands that Africans move out from his legalized property. But Africans reply that they had their farms before the white settler arrived. The settler then inquires of the Africans whether their property is registered at the government post. "No," Africans reply, "we see no need for it. Everyone knows that this is our property. Furthermore, we cannot afford to legalize our land. It costs too much." The Portuguese settler then forcibly evicts the African farmers from the staked area.

The Africans appeal to the government *chefe*, but he ignores their claims. The land is now registered under the settler's name. Angolan residents, Portuguese and Africans, know that the land grabbing by Europeans in the Portuguese Congo bred deep resentment among Africans.

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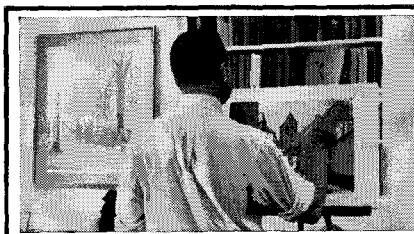

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Report on Angola

The fall of coffee prices in 1959 adversely affected the living standards of all groups. Until 1959, a sack of coffee sold for twenty dollars; in the 1959–1960 coffee season, a sack was worth five dollars. Many European shop owners were going bankrupt. For instance, in the town of Bembe, only two out of forty-one commercial houses showed any profit during the 1959–1960 fiscal year. The economic recession in the Portuguese Congo snapped the thin ties between Africans and Europeans.

Old grievances

Much more significant than recent grievances, however, are old ones. First is the Portuguese claim that Angola is Portugal. Under it the Portuguese evolved the "assimilation" theory, by which Angolan Africans could achieve Portuguese citizenship. Because there was no other recourse, Angolan Africans lived and worked within the assimilation concept, but they never accepted it. Angolan Africans say, "The policy of assimilation is unacceptable, not only in theory but even more in practice. It is based on the racist idea of the incompetence of African people and implies that African cultures have no value."

Second is the existence of a police state in Angola. PIDE (Polícia Internacional de Defesa do Estado) controls the life of every African and European. Few dare to criticize Salazar openly. Opposition usually means arrest and a prison sentence.

Third is the inability of the Portuguese to develop the resources of Angola. Africans say there is little to show for the five hundred years of Portuguese occupation, and they see very little hope for rapid development in the future. Portugal's per capita gross national product is only slightly higher than that of Ghana, which has not as yet been able to solve its own problems. Africans therefore doubt the ability of the Portuguese to develop their overseas territories.

Finally, the assimilation concept is applicable to only a small number of Africans. The *Anuário Estatístico* for 1959 lists 30,089 as *assimilados;* this is less than one percent of the total African population of 4,250,000. Africans question whether the Portuguese will ever abandon the parent-child relationship, no matter what reforms are proposed by Portugal. Last August 28, Portugal's Overseas Minister, Adriano Moreira, announced the annulment of the "indigenous status," which abolishes the legal distinction of the two classifications within the Portuguese colonial policy — namely, *assimilado* and *indígena*. Africans, however, question whether the Portuguese will ever implement this reform. Furthermore, Africans affirm they are Angolans and not Portuguese; no reforms by Portugal can change this.

Who are the rebels?

Leaders of Angolan nationalist parties live in neighboring African countries. They work in exile, because political groups other than the government party, União Nacional, are forbidden in Angola. Mário Pinto de Andrade, whose home is in Luanda and who is the spokesman for MPLA (Movimento Popular de Libertação de Angola), fled Lisbon in the early 1950s because the police were about to arrest him for activities "against the security of the state." Holden Roberto, secretary of UPA (União de Populações de Angola), resides in Leopoldville because he has been declared *persona non grata* in his birthplace, São Salvador, by the Portuguese government.

The rank-and-file members of the two groups, however, live in Angola, a fact which contradicts the official claim of a foreign invasion. The Congo has the only border open to the rebels to carry on their guerrilla warfare, and the African people on both sides of the border belong to the Kikongo-speaking tribal group.

UPA and MPLA, both African nationalist groups representing Angolans, differ in structure and leadership. UPA bypasses attempts to coordinate Angolan nationalist movements with European-led anti-Salazar groups. MPLA, on the other hand, is interested in a unified African and European anti-Salazar action group, believing that the political situation in Portugal is closely related to that in Angola. Angolan Africans direct the activities of UPA; Angolan mulattoes are active leaders of MPLA.

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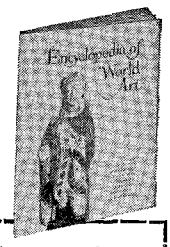

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Report on Angola

In the struggle between the two organizations, the recent disturbances helped UPA consolidate a claim to represent the Angolan peoples. For UPA is in active combat with the colonial government. The Portuguese themselves enhanced UPA's position among Africans in Angola. Through the media of the press, radio broadcasts, and public demonstrations, the Portuguese accuse UPA of starting the war. UPA has become a household word in African villages and towns in Angola.

Though UPA now appears stronger than MPLA, the positions of the two groups may change. There are many unpredictable factors, such as the place of Dr. António Neto, an African and MPLA leader, within the two groups. António Neto, after finishing his medical studies in Lisbon, returned to Angola in 1959, and in June, 1960, was arrested for "actions against the security of the state." He was deported to the Cape Verde Islands and imprisoned. Africans in the Luanda district look to him as their leader, and he is respected by all groups.

The psychological factor

When the revolt began in the north, Africans in Angola hoped the rebels would win. Many innocent Africans suffered under Portuguese retaliatory measures but were willing to pay the price for independence. As the war continued without victory in sight, Africans questioned whether UPA's strategy was wise; more so when PIDE acted swiftly to imprison many educated Africans in Luanda, Lobito, Benguela, Nova Lisboa, and Silva Porto.

Furthermore, the question of reestablishing the Bakongo kingdom will be important. If a move is made in this direction, the Portuguese Congo will separate from the rest of Angola, with the probability that UPA will lose its members from that area. UPA's solidarity is also threatened by the ethnic political group ALIAZO (Alliance of the Zombo people who live east of São Salvador). In November, two ALIAZO representatives came to press their claim for recognition before the UN subcommittee on the Angolan question.

Whatever differences there may be in structure and leadership, both MPLA and UPA are indigenous Angolan nationalist groups, not Communist fronts, as the Portuguese claim.

U.S. dilemma

The United States is caught between Portugal's requirement of support from the United States, its ally in NATO, and Angola's requirement of support for its goal of self-determination. The Republican Administration under President Eisenhower had agreed with Salazar that the defense of Europe could not be separated from the African situation. Eisenhower's visit to Portugal in 1960 reflected the friendly relationship between the two countries. The Kennedy Administration, with the U.S. vote in the United Nations on the Liberian resolution, last March reversed U.S. policy on Angola.

The Portuguese government took advantage of the interval afforded it by the Berlin crisis to sow distrust among Angolans by playing off one tribal group against another. It recruited southerners to fight rebels in the north. The government ordered village leaders to report any stranger within their midst. Often this meant a specific directive to an African group, such as the Kuanyamas, to turn in to the government post any Ovimbundu passing through their villages. The government radio station in the city of Silva Porto in central Angola employs Africans to broadcast news in their respective languages. Their message is, first, "Hate the Americans," and, second, "Resist the rebels from the north who are killing the loyal Bailundus."

The Berlin crisis helped Portugal strengthen ties with NATO countries and relegated the Angolan question to a position of lesser importance in international politics. The U.S. position on Angola is complicated by military commitments in NATO, specifically in the Azores Defense Agreement. Angolan nationalist leaders recognize that NATO is for the defense of Europe; but they blame the United States if NATO is used to support colonialism in Angola. The United States risks losing either military bases in the Azores or the goodwill of 4,250,000 Africans in Angola and of most African UN members.

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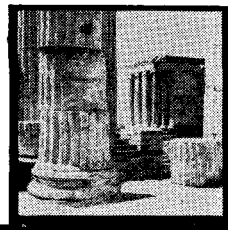

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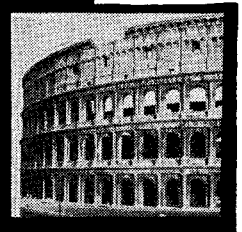

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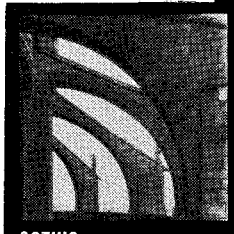

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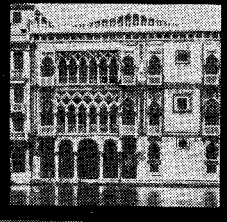

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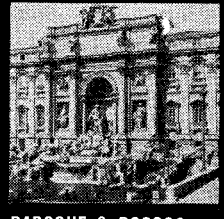
by Bates Lowry. A revealing history of the age of Michelangelo and St. Peter's Cathedral, in which the complex designs of Gothic architecture were abandoned in favor of more simple, yet monumentally imposing, structures.



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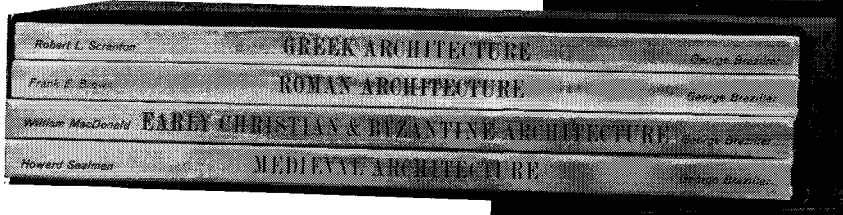

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The Atlantic Report VILLAGE INDIA

UNDER the British, India was a hodgepodge of almost six hundred states embracing about thirty important tribes and numerous smaller language groups. When, after independence, the central government reduced the number of states to fewer than twenty, riots and civil disobedience, and even civil war, occurred in certain tribal areas cut in two by the new state boundaries. During the initial flush of patriotic fervor following independence, the government acted with vigor. Military force was used where needed, but subnationalisms have continued to smolder, fanned by local politicians.

The real power in the central government is the Congress Party's Working Committee, which has been directing the government's economic and social programs. The Community Development program has helped a few peasants here and there, but the great bulk of India's population is eking out an existence in the country's half-million villages under conditions which are not appreciably better than they were under the British.

The Community Development program, conceived by an American architect, Albert Mayer, and implemented with the help of agricultural experts and funds provided by the state of Uttar Pradesh in north-central India, was initiated in a pilot project at Etawah in 1952. Almost two Five Year Plans later, most of India has been divided into Community Development blocks, each containing from fifty to a hundred villages. The block is administered by a BDO (block development officer), primarily an administrator, not an agricultural expert, who has a staff made up of a handful of experts in agriculture, village cooperatives, and social work. The village workers, who occupy the bottom rung on the staff ladder, make their rounds of the villages on bicycles.

In many of the older blocks there are one or two, perhaps even three or four, villages which show signs of development, and it is to these communities that the foreign visitor is taken. He may be shown a brick-covered village path, a concrete-lined drain ditch for waste water, perhaps even a small brick-and-mud schoolhouse which also serves as a meeting place for the village council.

The typical Indian village, however, is still a collection of mud huts without electric lighting, floors, chimneys, pure water, or latrines. During the monsoon, the village paths are quagmires of mud and cow dung. Caste continues almost unabated. Twenty percent of the households possess no land and live on the edge of starvation. Children are as numerous as before, and village schools (if they exist at all) are generally small unlighted rooms without books or seats. Most of the younger villagers have been inoculated against smallpox, but in other respects medical services are as primitive as they were five hundred years ago, simply because the village folk cannot afford to pay even nominal prices for the medicines dispensed at government medical centers scattered around the countryside. Tuberculosis, trachoma, and suppurative sores are almost taken for granted.

The Community Development block staff has good reason for concentrating its attention on only two or three villages. Within a few months after taking over a new block, a BDO begins to realize that he is expected to show results, at least in a couple of communities. State money is at his disposal, ranging from about $100 to as much as $400 per village. He decides that implanting new attitudes and ideas in a multitude of stubborn peasant heads is too slow a process; a concentrated flow of funds into a very small number of communities will bring visible results much more rapidly.

The stranglehold of custom

But even in the exceptional villages, progress stops when the flow of public money and the prodding of the block staff stop. In the comparatively prosperous Punjab, one official said, "We are changing villages, but we aren't changing the villagers. We've been able to talk the peasants in some villages into building latrines, but after the novelty wears off, they're all answering nature's call in the fields, as before."

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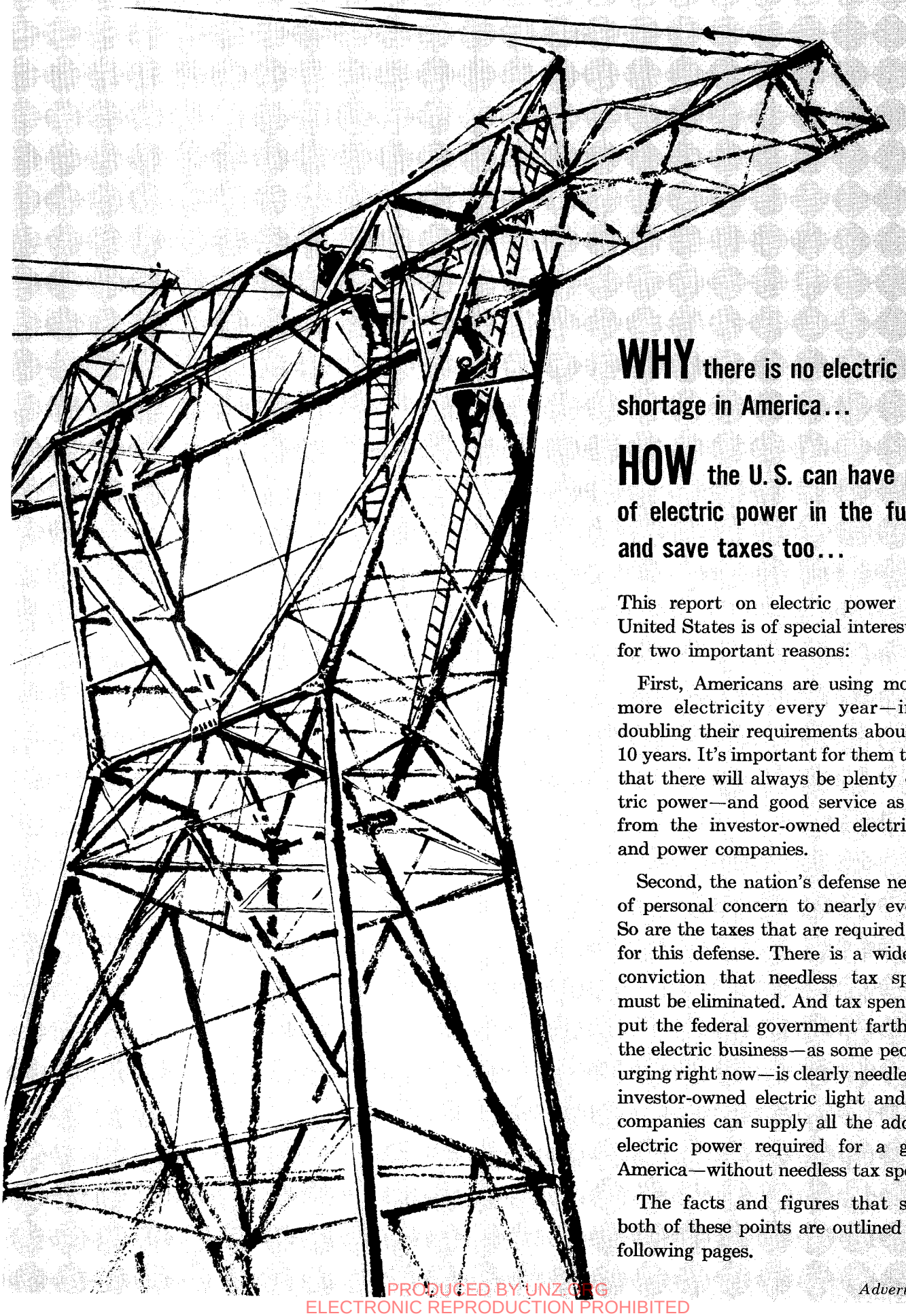
A special progress report on electric power in America from the Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies



WHY there is no electric power shortage in America...

HOW the U. S. can have plenty of electric power in the future—and save taxes too...

This report on electric power in the United States is of special interest today for two important reasons:

First, Americans are using more and more electricity every year—in fact, doubling their requirements about every 10 years. It's important for them to know that there will always be plenty of electric power—and good service as well—from the investor-owned electric light and power companies.

Second, the nation's defense needs are of personal concern to nearly everyone. So are the taxes that are required to pay for this defense. There is a widespread conviction that needless tax spending must be eliminated. And tax spending to put the federal government farther into the electric business—as some people are urging right now—is clearly needless. The investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply all the additional electric power required for a growing America—without needless tax spending.

The facts and figures that support both of these points are outlined on the following pages.

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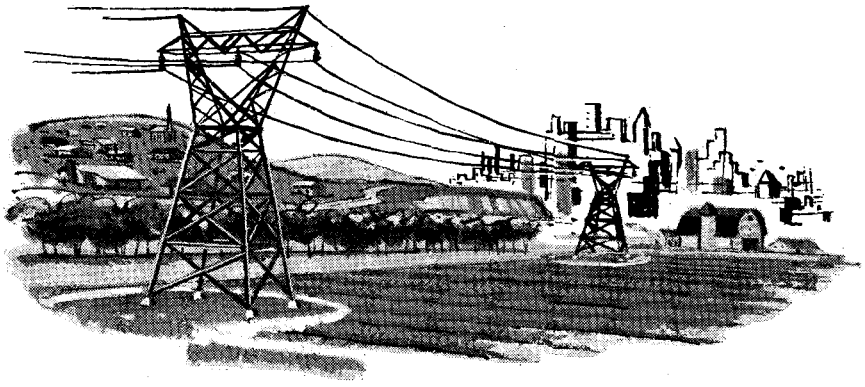

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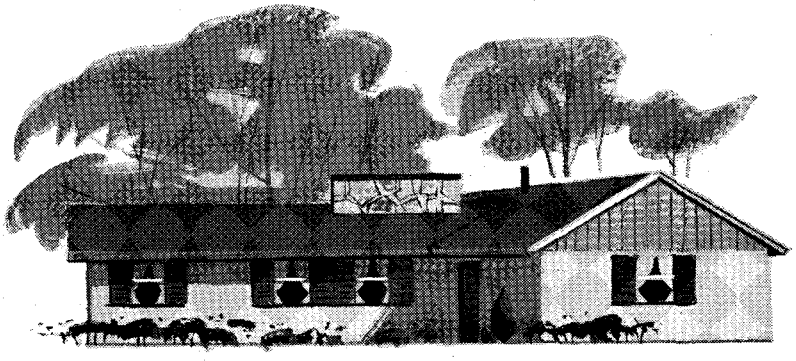

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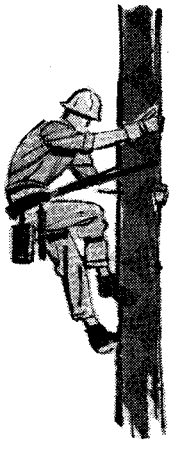

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4

The investor-owned electric companies*..who they are

1 *More than 300 investor-owned electric light and power companies are serving America today.* These companies are located in nearly every part of the country.

2 *More than 140,000,000 people are customers of the electric companies*—in homes, farms and businesses across the nation. These customers have plenty of power for every need—plus plenty to spare.

3 *The electric companies create jobs for 300,000 men and women who staff them.* Engineers, linemen, accountants, meter readers, stenographers. . . . And hundreds of thousands of other jobs are created for people who provide the electric companies with goods and services.

4 *More than 4,000,000 shareholders are the direct owners of these electric light and power companies.* Millions more are indirect owners through bank or insurance savings, pension programs or other funds investing widely in electric companies.

* *About four-fifths of America's electric power customers are served by the investor-owned companies. The remainder are served by government-financed power suppliers. The total, including both the investor-owned and government-financed, is referred to as the "total electric utility industry."*

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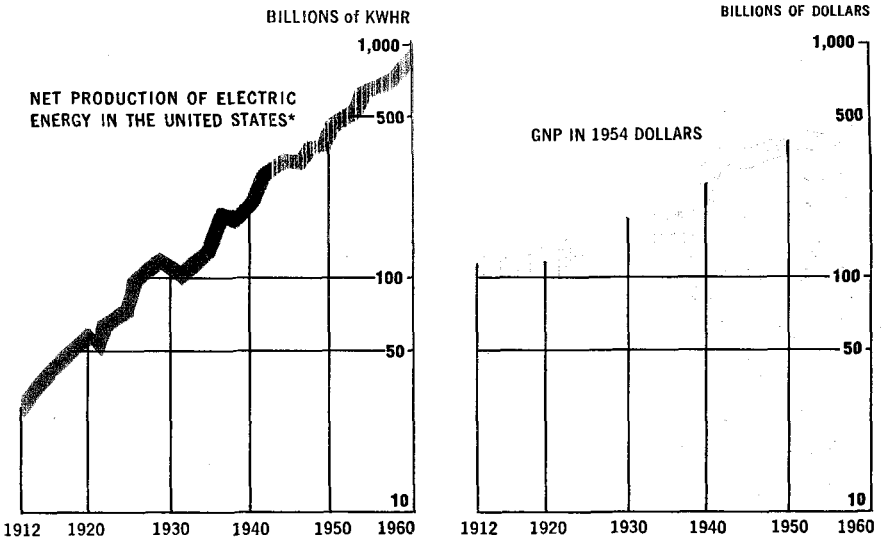
5 *Use of electric service has increased dramatically over the years.* Production has grown at about 2½ times the rate of the economy as a whole, as measured by Gross National Product (GNP).

6 *Power-producing capability stays ahead of demand.* The overwhelming share of this capability is in plants of investor-owned companies. These companies furnish more than 75% of today's power-plant capacity.

7 *Electric service is the greatest value in the U. S. home.* While the cost of almost everything Americans buy has gone up sharply, the average cost per kilowatt-hour of electric service for homes has actually gone down. The Consumer Price Index has climbed from a base of 100 in 1913 to 299 in 1960. At the same time, the average revenue per kilowatt-hour of residential electricity has dropped from an index figure of 100 in 1913 to 28 in 1960.

More electricity than ever... more value than ever

COMPARATIVE GROWTH RATE



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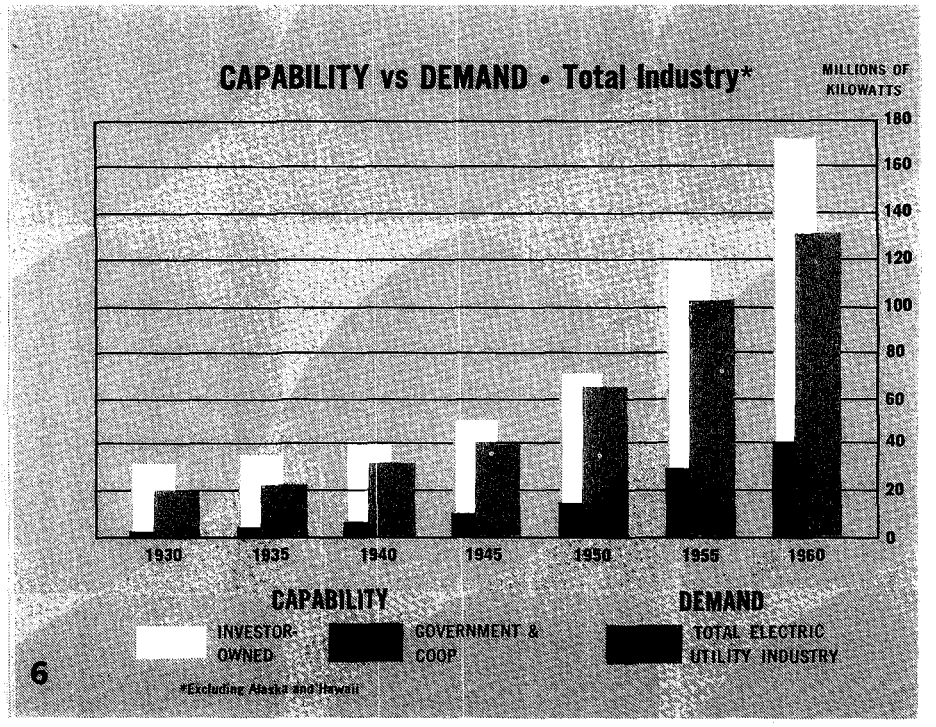

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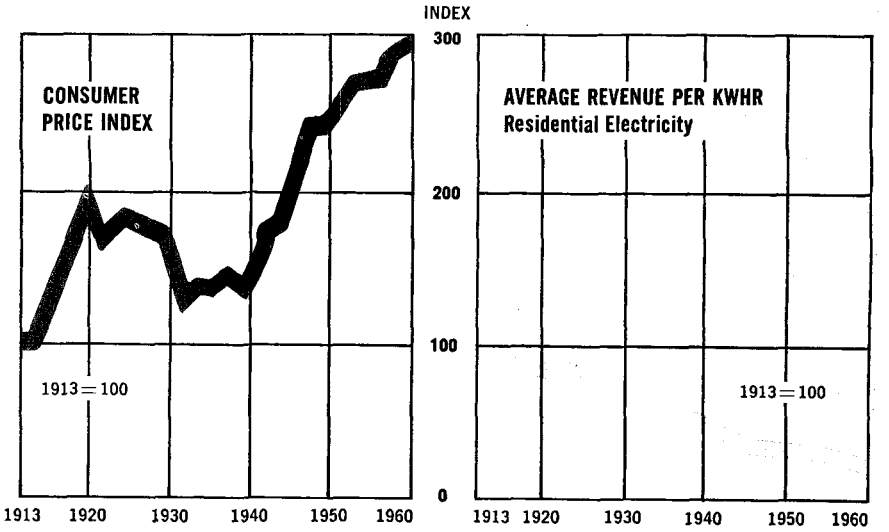
PRICE RECORD of the Electric Utility Industry



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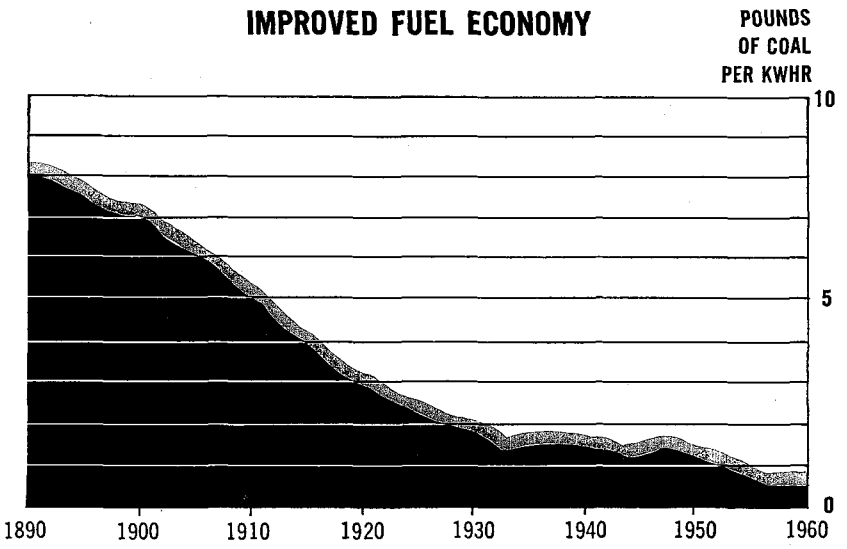

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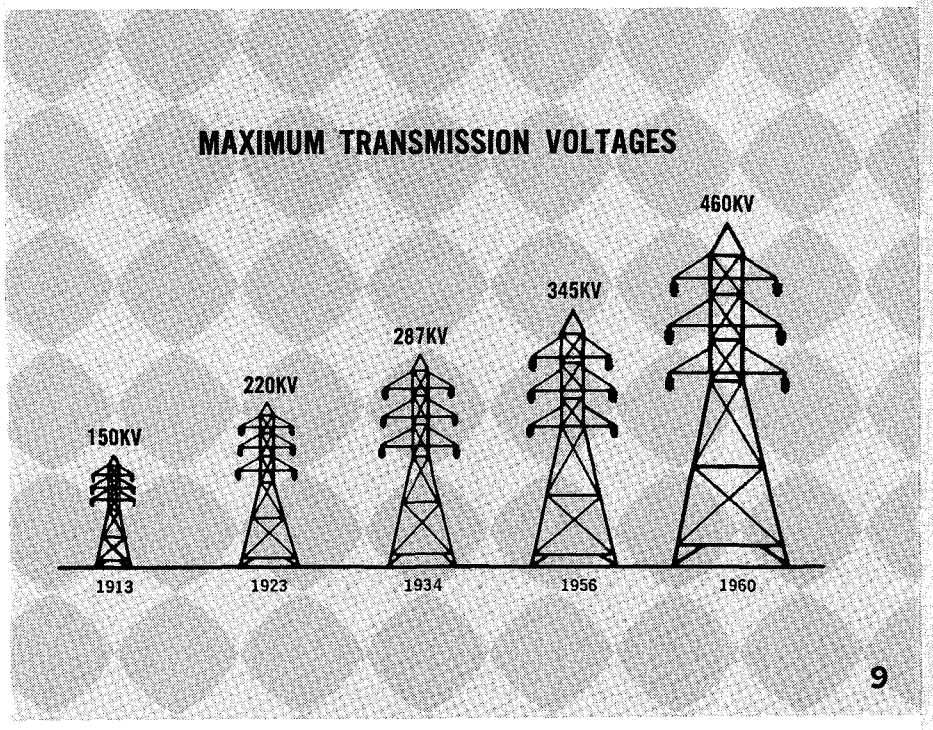

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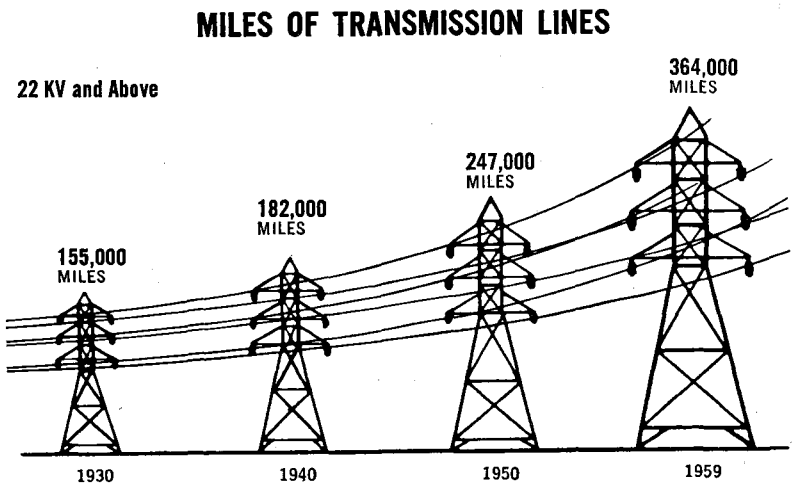

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"Creative Engineering" helps keep value of service high

8 *More power from less fuel* is the result of constant improvement in power-plant design and operation. It once took eight pounds of coal to generate a kilowatt-hour of electricity. Today it can be done with as little as three-fourths of a pound. Improvements have also been made in the efficiency of other power sources—oil, gas and falling water.

9 *Higher transmission voltages help cut costs.* Investor-owned electric companies are using and experimenting with ever-higher transmission voltages so they can send large amounts of electric power over long distances at lower costs. This helps keep rates to users low.

10 *The miles of transmission lines have more than doubled since 1930.* The investor-owned electric companies' transmission system has been growing at an accelerating pace as more and more power plants have been built and more interconnections have been completed.

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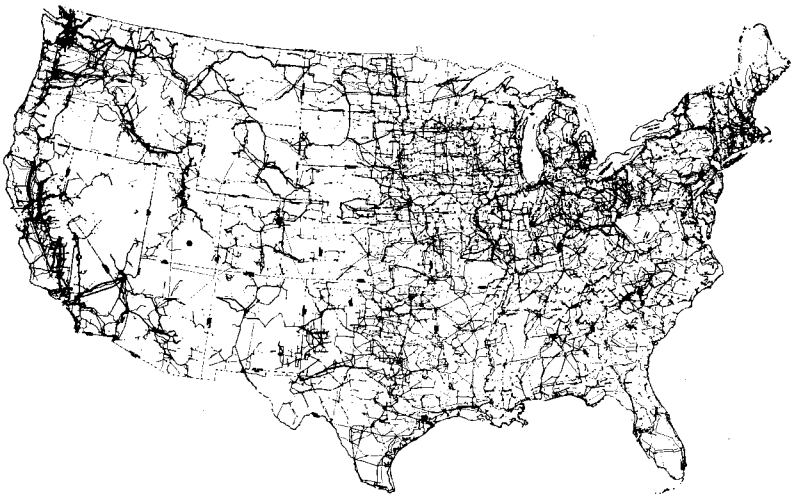
11 *Interconnecting results in greater economies.* Thousands of miles of lines and hundreds of power plants within the electric industry are interconnected in many parts of the country. Thus, power can be delivered from many sources and from the most efficient plants first. The nation's transmission system as of January, 1960, is shown here in black. Lines expected to be added by 1970 are in color. Most of these new lines will be built and financed by the investor-owned electric companies.

12 *An example of a "power pool" is this one in the Northeast.* Twelve investor-owned electric companies pool facilities and interconnect lines to serve in a three-state area of about 48,000 square miles and 19,000,000 population. Combined capability is 15,000,000 kilowatts. Efficient joint use of facilities in this manner results in better service and lower costs.

13 *A development program is under way on atomic electric power.* A total of 124 investor-owned electric companies are participating in 23 projects involving company expenditures of about $700,000,000. Working with the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment manufacturers, and other organizations, the electric companies are making steady steps toward ways to produce electricity from the atom as cheaply as it can be produced by other means.



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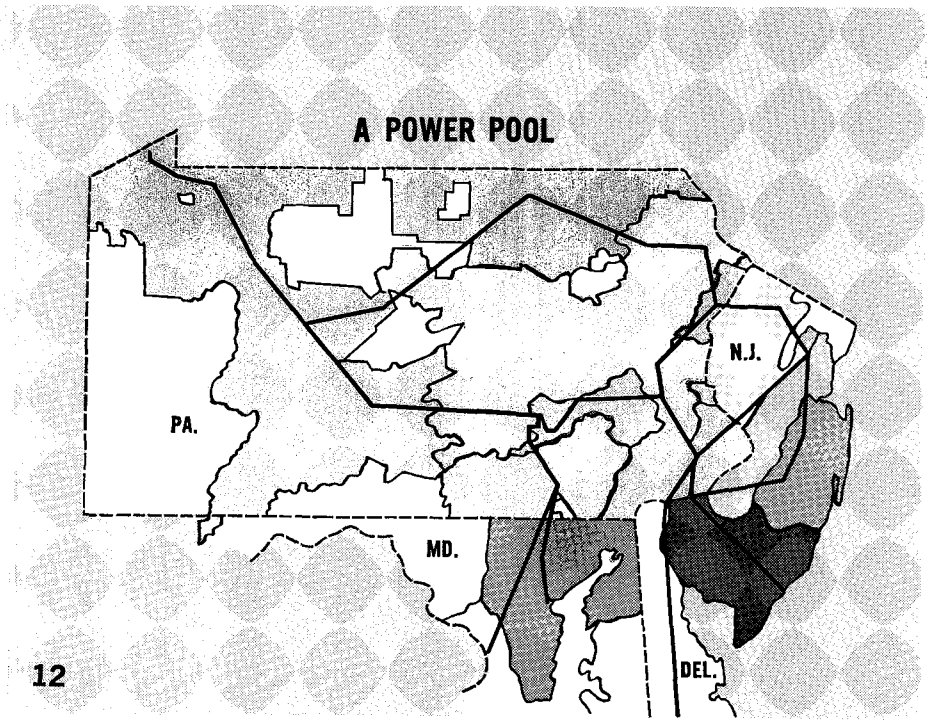

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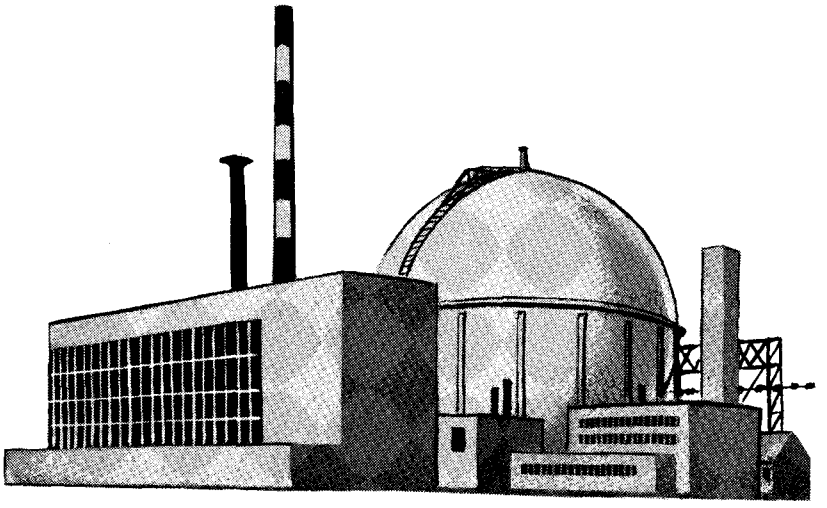
Increased interconnections... atomic electric power



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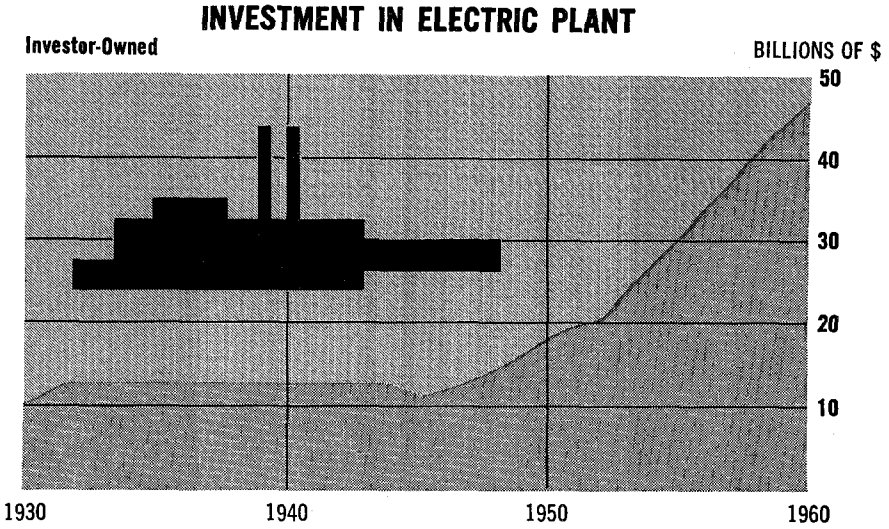

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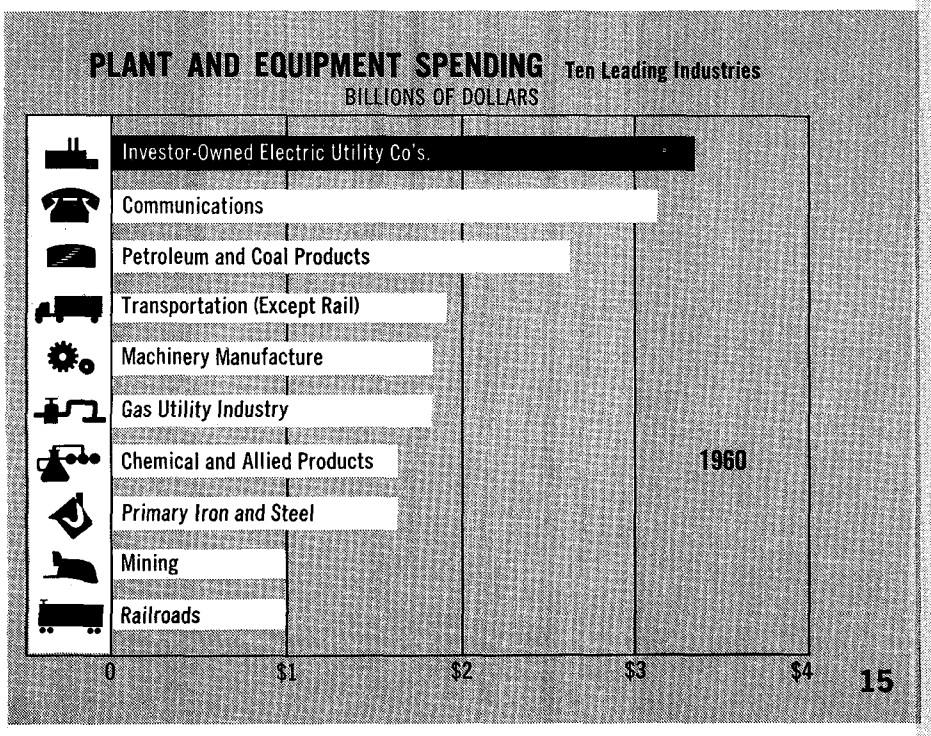

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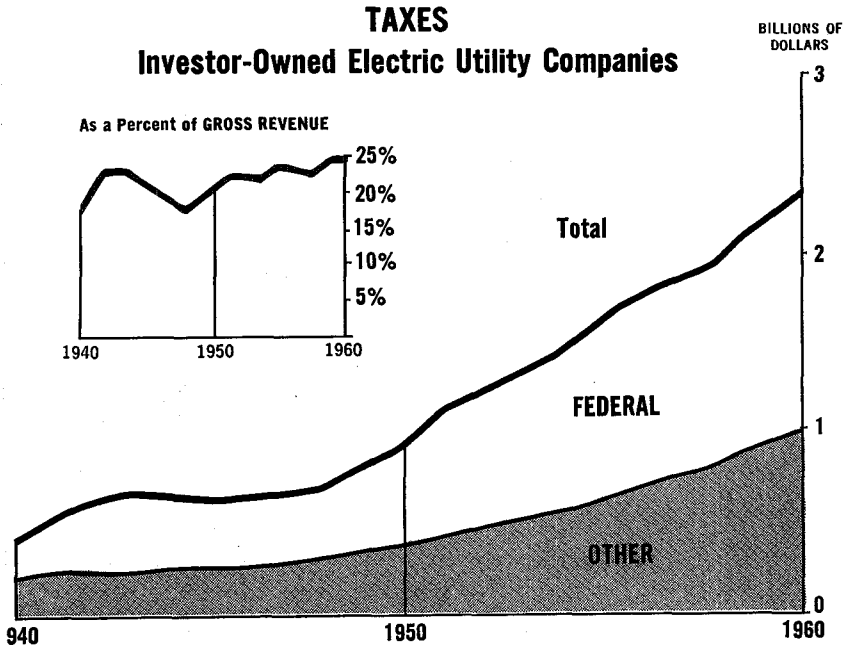

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Electric light and power... the nation's leading industry

14 *The investor-owned electric power industry represents the biggest industry investment in the nation.* The investment in electric plant in 1960 totaled $46,000,000,000. No other industry matches it.

15 *Average spending of $3,200,000,000 per year for new plant and equipment tops all other industries.* Construction in the electric industry is about 10% of the new construction for all American major industries. Because the use of electricity is unusually stable, the electric companies continue to spend for plants and equipment even during recessions when spending by many other industries drops off.

16 *Investor-owned electric companies rank first among all major industries in taxes paid.* These taxes—to local, state and federal governments—amount to about 24% of every dollar the companies receive from customers. The companies are currently paying about $2,000,000,000 a year in taxes.

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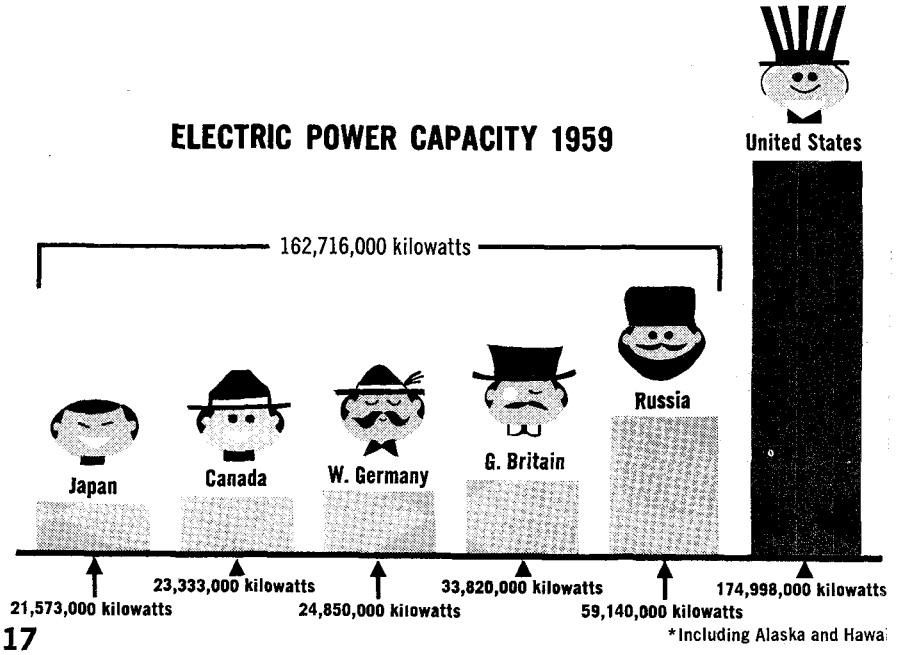
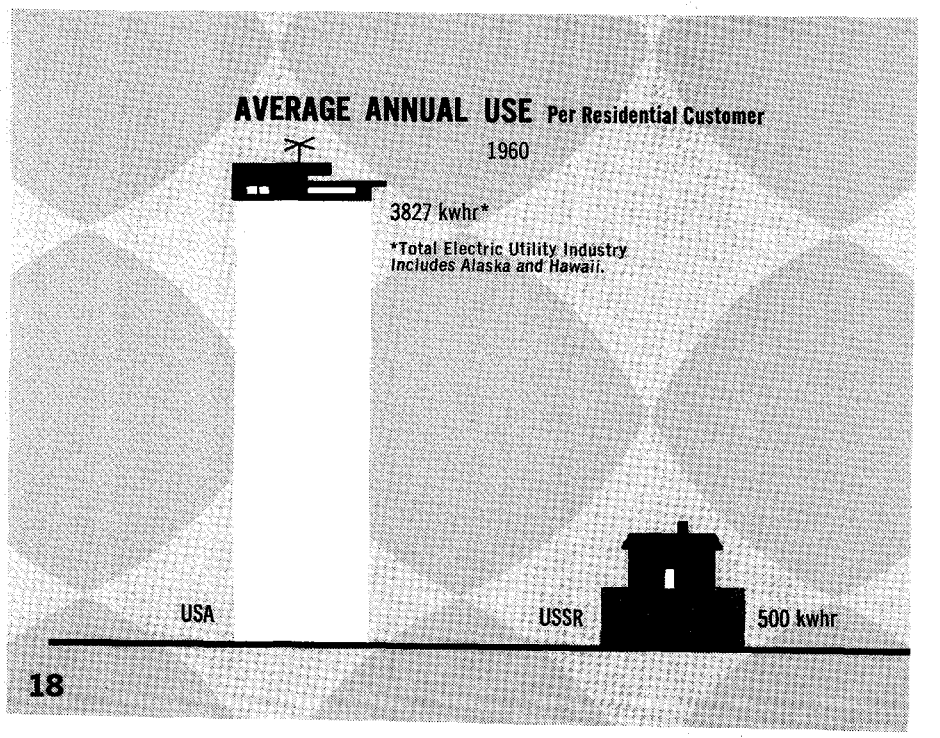
17 *America has more electricity than the next five nations of the world combined*—three times as much as Russia. With only one-sixteenth of the world's population, America has one-third of the electric capacity.

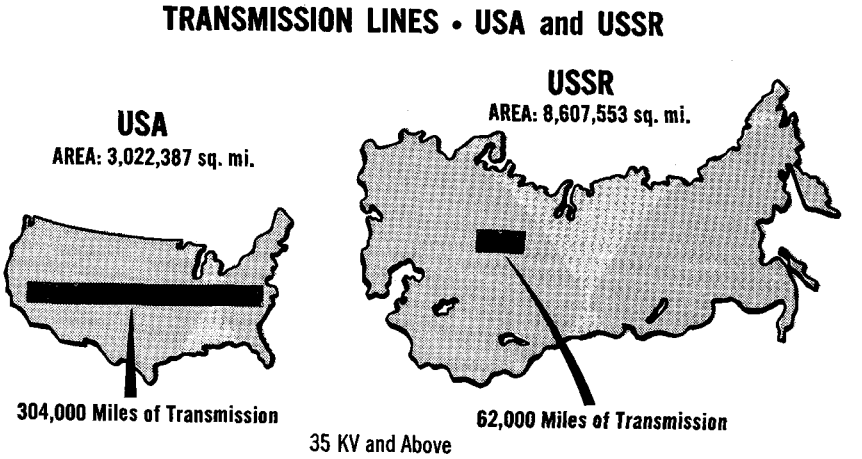
18 *Americans enjoy nearly eight times as much electricity in their homes as the Russians.* The average home in this country uses twice as much electricity for lighting alone as the Russian home uses for all purposes.

19 *The U. S. transmission system is five times the size of Russia's.* Although Russia has about three times as much area as the United States, this nation's electric transmission lines extend vastly farther—304,000 miles in the U. S., 62,000 miles in Russia.

The United States: world's leading electric nation







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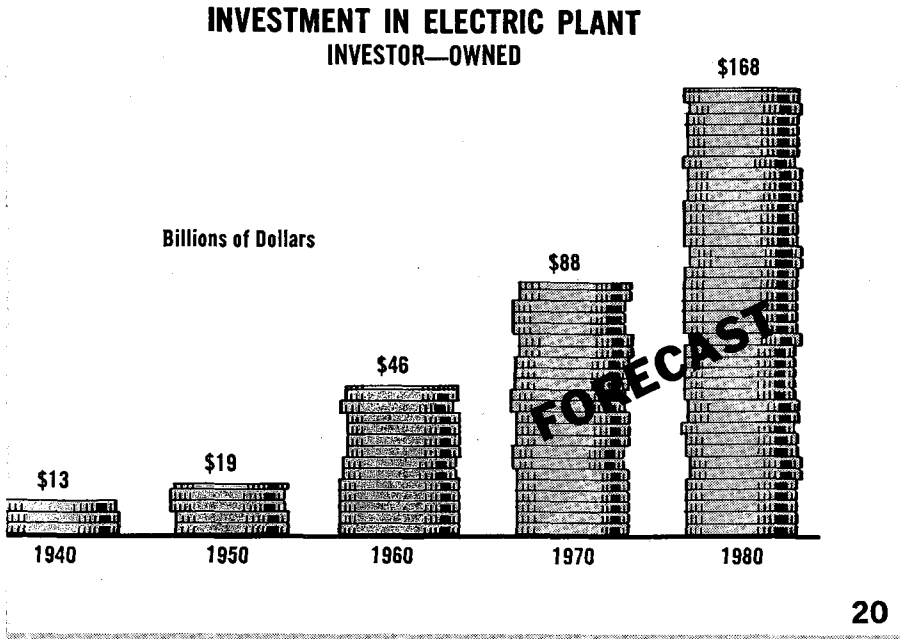

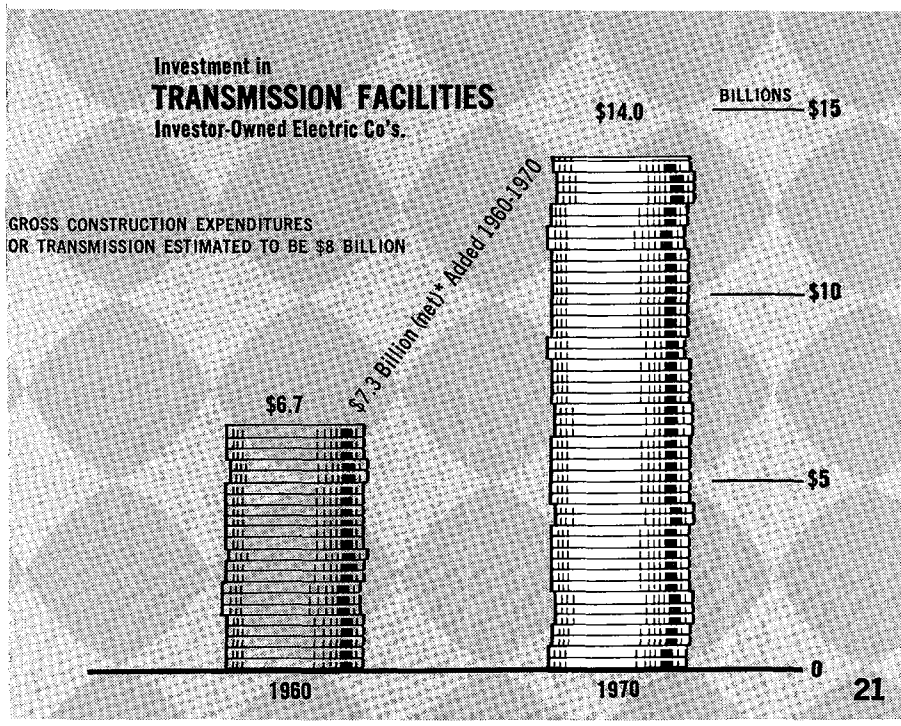

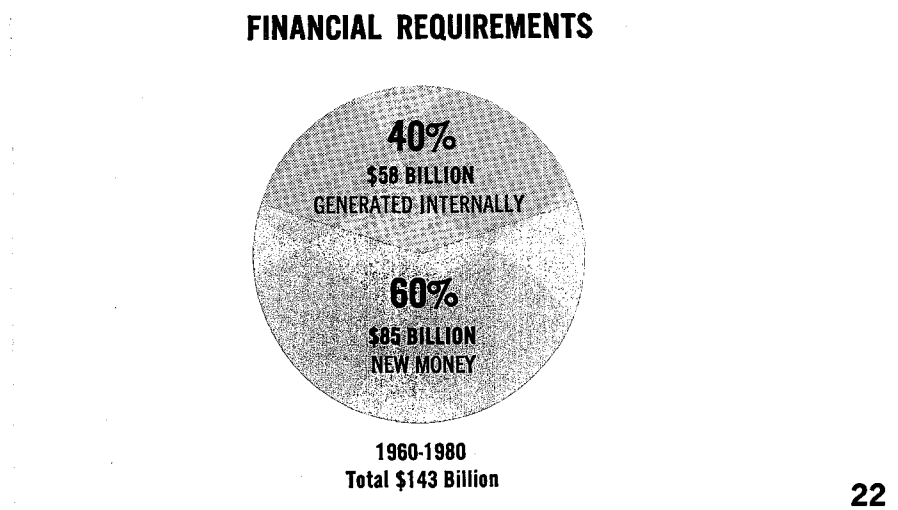

The investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply all the additional electricity America will need

20 *The electric companies plan to nearly double their investment by 1970.* They expect to increase it from the $46,000,000,000 investment of 1960 to about $88,000,000,000. Then, they expect to about double it again by 1980—all to make sure of an ever-abundant power supply for America.

21 *The transmission investment will also double.* The electric companies' current investment in transmission facilities alone is about $6,700,000,000. By 1970, it is expected this will be about $14,000,000,000—more than double.

22 *The electric companies' gigantic expansion program will not depend on tax money.* The billions needed will be generated internally from the companies' own earnings, or they will be financed through the sale of securities in the free market. That is the way in which capital has been provided for electric company expansion in the past and the way it is being provided today.

All the additional power a growing America will need can be provided by the investor-owned electric light and power companies. There is no need to spend tax money to build more federal government electric systems, as some people are constantly urging. Such unnecessary federal spending would be senseless at any time, but it's downright dangerous when so many billions are needed for national defense.

INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES
Company names on request through this publication

Keep America Powerful

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Report on Village India

The peasants' reluctance to depart from custom has stymied the government's attempts to increase food production. Here and there an Indian cultivator has been converted to the Japanese "in-line" method of planting young rice plants in rows so that the soil can be worked more easily and the yield increased, but his neighbors remain uncompromising in their loyalty to the old way. Many peasants will agree that fertilizers increase crop yields, but most of them have not been convinced that the increase will be sufficient to warrant the extra cost.

The village credit cooperatives, which were to provide the means to pay for fertilizer, seed, and water, have been a dismal failure. The law permits the establishment of a village cooperative by ten or more individuals, each putting up ten or more rupees — a minimum of about two dollars. The government will then advance a sum eight times as large as the villagers' share.

A large number of cooperatives were established, but in most cases the individual peasants cautiously put up only the minimum amount of ten rupees, which meant that they could borrow only eighty rupees (about $17) from the cooperative. This amount covers only a small part of the villagers' needs. For the remainder, the peasants are dependent on the *baniya*, or local loan shark. In many villages the *baniya* has been able to strangle the local credit cooperative simply by telling the individual cultivators that they cannot get funds from him if they also use the facilities of the cooperative. Once he has killed off the competition, he is in a position again to charge the traditionally exorbitant interest rates.

The ownership of land

Most Indian cultivators have holdings scattered throughout the village acreage. Time and effort could be saved if each cultivator exchanged his several bits of land for one larger piece, equal in productivity, if not in area, to the original scattered holdings. Part of the opposition to consolidation is simply the characteristic inertia of village India. Part of it is due to the smallholders' suspicions that the more prosperous cultivators in the village would bribe the government officials into giving them the choicest parcels of land. But the failure of the state governments to push this reform is the primary reason why it has been effected only in isolated instances.

About one villager in five owns no land at all. Unless he happens to be among the fortunate few whose village is near a factory, he must make his living as an agricultural laborer. In the Chandigarh area, where a big construction program in the new Punjabi capital city has pushed up the wages paid for common labor, he may earn as much as three rupees (63 U.S. cents) a day; but in a more typical area, such as Uttar Pradesh, the usual rate is sixty-two Indian cents (13 U.S. cents) for those lucky enough to find employment.

Three fourths of the cultivators till less than five acres each. This poorer 75 percent owns only one sixth of India's cultivated land, while at the other end of the scale, the one percent which owns forty or more acres also owns one sixth. In many villages, 20 percent of the inhabitants do not have enough to eat, even by Indian standards. Land redistribution is sorely needed.

The Indian press, especially its left wing, has been lavish in its praise of the Russian-equipped mechanized farm near Suratgarh in semi-arid Rajasthan as one of the brightest spots on the Indian agricultural horizon. It is, however, significant that, with the exception of one other state farm, in the Tarai area of Uttar Pradesh, the various state governments have refused to duplicate this experiment in the dry farming of grains.

India's economic planners believe that the government's limited funds can be put to better use in developing government-owned industrial enterprises, mineral extraction, transport, and irrigation. There is, then, no immediate prospect that the semi-arid parts of western and southern India will be made productive through mechanization.

About 80 percent of India's 320 million arable acres is absolutely dependent on the fickle monsoons. Sometimes the rains come early,

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turning entire states into huge quagmires that cannot be plowed and planted. Sometimes the rains are late, and the young rice plants wilt in the burning summer sun. Monsoon agriculture is terribly inefficient and sets narrow limits to the production gains that can be realized in the Community Development program.

The production targets of the third Five Year Plan include a 33 percent increase in grain output by 1965. This target cannot be achieved merely through gradual technological improvements, but will require radical agrarian reforms involving mechanized cultivation of semi-arid regions under government auspices and high-pressure CD leadership.

India's third Five Year Plan

The third Five Year Plan calls for an annual capital investment of over $2 billion in industry, minerals, transport, and communications, of which state enterprises will get the lion's share. This is about one fifteenth the anticipated annual expenditure for new plants which will be built in the United States in the next four years.

By the end of 1965, steel production is to exceed ten million tons annually. In Madhya Pradesh the Russians have built a steelworks at Bihlai; West Germans are similarly engaged at Rourkela in Orissa, while British technicians are supervising the construction of still another government-owned steel mill at Durgapur. Coal production is to be pushed from 60 million to 97 million tons annually. Railroads and other transport facilities are to be expanded proportionally.

These production targets have been set up on the premise that $6 billion can be raised from external sources during this five-year period: $4 billion for state enterprises, $1.5 billion to meet external obligations incurred earlier, and about $600 million for private enterprise.

But India will be fortunate if half that amount is obtained. American private capital has shown a reluctance to enter an economy characterized by high taxes and dominated by favored state enterprises. Some British capital is being withdrawn, and the flow of West German funds has been short of expectations. The result is that probably only about 85 percent of the industrial gains and employment opportunities envisaged by the third Five Year Plan will be achieved.

The central government's planning commission must by now have given in to deep despair in the face of the rising rate of unemployment. There are about 7.5 million unemployed persons in India; and another 40 million work less than half a day on the average. In the next five years 12.5 million will be added to the labor force. Taken together, these figures mean that the third Five Year Plan must provide for at least 20 million new jobs in industry and related areas if it is to meet the unemployment crisis. That is an impossible assignment. By 1975, an additional 20 million people will be needing jobs.

Here and there a politician still conjures up Gandhi's vision of a rural economy made prosperous through village cottage industries, but responsible officials in the central and state governments no longer take this idea very seriously. Small industries would, it is true, utilize more labor for each rupee of capital investment than large industrial plants do, but unit costs of production would be much higher; so there would not be a large market for the goods which village shops could produce, such as cottons, woolens, leather goods, and matches. Power would not be available either; only about 1.5 percent of India's villages and small towns have been electrified.

Some spinning, weaving, and sewing take place in huts here and there in villages all over India, and in some communities this sort of cottage industry is very important; but the families so occupied are almost invariably pursuing their ancestral vocation. About the only important exceptions are certain villages near Ludhiana in the Punjab, where peasant households are making bicycle spokes and rims for delivery to assembly plants in Ludhiana. In view of all these difficulties, it is clear that the Indian villagers and their children face a dismal future.

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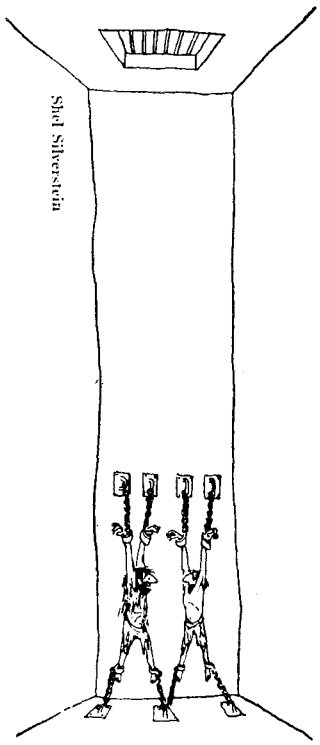

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Lawrence Durrell's publishers

In Curtis Cate's appraisal of Lawrence Durrell and the Alexandria Quartet (December ATLANTIC), the spotlight fell on Durrell's relations with his English publishers, Faber and Faber, and on T. S. Eliot, who gave the novelist early and invaluable encouragement, but nothing was said of his American publisher, Elliott Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton and Company. When Mr. Macrae was book hunting in London in January of 1957, he was given JUSTINE to read over a weekend. At that time no novel of Lawrence Durrell's had appeared in the United States. Several American houses had turned down his novels, and the revenues from the English sale were very slight indeed. After a good dinner at the Dorchester, Mr. Macrae went back to his room and started reading JUSTINE. By the time he reached page 51 he knew he wanted it; he telephoned immediately to the agent and made a firm offer, with an advance royalty of $1250, which the author was delighted to accept. As it happened, Mr. Durrell was leaving London for France the same day, taking with him a total bank account of $632. When he received Mr. Macrae's check, he was somewhat abashed; he said he was not sure the book would earn it back. Moral: Great oaks from little acorns grow. —THE EDITOR

The new dictionary

SIR:

Wilson Follett's "Sabotage in Springfield" (January *Atlantic*) is the best critique that I have read of Merriam-Webster's new dictionary. There was one aspect of the new dictionary, however, that he failed to discuss: the division of words into syllables.

The new Merriam has abandoned many of the traditional word divisions in favor of others which it claims are more logical and consistent. The merit of these new divisions should provide material for much lively debate among printers wherever the new dictionary is adopted.

Some dictionaries, including Merriam-Webster's, have in the past attempted to hedge by stating that they follow "standard printing-office practice" in showing syllabication. Yet printers always turn to the dictionary when in doubt about a word division. Our dependence upon the dictionary in this matter strengthens Follett's argument that it is impossible for a dictionary maker to abrogate his authority.

HENRY L. KIRCHNER
Tulsa, Okla.

SIR:

Mr. Follett's dramatically presented indictment of Webster III is not without merit. It is my opinion, however, that the editors in Springfield deserve some commendation for their latest effort. Finding fault with individual entries is not sufficient grounds for adversely criticizing a dictionary. After all, in a dictionary of 450,000 entries, if 4500 of them are questioned (better than one per page), the editors are still batting a good average.

It is for their basic approach to the problem of cataloguing a language that they deserve praise. Contrary to what Mr. Follett says, if the editors say, "No, we are not authoritative lexicographers," then they are not. No one can force them to be what they do not want to be, and the printing of Webster III is the proof. The descriptive approach, as contrasted to the traditional prescriptive one, is the one most favored by linguists today, at least the more enlightened ones.

Human language is a living, dynamic, changing social function, and the current mode can no more be pinned down by dicta than can the current mode in any other field of human behavior. If I may paraphrase Mr. Follett, language is most definitely a "confusion of unchanneled, incalculable williwaws, a capricious wind blowing withersoever it listeth." If he will think back only as far as the popular usages of his own childhood, he will realize that language is indeed transitional, ephemeral, and in constant flux. He should not have to be reminded that the language of the jaded reporter, the candidate for public office, and the potboiling minor novelist comes a lot closer to the spoken American that most of us use than does the language of Shakespeare, the Bible, Fielding, and so forth. If the educated, literate minority wish to communicate with the rest of the society, for that purpose, at least, they must use the common language. Otherwise, they can talk only to each other.

WALTER J. KENT
Glen Rock, N. J.

SIR:

Thank you for presenting Wilson Follett's article "Sabotage in Springfield."

As college students, we turn to the dictionary as an authority on the English language and are, therefore, distressed to find that the

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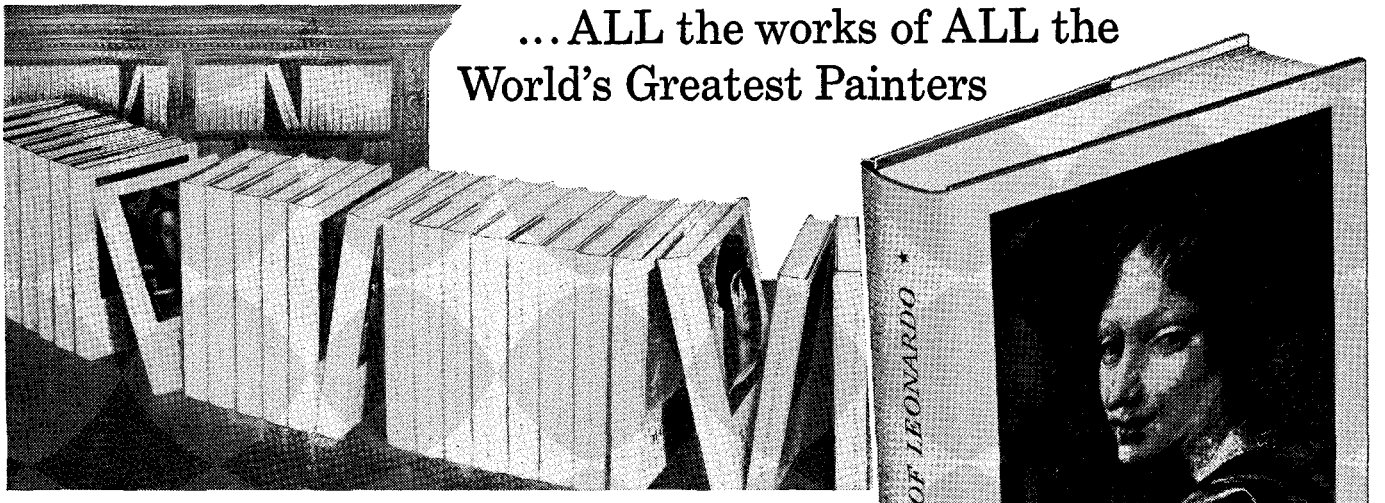

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G. & C. Merriam Company seems to have given up its responsibility in setting the standards for correct usage.

PIPPY CORBETT
LYNN HAYDEN
MARY BRAMAN
Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

SIR:

A specialist in the English language may feel some concern over the possibility that nonspecialist readers may give Mr. Follett's remarks more value than they deserve, since a reputable magazine has described him as an authority on language, when his own statements show that he is not.

He mentions the fact that this dictionary gives citations showing both singular and plural pronouns in agreement with *each* and *everyone*, and from this evidence he draws the astonishing conclusion that this dictionary is denying the rule that a pronoun agrees with its antecedent. On the contrary, this evidence shows that these words are now being given either singular or plural number to indicate different nuances of meaning, much as collective nouns are given either singular or plural number. (See page 77 of Mr. Follett's article for such a plural use of *synod*.) There is no reason to think that these citations sanction the use of plural pronouns after mass nouns or singular-count nouns, as Mr. Follett implies.

In his next paragraph, Mr. Follett appeals to the ancient and often refuted etymological fallacy that words have some "real" meaning established by their earliest known uses. He dismisses the evidence of Webster's Second Edition on *center about* as "patently an oversight" on no better basis than his own judgment. It is likely that Mr. Follett has himself referred to "publishing circles" with no notion of drawing a diameter, and his own use of *extenuate* is open to the same objection which he raises.

PROFESSOR SUMNER IVES
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N. Y.

SIR:

"Down With the Third New International" is the title I had thought of; Wilson Follett's will do, although the "sabotage" in Springfield is actually suicide.

Judicious trading would have produced a vastly happier product at no additional cost. Simple arithmetic reveals that the sketch of *ponytail* plus the type reset for the runaround beside it equals a substantial number of lines of the departed Gazetteer. Not very many such trades are required before the whole Gazetteer is back. By similar mathematics we recover *x* lines of Biographical Names. Then pruning *x* dreadful color plates yields the space for the invaluable Signs and Symbols section. Another priceless contribution would have been a current-definition-first arrangement within entries.

HILDA TAFT
Willis, Mich.

SIR:

With so generous a supply of adjectival brickbats as Mr. Wilson Follett has at the command of his heated emotions, he does not need a New International Dictionary anyway. But didn't he omit one mode of attack not out of keeping with the tenor of the rest of his diatribe: no doubt Webster III is really the concoction of crypto-Marxists bent upon destroying America by debasing our language.

LESTER DEKOSTER
Director, Calvin College and Seminary Library
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR:

Wilson Follett seems to be unaware that grammar, as well as usage, changes. The best grammar is also the easiest for the people who use it to understand, not the one set down in prehistoric rules. The American language, changed by Americans, has gone idiomatic. It is the dictionary's duty to accept what was once wrong, but is now used and understood, as right.

Webster III, contrary to Follett's opinions and ingenious arguments, sounds as if it is what Americans are waiting for. No longer must we conform to opposing rules; we will soon have and be able to use the true and colorful American language.

DAVID K. SANGSTER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"I, personally . . . "

SIR:

I read the Report on Bonn in the January *Atlantic* and was disturbed by the "new Germany" tone of the report. Permit me to object to that position on historical grounds.

The German nation is the ninety-year-old realization of Otto von Bismarck's efforts in the late nineteenth century to unite the south German provinces with Prussia. Two generations after this unification, German militarism, chauvinism, and imperialism were among the main catalysts and causes of World War I.

After World War II, Germany was vanquished. In its wake, the Third German Reich left death and destruction: military engagements took 8,538,315 lives, with 28,970,371 wounded on both sides. Civilian deaths in the concentration camps alone are estimated to have totaled from 18 to 26 million. The value of property destroyed (in addition to the $350 billion cost of war material for the United States alone) is inestimable.

Once more, the Allies resolved that Germany should never again be a menace to world peace and security. At the Yalta Conference, this principle was agreed upon by the United States, Great Britain, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Yet, what is the situation in Germany today? West Germany is the most powerful military force on the Continent, save for the Soviet Union. German industry builds military aircraft, and German shipyards build submarines; Alfred Krupp is in charge of a heavy-industry combine that is larger than the one he ran during World War II. At the ceremonies of the launching of the first post-war German submarine, the U-1, the principal speaker hoped that the submarine would have "an efficient crew that is filled with the old U-boat spirit."

It is in the interest of Germany to bar all attempts to ease the Berlin crisis. But suppose Berlin, East and West, and its access routes were placed under UN supervision and internationalized. What justification would there be for Germany to proclaim the indispensable need for German rearmament, for German U-boats, for German atomic striking power? Will Franz Josef Strauss call for the demobilization of his pride and glory after the Berlin crisis is settled? And for what will this number-two European power be used if it no longer need serve (as if it ever did) as a defense force?

STEPHEN C. SPILKY
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Handsome entrance to Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, striking spot to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

Today's light, light Puerto Rican rum inspires brilliant new cocktail: the Derby Daiquiri

THE DERBY DAIQUIRI is the *magnum opus* of an inspired bartender at the Mai-Kai in Florida. A go-down-smooth drink with just the right amount of tingle supplied by today's light, light Puerto Rican rum.

What gives Puerto Rican rum its pleasing character? The unfailing sun. An amiable climate. And mountain torrents of crystal water.

Equally important, Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof—for *dryness*. Every drop is charcoal filtered. Then aged in oak—that's the law in Puerto Rico. So always select a brand with the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label.

THE RECIPE: ½ oz. fresh lime juice; 1 oz. fresh orange juice; scant tsp. sugar; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum; cup crushed ice. Mix 15 to 20 sec. in Waring Blendor; serve unstrained. Or use shaker, ice cubes, and strain.

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Drink recipes. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. GC-1, 666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19.

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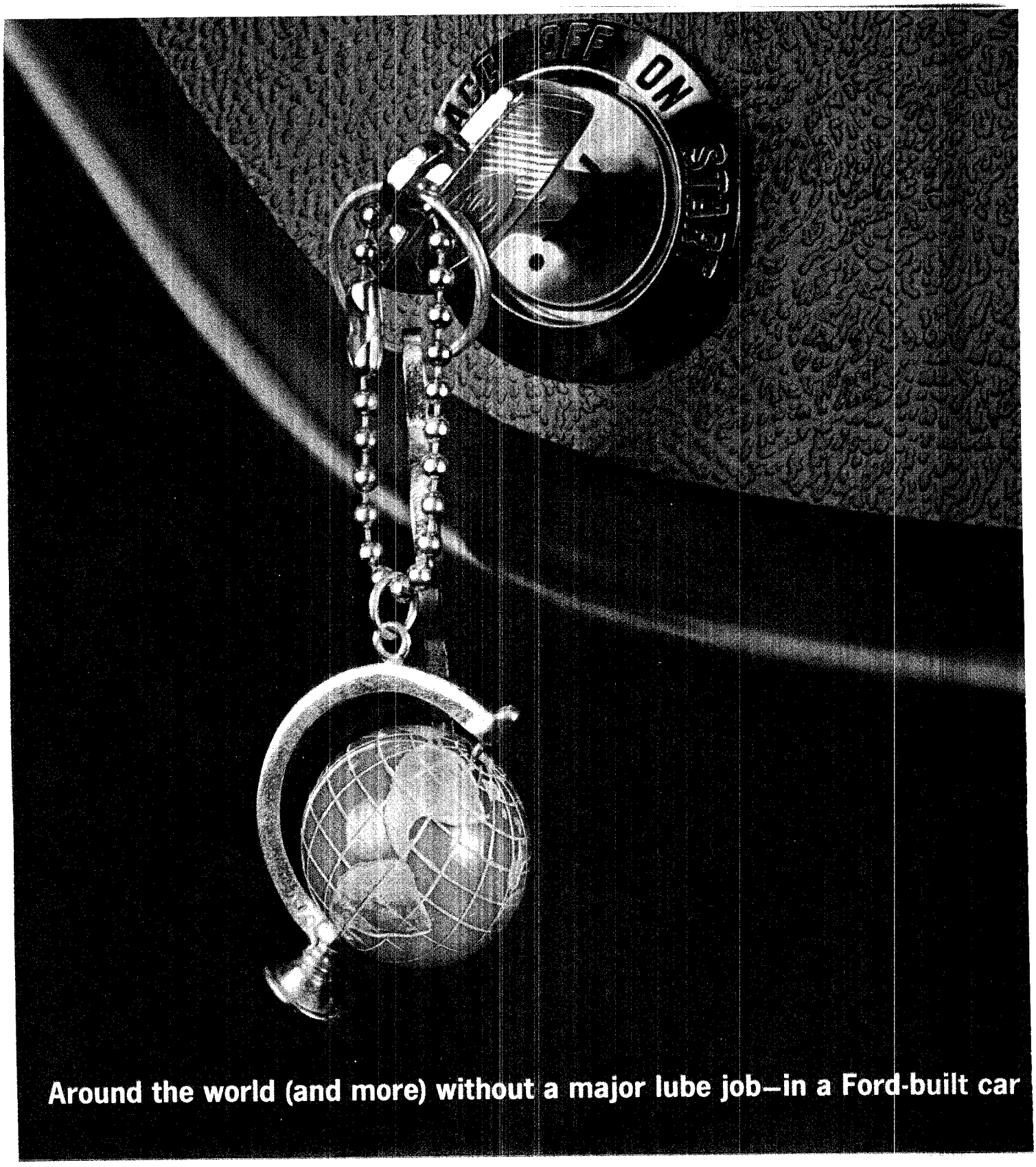

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THE ATLANTIC

With the Mongolians in East Germany

BY NORA WALN

Nearly forty years ago, NORA WALN, *a young Quaker, passed through the battle lines of the warlords on her way to Mongolia, where, at the behest of a Swedish publisher, she wrote her first book, about Frans August Larson, Duke of Mongolia. Subsequently, in China, where she wrote her famous narrative* THE HOUSE OF EXILE, *and still later, in Hitler's Germany, where she gathered the source material for* REACHING FOR THE STARS, *she traveled unafraid. This is the latest of her adventures, carried out after Khrushchev had built the Wall.*

ASIANS have enriched my life. They have intelligence and gaiety. But people of a different race from mine are not easy for me to understand, even when they are people I respect and enjoy.

In East Prussia, with friends from the Mongolian plateau with whom I was traveling, as their guest, I stood leaning against the fence of a paddock on a horse-breeding cooperative, and I turned on my radio. This transistor radio, manufactured in Japan, is tiny. It fits into a small handbag or the rear pocket of my riding pants. My Mongolian friends bought it, as a gift for me, in a store in East Berlin. I got the eight o'clock morning news, and I translated an item concerning them.

I told them that the British considered it a foregone conclusion that their country would get a seat in the United Nations in New York. They were four men and a woman. They listened gravely, but they showed no elation, and they made no comment until they noticed my puzzlement.

"It is the price we have to pay for Russian help to keep our virgin pasturelands," said the young horseman whose mother is my special friend in Sunit. "Russia protects us from the Chinese."

The young woman with them was a graduate of Urga University, and she did postgraduate work at the university in East Berlin. When I asked her what she thought about Mongolian admission to the United Nations, her reply was, "I would rather that we did not get a seat, but a delegation will go because the Russians want us there."

"We know that you like Chinese people," said another man slowly, "but you must realize that Chinese and Mongols are natural foes. The Chinese have no respect for turf. They look down on us for liking to be nomads, living in good tents, raising fine herds; and we despise them for settling down in villages, destroying pastures, digging up the grass, fencing in community wells."

"Century after century, when strong, the Chinese have come in above their own Great Wall, and we do not want them," insisted another. "Our ways and their ways differ. When the Manchus ruled China, we were united with the Manchus, but we have never been united with the Chinese. After they destroyed the Manchu dynasty in 1911, the Chinese thought they owned Mongolia. We were weak then. Chinese farmers got in and destroyed thousands of our acres."

"We do not belong to the Chinese government

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on Formosa," said the woman firmly, "and we do not belong to the Chinese Communists. We are free because the Russians help us."

"You know that venereal diseases among us and rinderpest among our animals are our shame and our curse," put in one of the men. "The Swedes have helped us control, cure, and prevent these diseases. The Danes have helped us. Germans have helped us. But the Russians have sent us more doctors for people and for animals than have all others combined. We will be in New York voting for the Soviet Union if elected to the United Nations."

I said no more. They drifted off, exploring and examining the pasture where we were. One took his long-bladed knife out of its sheath. He stooped and cut a piece of turf. I heard their exclamations. The grassland here in East Germany was as thick as the best grass on the Mongolian plateau.

We were far northeast of the broken city of Berlin, in a part of Germany often spoken of as the land where the wolf says good night politely to the fox. The October day was warm and sunny. It would be a leisurely day for me. The Mongols intended to purchase the stallion that they had been sent from their homeland to buy. They carried with them the gold for the horse.

They would make no show of eagerness. Hours would pass before they would let the wonderful black be shown to them again. The bargaining would be slow and shrewd. Yesterday they had bought a stallion, three rams, and a bull. Previously they had bought other animals at other stockbreeding farms where we stopped. The total of these purchases ran into a good deal of money, but the whole lot was of minor importance to them. The black stallion they had traveled thousands of miles to get was in the stable to my left.

The five Mongols who were here had been carefully selected for their job. Although she was a scholar who spoke fluent German, the young woman was as sharp concerning horses, cattle, and sheep as the men. And with them they had two able German brothers, born of Christian missionary parents, reared on the plateau. The delegation had been briefed for their task. Their commissioners in Urga had knowledge of this worthy stallion, and they gave this information to the delegation. They had been shown pictures of the stallion, and they had his pedigree before they departed from Mongolia. Yet, when the black horse had been paraded yesterday, the delegation had shown no interest. They had asked stupid questions and bought the other stallion. Mongols are that way.

The scene around me was beautiful. Away to the rim of the horizon stretched the green pasturelands, and when I turned I could see the homestead. Fine trees with stout trunks and far-spreading branches grew singly, in clumps of two and three, and in avenues, planted where they could protect the manor house and the barns; evergreen firs, oaks, beeches, poplars — strong trees to break the winter winds and hold off driving snow.

The big barn, the little barns, the extensive stables, the hay sheds, the manor house with its cluster of cottages had been built of good stone and excellent timber by competent builders. The roofs had not sagged. Pillars had not sunk. Doors and gates did not swing on broken hinges. Rail fences on paddock and corral had not broken down. For more than three hundred years, until sixteen years ago, this estate with its rolling acres was the property of aristocrats, generation after generation famous for their horses. Now it is a cooperative farm run by a Communist committee. To horse breeding the Communists have added sheep and cattle breeding, and a school for animal husbandry.

It has been said of me that I make trips where others might not go. Some say that if the devil himself asked me into hell, I would have a look at the place under his guidance. Yes, that is true. I think it sensible to know what is going on if one has the opportunity. That is my attitude in regard to China and Mongolia, my approach to Germany when Nazi, and today, when half Communist. Where I enter, I go not to spy, not to condemn unseen, but to learn.

I am not naturally brave. But I have learned that courage is not being unafraid; it is going ahead matter-of-factly when scared. In the Communist part of Germany, I am at times almost overwhelmed by surging memories of Nazi cruelties because these cruelties are repeated now.

The country through which I traveled with the Mongolians was not new territory to me. I had been in this eastern part of Germany with my husband, always coming by motorcar, visiting in the great country houses on *Junker* estates. We had ridden fine horses, enjoyed musical evenings at which my husband sang, taken pleasure in warm and gracious hospitality. In return, we had entertained these Germans in a villa we had at Le Touquet in France and at my husband's country house in Buckinghamshire, England.

I know that the heir to this estate, on which the black stallion was bred, is alive. He has a wife and five children. When I asked about him and his family, I was told by the cooperative leaders that they were away. My question as to where they had gone was answered evasively. It was the same on every *Junker* estate where I went with the Mongols. "*Sie sind gegangen*," is what the German Com-

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munists in the cooperatives said about the nobles. "They are gone."

The Communists assigned the horsemen to stay where they were at the war's end. They may not seek other jobs or move. If they do and are caught, they are treated as criminals. In many of them I saw an unmistakable sadness, as if the destruction of the way of life they have known has hurt them beyond healing.

Their hours of labor are longer than they were when my husband and I visited in East Germany. In addition, they must attend lessons in Communism, learn songs and slogans, take part in processions and rallies. Often a Communist leader in a cooperative introduced us to the head horseman, praising the man, saying that this man was one who never went to bed until every horse was curried and brushed, fed and watered, bedded with clean straw. They said that the apprentices found such men examples difficult to copy.

As we traveled through the country, I saw much waste in unharvested crops. More grain, potatoes, sugar beets, and other farm produce had been planted than were being harvested. Townspeople and schoolchildren were working at the harvest, but the labor force looked small for the work to be done. The excuse our guides gave was that East Germany has suffered a sixteen-year drain of population — impatient people running off — and that the necessity to call able-bodied men to arms last summer left few to work in the fields.

The horse-breeding cooperatives to which we were taken were different. Horses, cattle, and sheep were well cared for. The pastures were in good condition. In the stables, all was neat and orderly. Wood, brass, and leather showed the mark of hard rubbing. Glass over the pictures of famous horses was without a flyspeck. Old silver cups on display were without a stain. The apprentices on these farms nearly broke me. So many were so young. In Europe and in our United States we had shameful child labor in an earlier time. I presumed that era to be past; it is newly begun again in East Germany.

In factories and on the land, I saw children, boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age toiling uncounted hours. I saw them working in the fields under great electric lights which turn night into a continued day. On these stockbreeding farms, the child apprentices were up every morning before I was up — and I am an early riser — awake before the sunrise.

Children live in dormitories without adequate blankets, without pillows. The winters are bitter in East Germany. I saw many who appeared to have tuberculosis. In East Germany there is a shortage of doctors. The doctors who are there are short of needed supplies — medicines, salves, even bandages.

On the slick stockbreeding cooperatives, children toil at cleaning stables, brushing and combing animals, sweeping, putting down hay, cleaning bridles and saddles, scouring, rubbing, polishing. Those over ten are honored by being permitted to tend horses. The younger ones can tend sheep and milk cows. They sleep and eat in barn dormitories, in sheds, in any space available.

The Mongols do not separate children from adults, and in their tents the little children have the favored place. They remarked on the East German situation. They did not find it sensible. "That way, the Germans will die out," they said. "As a people they will diminish."

I was thinking of the children when a handbell rang. A stableboy was clanging it, calling to the Mongols and me. In front of the big, south-facing barn, horses were ready for us — five lively young geldings and a placid mare. The Mongol who is my special friend gave me a bent knee from which to mount the quiet horse. As I settled into the saddle, a girl groom told me that the mare's name was Erica and she was an ambler.

The Mongols looked the geldings over. The leader of the cooperative watched the Mongols. Elderly grooms held the restless horses on lead reins. The horses arched their lovely necks, switched tails, shifted their feet. They were closely matched, and all offspring of the black stallion, we were told. They were show horses, their elegant hooves oiled and blacked and highly polished. Teen-aged boy and girl stablehands stood by, very evidently proud of what their cooperative could show.

Although the Mongols wore their native dress, they did not appear out of place in this setting. They were at ease with horses and horse people. Their manner displayed no astonishment at the fantastic geldings. The Germans, clad in riding breeches, open-necked shirts, and stiff boots, did not look more comfortable than the Mongols in their long, close-fitted gowns of blue cloth — the dress with a fold that allows ample room for mounting and riding astride.

Their slim waists and their straight backs were given firm support by girdles of silk cloth in bright colors, yards long, wound tightly around and around in a broad band with the ends tucked in smoothly. Their boots of soft leather, decorated with tooled patterns, had inside pockets in their wide tops. As at home in Mongolia, here the Mongols carried on their persons everything needed for their way of living.

Pocketed in their boot tops, in their gowns, and

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thrust into their waist sashes were silver and leather cases holding flint and tinder for making fire, snuff bottles, long-bladed knives and chopsticks, their eating and drinking bowls, long-stemmed pipes and well-filled tobacco pouches, tea, grain, and salt. Fastened to their girdles with thongs were leather bottles for fermented mare's milk.

Their things were treasured possessions made by native craftsmen, of wood and leather, silver and gold. Ivory and jade, amber and turquoise, and rose quartz had been used in the making. Each thing had its traditional place in their garments, securely held so as not to shake out and be lost, however roughly they rode. In their travel luggage — gay-patterned woolen saddlebags — they brought with them to East Germany a goodly supply of brick tea, homemade cheese in hard cakes, and plenty of their highland rock salt. Also, a black iron kettle for making tea as they like it, with a tripod to hang it on over the fire.

This group of Mongols is the sixth delegation that has been sent to East Germany to buy stock, and they came prepared because they had been warned about food and drink. The Mongols are independent people. They bought grain and parched it as needed. They bought butter to put in their tea. When they wanted meat, they bought a sheep and cooked it.

After an exchange of glances concerning the geldings, the German-speaking Mongol woman asked for lighter bridles. No double reins, no snaffles — single bits, she said. The cooperative leader told a groom to fetch light bridles. The groom did not want to do it. He reminded the leader that these were spirited horses, valuable, oat-fed, in need of control, or they might be ruined.

The groom was not answered. Under a commanding stare, he gave over to a stableboy the restless gelding he held. With bent head he disappeared into the barn. The Mongols each went to a horse. They shortened stirrups, refixed girths.

When the bridles were changed, they mounted. The horses kicked and snorted, bucked and bounced, probably afraid of the strangers. The Mongols let their mounts racket a short time, then sent them forward with knee stabs in horse ribs, a shrill yell close above horse ears. The horses leaped forward.

Without whip or spur, the Mongols rode, perched with knees high, seats not touching their saddles as they went away, hands light on loosening reins, giving their steeds freedom to go. They did not pull their horses around. Each went in the direction the horse was headed in when it started.

Soon the geldings were galloping with long smooth strides. The thud of their hooves on the turf was a pleasant drumming. Birds flew up from the grass. Grazing horses, cattle, sheep gave them way. Over the rim of the earth they went — wild horses, wild riders. My mount watched the other horses go, her ears up, her head stretched forward, but she made no attempt to follow.

On the tour we traveled with other tourists in Volkswagen buses, and the Mongols found the seats irksome. Nights, we were billeted in country mansions. They did not like the beds. Every morning they had to be given swift horses to ride to stretch their muscles, clear their minds before they could get on with the business of their day. Always they got me a quiet horse. I did not attempt to ride with them. After they were off, I rode when ready.

I pulled Erica around to look at the German brothers. Sitting side by side on the ground, their backs to the barn, they had taken out their folding chessboard. They never rode in the morning, and they were always silent until needed. Their job was to interpret for the bargaining and to get the stock to Mongolia. They were soon putting out their chessmen, ready to play on from where they left off yesterday.

I heard the starting up of the engines of the two buses of our tour, which had been parked overnight in an open shed, and I did not have to direct Erica to get her looking that way. We both watched the drivers back out and drive to the tree-lined avenue. They halted, one behind the other, and tooted horns. People from India, from Burma, from Southeast Asia, and from various new nations of Africa came out of their billets in mansion and cottages. We had been together long enough to be a group. They waved to me.

Nearly all wore native costume. The sari of a woman from India was not more charming than the flowing robes of an African man. The colors were gorgeous. There was zip and zing in these tourists from Asia and Africa. I have encountered them east and west of the Soviet line. They were not cautious about friendship. Strangers soon became friends.

If those who wanted to converse did not have a common tongue, they found a person who could interpret, usually. They were educated. Several spoke English; others, fluent German. They told me that before leaving their homes they had learned that it is difficult, nigh impossible, to get passes to cross from Communist-controlled democracies to free-enterprise democracies. They are interested in both. So, families and friends had split up when buying their tickets. They planned to compare notes when they got back home. I found these tourists very interesting. I never heard any of them complain. They were not fret-

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ful. They seemed to vie with each other in patience and in graciousness. As neutrals, they were investigating, and enjoying themselves.

Every day of the tour, the others went sightseeing. I always stayed with the Mongols. So did the German brothers. At evening, the others rejoined us, and we had a program for the whole group. The guides gave lectures, and then answered questions. That done, the tourists took over in unscheduled displays of instrument playing, singing, reciting, dancing — showing their native cultures.

One morning after the tour buses went off, I persuaded Erica to exercise on the pastureland. She showed her paces, and I had a good ride. I was letting her wander and nibble grass when a little girl joined us on a white pony. She introduced herself as the youngest granddaughter of the oldest groom. She had been sent to conduct me on a pretty ride. Her name was Hedwig. Her pony was Snow White.

We rode about three miles to a natural spring, where we dismounted and drank fresh water from our cupped hands. A pail is kept there for horses. Hedwig gave Erica and Snow White little drinks — not too much, she said, because it is not good for horses to drink much far from home. Later we saw a squirrel in a tree, and further on we dismounted again, to wish on a magic stone. We were riding through a grove when my Mongol friend rode up behind me.

He and his mount had become friends. I introduced Hedwig and Snow White. Over the open pasture, we rode to the barn. Hedwig set our speed; Snow White galloping fast. The showy gelding, tossing a silly head, fluttering mane and tail, would have been a success in any horse opera. Erica cantered like a rockinghorse.

We arrived at the paved place in front of the great barn to find the others gathered in a circle having their Mongolian tea. As they did twice each day, they had their black iron pot steaming. It hung on its tripod over glowing coals. The tea is prepared by bringing fresh water to a boil, throwing in powdered tea scraped from the brick, which is prepared of tea grown and cured in South China and sold in Mongolia, then rock salt, lumps of butter, and last, handfuls of grain. They preferred Chinese millet, but here they used German wheat.

Seated around the pot, they ladled out what they desired into their bowls with a long-handled ladle, drank the fluid, ate the grain with the pushing help of their chopsticks. Offered a taste, Hedwig took a sip of the brew and a few grains of wheat. Then quickly she ran off. But soon she came back with a tray filled with a German lunch — slices of buttered bread, cold meats, cheese, lettuce, and radishes. She carried the tray to each of us; everyone took at least a little. Her grandfather called her, and she left us her offering.

The Mongols filled and refilled their bowls two and three times from their iron-pot brew, and when their appetites were satisfied, they were ready to do business concerning the black stallion. A wooden table was set up at the edge of the green pasture, and with it twelve wooden chairs. The German brothers, the interpreters, each took a chair at the table's ends. Along the sides were the four men and the woman from Mongolia and five men of the horse-breeding governing board. They were three Russians and two Germans. They had arrived the day before. The job of the farm's cooperative committee was to show horses when asked and reply to questions.

The Mongolian woman took as keen a part as the men. Questions were asked concerning the mares the stallion had serviced. The percentage that had foaled was ascertained. Mares were brought out and paraded. Offspring of the stallion were shown, the horse's daughters and sons, of varying ages. Their records were asked and given. On and on the talk and the showing progressed, while the shadows lengthened from trees and buildings. The two buses returned with the Asian and African tourists just as the black stallion was brought out and paraded.

The horse was glorious. The tourists drew in their breaths with ohs and ahs. Walking like the king of horses, the black turned and wheeled, went back and forth, seeming almost not to need the attendance of the three handsome blond grooms assigned to show him. These grooms were young Russians. They wore neat Russian riding trousers and tunics of smooth beige cloth, black patent-leather riding boots, riding gloves, and their waists were girdled with belts of silver fashioned by the Mongols' own craftsmen, each with the twelve animals of the zodiac on it. The young men and the horse, there in the evening light, were as breathtaking a show as ever I saw in my life's journey.

Before lanterns were needed, the two German brothers were able to tell the members of the horse-breeding board that the Mongols would purchase the stallion if a price that they could afford could be arranged.

After supper, the bargaining started in what used to be the dining room of the mansion. It was not ugly haggling. There were no loud voices, no bangings on the table, no sulks. It was polite, patient, and long. At midnight, a telephone call was put in to East Berlin. The answer was that

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the powers there in charge of horses would call powers higher up and telephone back the answer. When the response came, it was no.

The Mongols went abruptly to bed. Next morning they had their ride on fine horses — no geldings; mares and stallions sired by the black. After tea, they raised their offer. And new bargaining went on, with more telephoning. By four in the afternoon, they owned the stallion — or would when the agreed price had been paid.

The horse buyers had their gold with them. They had orders from their government authorities to pay at the time and place of purchase. Their gold was not in coins, nor was it refined into the shining gold bars the Chinese use. It was pure gold — dug, washed, and dried — taken out of their own land. They carried it in leather bags. The five Mongols and the two German brothers each carried gold. The horse-breeding board did not want it. They declared that the money transaction must be handled by their governments.

The Mongols' stubbornness caused more telephoning. But they paid with their gold. They bought this great stallion for breeding into their native mares with sacred gold given by their own good earth, provided by their own gods. With ancient ritual they had taken it from the soil of Mongolia. With ancient ritual they would show the stallion at the place where the earth's surface was broken to take the precious metal.

Their government is Communist, with the slogans of the Germans Marx and Engels, the teachings of the Communist Russians; but they are an old civilization, proud of their own traditions, loyal to ancient ritual. This is how all the great imported stallions of their history have been purchased.

The gold was twice weighed, on scales the Mongols carried and on German scales. When the price was satisfactorily passed from the buyers to the sellers, then the Mongols revealed a further bag of their gold. A beautiful small bag, with green jade ornaments at the ends of its drawstrings. This they presented as their "happiness gift."

We left all the breeding stock on the cooperatives where it was purchased. It was not branded or marked in any way. The Mongols and the two German brothers have keen observation and sharp memory concerning animals. From Germany my friends were going by air to Moscow, to take part in a display of horsemanship, then to fly on home. Five previous times, the German brothers, who have their own self-selected helpers, have gathered the stock and delivered it in Urga. They use special animal-carrying planes built in Russia. There has never been question as to any of the animals not being those bought. Every horse, bull, and ram has arrived in good condition. The chess-playing Germans are competent.

In addition to planned sightseeing, which caused two half-day halts, we had other delays on our way back to the East Berlin bus depot. These were caused by encounters with autumn maneuvers conducted by the Soviet commander Marshal Koniev. Three times we had to reverse our route, go back several miles, and take other roads. Each time our travel plan changed, our guides telephoned to headquarters of the tour management so that they would know exactly where we were.

There was no secrecy about this extensive peacetime practice in readiness for battle. Guides gave us explanations over the bus loudspeaker and at the evening meetings in the guesthouses where we stopped overnight. Marshal Koniev had more than half a million men in action, operating them as a mobile east European combat force. He was training Germans and Russians, Poles and Czechs and Hungarians to fight under one command, in unified operation, and he was making full use of a radio communications system which, according to our guides, leads into the Kremlin.

The Indians and the Africans frequently talked politics. The Mongols did not take part, nor did I. On our radios we heard newscasts about the test explosions of thermonuclear bombs. Only then did the Mongols speak about the world situation. They feared the fallout. The Indians in particular worried about a possible nuclear war, a war which would put an end to human life on earth. The Africans agreed with the Indian statement that men have too much knowledge without enough wisdom.

We arrived at the bus depot. I was soon to fly out of West Berlin and travel on into Sweden. I like to travel light. As arranged with my Mongolian hosts, we gave my suitcase and its contents to the two German women guides on our tour.

I said farewell to them, to the male guides, to the bus drivers, to the two German brothers, to the Africans and the Asians, and last, to four of the Mongols. Then, accompanied by my special friend's son, I walked on to the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint — the only way open for me to cross into West Berlin.

I was astonished, as we approached, to see everyone who had been on our tour gathered there behind the East Berlin police guard. Clasping hands, bowing, warmhearted and ceremonial, we said farewell again. I asked them all to visit me — sometime. They all asked me to visit them in their homes — sometime. Then I walked away.

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Senator JOSEPH S. CLARK

When Joseph S. Clark *was elected mayor of Philadelphia in 1952, he became the first Democrat in sixty-seven years to hold that office. Previously he had served as city controller of Philadelphia, and he was active in the Committee of Seventy, which cleaned up corruption in that city. In 1956 he was elected to his first term in the Senate, where he is one of the most forthright and vigorous liberals.*

THE HESITANT SENATE

On January 15, 1957, Lyndon Johnson, then the senior senator from Texas and majority leader, gave a lunch for the newly elected freshman senatorial Democrats. Only six of us had successfully breasted the Eisenhower tidal wave of the preceding November: Frank Church of Idaho, John Carroll of Colorado, Frank Lausche of Ohio, Herman Talmadge of Georgia, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and I. As we sat down to our steaks at the long table in the office of Skeeter Johnson, the urbane and charming Mississippian who serves as secretary of the Senate, each of us found at his place a copy of *Citadel: The Story of the U.S. Senate*, autographed "with all good wishes" not only by its author, William S. White, Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Robert A. Taft, but by the majority leader as well.

During the course of the luncheon, Senator Johnson encouraged us to consider Mr. White's book as a sort of *McGuffey's Reader* from which we could learn much about the "greatest deliberative body in the world" and how to mold ourselves into its way of life.

I did my homework.

Mr. White, assigned from 1946 to 1956 by the New York *Times* to cover that "peculiar institution" in which I serve, eulogizes the post-World War II Senate much as Allen Drury did in *Advise and Consent*. He writes with affection of its "Tone and Timelessness," the concept of the Senate as a "club," its ability to divorce itself almost completely from the outside world, to a part of which, nonetheless, a third of its members must return every two years to seek re-election. With tender sympathy he sketches an atmosphere redolent with mint juleps and Confederate gentlemen. He speaks of its peculiar rules and its even more peculiar customs. "The Senate," he writes in conclusion, "is a place upon whose vitality and honor will at length rest the whole issue of the kind of society that we are to maintain."

Perhaps he is right; if so, we in the Senate had better change our ways. For, a legislative body conducting business as Mr. White suggests the Senate does would be totally incapable of preserving either vitality or honor anywhere.

Actually, Donald R. Matthews was closer to the truth when he referred to Mr. White's infatuation with the Senate of the

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fifties as "an almost embarrassing love affair." In *U.S. Senators and Their World*, he wrote of the Senate as "a legislative chamber of imposing power which sometimes finds it impossible to act; an institution heavy with tradition whose members occasionally act like school boys on a spree." And schoolboys on a spree are not good enough in today's world. For the problems which confront us are getting harder, not easier. And the Senate had better be on its toes if it is to play its part in solving them.

There are two major unanswered political questions: First, how can we substitute real peace and disarmament under internationally enforced world law for the delicate balance of nuclear terror under which we have been living since Russia acquired atomic weapons in 1949? Second, how can we adjust our oasis of prosperity to that desert of despair in which a constantly increasing number of underprivileged people presently exist, a desert where two out of every three human beings go to bed hungry every night?

But there are a host of scarcely less important worries. On the international scene, to mention only a few, there are Southeast Asia, South Africa, Latin America, Cuba, the Congo, Russian imperialism, the challenge of competitive coexistence, Communist China, Berlin — indeed, the whole German question — any one of which may erupt at any time into angry violence. And then there are world trade, the tariff, and the Common Market. At home there are education, unemployment, the proper utilization of manpower, housing, agriculture, the renewal of our cities, problems of the aged and aging, civil rights, tax reform, and the constant threat of inflation.

Problems as complex as these could not be resolved successfully in Mr. White's Senate. We must sharpen our obsolete senatorial tools. For, our country and the civilization of which we are a part will not survive unless we awaken from our national political lethargy and speed up the pace of intelligent governmental action. We have inherited a government of checks and balances, based on the eighteenth-century theory that that government is best which governs least and on Lord Acton's precept that power tends to corrupt, and therefore should be grudgingly granted. Our national, state, and local governments are divided into executive, judicial, and legislative branches, thus diffusing power among nine governmental sources — each of which inhibits action. It is with the decision-making power of the Senate at the national level that this article is concerned.

The Senate was originally conceived in 1787 as a body of wise elders, chosen not by the people but by the state legislatures, and selected because they could be relied upon to defeat impetuous action by either the popularly elected House of Representatives or by a President who, if not checked, might in time become a tyrant. In a day when governmental action, if needed at all, could afford to be slow, when the memory of the "tyrant" George III was fresh in men's minds, this original conception, favoring inaction, made good sense.

Does it still do so? I think not.

Our first controversy when I came to Washington in 1957 was an attempt to modify the rules of the Senate so as to put reasonable limits on debate. "The Senate," said Woodrow Wilson, "is the only legislative body in the world which cannot act when its majority is ready for action." We proved him right in 1957, in 1959, and twice in 1961. In each instance, a majority of the Senate decided it did not wish to change its rules at the time and in the manner then proposed in order to pass legislation a majority favored. Yet, until the rules are changed, a small but determined minority can prevent the Senate from performing its constitutional duties by preventing any matter from being decided on its merits.

ROADBLOCKS TO ACTION IN COMMITTEE

Today, legislation proposed by the President can be bottled up in committee indefinitely by a determined and hostile chairman. Thus, no civil rights bill has ever been recommended to the Senate by the Senate Judiciary Committee, despite urgent recommendations by both President Truman and President Eisenhower. Nor, it may be safely predicted, will President Kennedy have any better luck if he ever decides to attempt to implement his campaign commitment. Senator James Eastland and his Southern colleagues, assisted by right-wing Republicans, have an unbreakable majority in the committee. The last, rather innocuous civil rights legislation debated in the Senate was tacked on as a non-germane amendment to a measure entitled "A bill to authorize the Secretary of the Army to lease a portion of Fort Crowder, Missouri, to Stella Reorganized Schools, R-1, Missouri."

Even if legislation finally reaches the floor, it can be emasculated in the process by hostile chairmen who control bipartisan majorities in their committees. Thus, Senator Harry Byrd and his conservative colleagues in the Finance Committee have successfully prevented tax-reform measures such as limitation of the business-expense "swindle sheet" deduction, the oil-depletion allowance, and withholding of the tax on dividends and interest at the source from being incorporated in the committee drafts of the annual bills extending corporation and excise taxes. In each such case, efforts had to be made on the floor, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, to amend the bill

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— always a difficult task when the chairman, supported by a majority of the committee, objects.

Any member of the Senate can prevent *any* committee from meeting while the Senate is in session. If the measure is complicated, requiring prolonged executive sessions, this is a particularly effective method of preventing action, especially toward the end of a congressional session. All last spring and summer, Senator Barry Goldwater, by exercising this right, delayed committee action on extension and revision of the National Defense Education Act. Eighteen executive sessions were held in the Labor and Public Welfare Committee and its Education Subcommittee to mark up the bill. Thirteen of these were forced to recess after an hour or two because objection was raised formally or informally to the meeting's continuing while the Senate was in session. On the other five occasions, the Senate did not meet on the day of the committee session; but toward the end of the summer, the Senate meets almost every day.

Senator Morse of Oregon, chairman of the Education Subcommittee and responsible for managing the Administration bill, would call an executive session for ten or nine thirty or even nine A.M. It would be difficult to get a quorum of the committee to show up on time, particularly since several of the Republicans would always fail to appear. At last, a quorum would appear an hour or two before the Senate met, at eleven or noon, as the case might be. A controversial section of the bill would be brought up for discussion. Assisted by his colleague on the committee, Senator Dirksen of Illinois, the able and distinguished junior senator from Arizona (to lapse into Senate semantics) would criticize the proposal at some length, frequently enticing Democratic proponents into extended committee-room debate.

Senator Morse's eyes would wander to the clock over the door in the committee room. Five minutes, four minutes, three minutes to go before the Senate convenes. Finally, the discussion would be interrupted by the ringing of the bell, which silences talk. The Senate was in session. "I'm sorry, Wayne, but under the rule I must object to the subcommittee's meeting further." So that was that until the next day. Senator Goldwater was quite within his rights under the rules. In the end, the subcommittee got the bills out of committee and on the calendar, but too late for floor action until 1962.

STALLING ON THE SENATE FLOOR

If a measure is voted out of committee and reaches the calendar, it must be brought to the floor by motion of the majority leader approved by the policy committee of the party in power. The Democratic policy committee, until recently, was controlled by the opponents of action. As a result of agitation by a number of liberal Democrats led by Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, the policy committee was reconstituted so as to give the Kennedy men a majority.

If the motion to take up is approved, debate on the merits of the measure is unlimited and need not be germane. Amendments can be offered without limit; so can amendments to amendments and substitutes for amendments. Amendments need not be germane to the bill or to the amendment to which they are offered. On each of these, debate is unlimited and need not be germane. Thus, when extension of the life of the Civil Rights Commission for two years was proposed last summer, twenty-one amendments were filed. Had any of these amendments been called up for action, any number of amendments to each amendment could have been proposed. Senator Javits' amendments constituted a comprehensive civil rights bill. Senator Ervin of North Carolina proposed an amendment which would overturn the recent Supreme Court decision ruling out confessions obtained during unreasonable periods of detention after arrest and prior to arraignment. An amendment by Senator Thurmond of South Carolina would have invalidated all acts of Congress impinging on state statutes unless the former specifically "pre-empted" the field.

The Southerners began to talk. I said to Senator Eastland: "Jim, how long are you fellows going to keep this up?" He replied with a grin: "Until we know we have the votes to table those Javits amendments."

After a couple of days the leadership capitulated. The majority leader, Mike Mansfield of Montana, announced that he would move to table all amendments which were called up. Senator Dirksen, the minority leader, concurred. A majority of the Senate supported the leadership. Down the drain went not only the Javits amendments but also my own proposals to extend the commission's life indefinitely, or, in the alternative, for four years. A determined minority had once again forced its will on the Senate.

Actually, Mansfield and Dirksen, under the present rules, had no alternative. It was late in the session. The calendar was crowded with "must" legislation sponsored by the President. Already senators were clamoring for adjournment. The leaders knew that the Southerners would permit a short extension of the commission's life if no serious effort were made to enact important civil rights legislation, advocated in the platforms of both political parties. The sensible thing to do was to compromise. So, compromise they did. The point is that the rules give to a small minority the power

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to frustrate the will of a majority, which was unwilling at that time to try to break a filibuster.

Each legislative day, as debate proceeds, any senator can require the journal of the preceding day to be read in full. Such reading ordinarily takes about four hours. On August 21, 1961, I objected to a request by Senator Mansfield, majority leader, for unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the journal. The clerk began to drone out the record of the previous day's proceedings. For the better part of an hour the Senate was immobilized. Then, the point having been made, I withdrew my objections. Had I wished to exercise all of my rights under the rules, I, acting alone, could have prevented *any* action by the Senate for several days.

If a bill is passed and is in different form from a bill on the same subject passed by the House, the differences must be resolved in conference or the bill will not become law. In recent years, Senate conferees from some committees, notably finance, have been selected by seniority and are often in opposition to action taken on the Senate floor which reverses recommendations of the committee. Conferees holding such views are, to put it mildly, unlikely to support for long the floor action of the Senate when it differs from their conception of what is wise. Thus, amendments adopted on the floor of the Senate, but not included in the House bill, closing tax loopholes were quietly and quickly abandoned in conference by Senate Finance Committee conferees who had opposed them in committee and on the floor.

CHANGING THE RULES

It may well be asked: "Is there no way of modernizing Senate rules and procedures so as to put an end to these stubborn roadblocks?" The answer is at best a qualified yes.

There is a provision in the Senate rules requiring that "all changes in the rules" can be made "only in accordance with the rules." This means that each of the methods of defeating or delaying a bill is available to defeat a change in the rules. Proposed changes sponsored by me and designed to limit or abolish such delaying tactics are presently resting in the Committee on Rules and Administration. Very little money is being wagered on their surmounting the very difficulties they are aimed at eliminating. Senate Rule XXII in theory permits some limitation of debate. But it takes two thirds of those senators present and voting to invoke it — 67 for all practical purposes; and there are at present 60 senators at the most who are willing to vote to limit debate.

Vice President Nixon, as presiding officer of the Senate, ruled in 1959 and again in January of 1961 that provisions in Senate rules designed to prevent the Senate, at the beginning of each new Congress, from adopting new rules or modifying existing rules by majority vote were unconstitutional. In his view, a majority of the Senate could set aside existing rules and adopt new ones in January of odd-numbered years. Debate could be terminated under general parliamentary law by "moving the previous question," a parliamentary device available in one form or another in practically every legislative body in the free world except the Senate of the United States. A ruling of the presiding officer thus terminating debate (or refusing to do so) could be appealed to the whole Senate. If the parliamentary situation is such in 1963 that a ruling can be obtained, there is some hope that a majority of the Senate would be willing to modify Rule XXII to permit limitation of debate by a three fifths instead of a two thirds vote. But, for the present, one third plus one of the members of the Senate present and voting can prevent any measure, regardless of its nature, from ever coming to a vote.

One third plus one means 34 senators. By my count there are presently 61 senators who, by and large, would support action programs strongly recommended by the President and intended to strengthen international understanding and the causes of world peace and disarmament. The count is about the same for moderate civil rights legislation in aid of school desegregation and fair employment practices. This leaves 39 senators in opposition — a leeway of 5 votes for those who resist change.

My box score breakdown follows:

DEMOCRATS			
Kennedy supporters	43		
Switch-hitters	11		
Anti-Kennedy Democrats		10	
Total			
REPUBLICANS			
Moderate liberals	7		
Dirksen-Goldwater axis		29	
Total			36
	61	39	100

This analysis varies a little, depending on the particular issue. But, barring an international or domestic crisis of the first magnitude, it is highly unlikely that in 1962 the Senate will be able to act with the alacrity it needs if a determined minority desires to prevent action.

YOUNG BLOOD

Does this mean that the President's program in a year of tension, such as 1962, will be lost? Not

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at all. Much of it will probably go through. Most important legislation supported by the President finally reaches the floor in one way or another, largely because no group of senators is strongly enough against it to utilize the weapons of delay and obstruction which are available to them. Opposition in committee frequently brings watering down and compromise, which make the measure less distasteful to its enemies and thereby weaken their ardor. Some of the opposition is more political — that is, for home consumption — than ideological. It is therefore less intransigent than it seems.

The Senate usually acts on major bills by "unanimous consent agreements," limiting debate after a reasonable opportunity has been given to those who wish to speak at length. To be sure, any one senator has the right to withhold such consent. But those who do are frowned upon by a majority of their colleagues, who usually want to vote promptly and go home for dinner.

There is a curious and, on the whole, laudable esprit de corps in the Senate. Most politicians want to be both liked and respected. Senators are no exception. There is strong pressure not to make a nuisance of oneself, not to fight the leadership of one's party, not to appear as a mere obstructionist, not to become emotionally involved in any particular bill or controversy, always to be able to sit down at lunch with one's colleagues in committee or on the floor without embarrassment resulting from one's behavior of the day before.

Finally, the Senate of 1962 is quite a different body from the Senate of 1957. I can well remember the tense situation when we met in Democratic caucus the morning of January 3, 1957. There were then in the Senate 47 Republicans and 49 Democrats, including Frank Lausche, an independent, just elected the junior senator from Ohio, ostensibly as a Democrat. We were all there at the caucus but Frank. Nobody knew where he was or what he was up to.

We chose Lyndon Johnson leader. He made a little speech saying he did not know whether he had been elected majority or minority leader. If Lausche voted with the Republicans, as we feared, the vote on the leadership would be a tie. Vice President Nixon would break it, and the Republicans would organize the Senate. We went to the floor. A motion was made to elect Lyndon B. Johnson majority leader. William Knowland was nominated by the Republicans. The roll was called in alphabetical order. When Lausche's name was reached, there was a dramatic pause. Finally he voted "Aye." I can remember the mounting tension as the roll call began, the buzz of conversation, and the sighs of relief from both floor and galleries as doubt grew and was at length dispelled. The Democrats had organized the Senate by the skin of their teeth.

Two years later, things were quite different. The election of 1958 brought 15 new liberal Democrats to the Senate to replace as many, on the whole conservative, Republicans. The 3 new Republicans were all in the liberal wing of their party. Instead of a 49–47 majority, the Democrats had a 65–35 advantage. Ultimate power shifted to 15 Democratic "switch-hitters," largely controlled by the leadership, men who would vote right one day and left the next, pretty much as Lyndon Johnson wanted.

Still, even in 1959, after the 1958 turnover in membership, there was no real sense of urgency. The White House proposed no dramatic program. There was no change in the Senate leadership's outlook.

The election of 1960 supplied the missing element. Senator Kennedy went to the White House. Senator Johnson, no longer majority leader, became Vice President and lost his senatorial power. Among the new senators are four young vigorous liberals, Burdick of North Dakota, Metcalf of Montana, Pell of Rhode Island, and Maurine Neuberger of Oregon, who took her highly respected late husband's seat. The average age in the Senate has dropped; the level of vitality has risen. With Mike Mansfield as leader and Hubert Humphrey as whip, a score of liberal measures passed the Senate last year, among them minimum-wage legislation, federal aid to public schools, an expanded housing program, the Wilderness Bill, O.E.C.D., the Retraining for the Unemployed Bill, the Peace Corps, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, a vastly better foreign-aid bill. The votes were there to pass them. The opposition chose not to use the tools of delay which could have brought about defeat of the measures.

But there is more to the change in voting strength than mere numbers indicate. The caliber of the men in the Senate has changed drastically in the last five years. Gone are the Joe McCarthys, the Jenners, the Welkers. Gone, too, are Bill Knowland, Styles Bridges, and Edward Martin, earnest, sincere conservatives. Gone are fine, but elderly, liberals like Theodore Francis Green and Jim Murray. Bill Langer was the last old ex-Populist to pass from the scene, just as Tom Connally wore the last string tie.

In their stead are men in their forties, and even late thirties: Ed Muskie of Maine, Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, Frank Church of Idaho, Phil Hart of Michigan, Gale McGee of Wyoming, Bill Proxmire of Wisconsin, Ralph Yarborough of Texas, to name only a few. These men and a dozen others, some of them older, like Wayne Morse of Oregon, Jacob Javits of New York, John Carroll

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of Colorado, Clifford Case of New Jersey, and Paul Douglas of Illinois, but all of them twentieth-century men, are on their way to make over the Senate so as to enable it to perform its constitutional function in the modern world. They are not interested in the Senate of Mr. White's *Citadel*. They understand the deadly peril in which we live. They know the need for reform at home and for security and peace abroad. They will follow aggressive leadership. Eventually they will change the rules.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Having said all this, I must conclude on a note of grave concern. There are two areas where the Senate is not yet prepared to act, where action may well be essential to survival. In the case of civil rights, only Senate procedures and rules block the way. In the area of foreign affairs, the Constitution itself sets requirements that delay action.

Civil rights legislation is necessary not only to our domestic well-being but to the success of our foreign policy. At home, an awakened and better-educated Negro citizenry is just not going to put up much longer with a denial of the equal protection of the laws. Progress has, of course, been made. Strong executive action is bringing more progress. But there remain wide areas of discrimination in employment, in education, in housing which can be eliminated only with the aid of further legislation. And discrimination is actively supported by a highly vocal minority both north and south of the Mason-Dixon line and ably represented in both houses of Congress. Meanwhile, abroad, Africa, Asia, and large areas in Latin America write off our protestations of liberty and equality as hypocrisy. The resulting endless and continuing damage to our position of world leadership is growing more serious every day.

Civil rights is a highly emotional issue. Southern senators feel strongly enough about it to oppose legislation with every parliamentary device at their command. There are 18 of them in the Democratic Party. Half a dozen more Democrats would vote for a civil rights bill but against limitation of debate. A minimum of 10 Republicans, probably more, would join forces. There is a majority in the Senate for civil rights legislation. But at least one third of all senators plus one would vote against limiting debate.

Thus, the Senate cannot act, though its majority is ready for action. Knowing this, and fearing reprisals in other areas of his program, the President has been hesitant to antagonize the Southerners. So, a majority throughout the country cannot act. The American giant is rendered impotent in this area by procedures at variance with our American concept of majority rule. And the procedures appear impervious to change.

FOREIGN POLICY

The seemingly perpetual international crisis becomes even more serious when we consider the constitutional provision that two thirds of the Senate present and voting is required for the ratification of a treaty. Consider the areas in which delicate negotiations looking toward the establishment of permanent peace must be brought to successful conclusion through the treaty process: trade agreements, nuclear testing, strengthening the Charter of the United Nations, repeal of the Connally amendment to the ratification of our adherence to the World Court, conclusion of a meaningful disarmament agreement.

In each instance, some yielding of national sovereignty is required. In each instance, an informed executive exercising his best judgment will probably conclude that certain risks must be taken in the hope that the cause of lasting peace may be advanced. Conservative public opinion will be rallied against ratification of the treaty by the Senate. One can predict in advance the recourse to the flag, to patriotism, to the pocketbook, to the deeply felt distrust of "foreigners." A test of intellectual and emotional maturity will be presented each time.

It will never be popular to vote to yield any small part of national sovereignty. A President can perhaps be excused if, realistically appraising Senate opposition, he fails to assume aggressive leadership in all of these areas. The history of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations is written too plainly not to be read and understood by every occupant of the White House.

Today there is a group which comprises more than one third of the Senate plus one who would be loath indeed to move very far toward that internationalism which many believe essential to peace and well-being. And this group has at its command not only the constitutional requirements of a two-thirds vote, but all the rules and procedures of the Senate as well.

What will the role of the Senate be in the 1960s? Will it remain a hesitant supporter of that status quo so much admired by those friends of Mr. White's who resist change in a changing world? Or will it, with its new members, under its new and vigorous leadership, spurred on by the President, take arms against the troubles which confront it, and by opposing — somehow or other — end them before it is too late?

It requires a rasher prophet than the author to hazard the answer. One can only hope for the best.

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If I Were Prime Minister

by Chief Albert Luthuli

A full-blooded Zulu and an African aristocrat, ALBERT JOHN LUTHULI *was educated in the Umvoti Mission schools on the coast of Natal, near Durban. In 1936, when he was a teacher at Adam's Mission Station College, he was elected Chief of his people, and he was plunged right into South African politics. He gave up his chieftainship under government pressure in 1952, but he has never ceased to work for the rights of Africans. Last December, he was awarded the 1960 Nobel Prize for Peace.*

THE solution to the South African problem will call for radical reforms, some of them of a revolutionary nature. The basic reform will be in the type of government. At present, there is a government by whites only. It should be replaced by a government which is truly a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

This can exist only in a state where all adults — regardless of race, color, or belief — are voters. Nothing but such a democratic form of government, based on the parliamentary system, will satisfy.

There is much inequality in South Africa at the present time. The whites, who comprise a quarter of the population, possess 87 percent of the country's land in freehold. On the other hand, Africans, who form three quarters of the population, were allocated by law only 18 percent of the land — some of it poor land. Of this land, only about one percent is held by Africans in freehold; 99 percent is trust land (government land) where Africans are virtually state tenants. The government of South Africa speaks of this land as the "Homeland for Africans," where we are supposed to be satisfied forever. In these areas we are promised a sham self-government without representation in Parliament.

All South African legislation concerning land has tended to deprive nonwhites of democratic land rights, drastically reducing the amount of land they hold. This is the effect of the Group Areas Act and the Native Resettlement Act, to mention only two of the recent land acts. In urban areas, nonwhites live in townships as tenants in municipal houses. A few are allowed to build their own houses on rented municipal land, which they hold for a period of only thirty years, subject to rules concerning good behavior. Africans are regarded as mere sojourners in urban areas. The vast majority are unskilled workers, and their average wage in urban areas ranges between one and a half and two pounds a week. From this pittance they are expected to meet all their needs.

Many Africans are labor tenants on white farms, where they are generally allotted a small garden plot, usually five or six acres per family, and the right to graze from five to ten head of cattle. The law requires that the labor tenant give service to the master for nine months without pay, the plot of land and limited grazing rights being granted in lieu of wages. Most farmers voluntarily pay these workers between one and two pounds a month. When the pressure of work is great, as in reaping time, the farmer generally calls upon the whole family to work for no pay.

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The Tomlinson Commission, which was appointed by the Nationalist government as soon as it came into power in 1948 to study the socio-economic position of Africans in rural reserves, promises peasants a gross income of sixty pounds (less than $180) a year, which may be doubled by expert husbandry. Who can raise a family on this income? It is clear that in both urban and rural areas, nonwhites — in particular, Africans — are subject to grinding poverty.

Correction of this man-made inequality will require what will appear to whites in South Africa to be revolutionary changes. The land should be redistributed and allocated to those who have to live and make their living on the land. Land should be held in freehold by individual farmers and peasants. This would not preclude some land's being held by the state for renting to individuals and for state experimental farms. The sale of land from individual to individual should be subject to approval by the government, in order to prevent speculation.

Mainly as a result of the policies of past governments, the so-called African reserves are very much depressed areas, overcrowded and unproductive. The burden of the government would be to rehabilitate both the land and the people. Broadly speaking, people of the reserves, as they come to stand on their own, should be encouraged to live anywhere else in South Africa. This will help relieve the congestion in the reserves.

If I were Prime Minister, I would introduce controls to eliminate exploitation of land. The government would give liberal assistance to farmers in the form of loans and technical advice, and special aid would be given to farmers in depressed and drought-stricken areas. Technical services and marketing facilities would form an important and indispensable part of the state program. Easy purchase terms would be made available for the landless, and those who have to give up their land in the redistribution process would be compensated.

Each person would be allocated only as much land as he could cultivate himself with the help of his family. This, I believe, is the policy in India. Cooperative farm settlements of a larger acreage would be encouraged and aided liberally to secure the advantages of large-scale farming. The experience of Israel could be drawn upon here.

Nationalization and state control, even on a larger scale than exists now, must be carried out by the new government after freedom has been won, if justice is to be done to all. Already in South Africa there are state-controlled enterprises, such as the post office and allied services, telephones, the telegraph, radio, and the railways and transport generally.

State control should be extended to cover the nationalization of certain private enterprises, including the monopoly industries, the mines, and the banks, but excluding such institutions as building societies. I would not want to close all private enterprise; I oppose the abuses of private enterprise, just as I attack monopoly industries but not all industry. For South Africa, my proposals would be radical reforms which would need to be explained to the electorate. My aim would be to build this new welfare state in a spirit of cooperation. The government would put its program in a fairly elastic framework and seek the approval of the voters.

The bulk of the people would naturally be workers in state-owned undertakings and in private enterprise. They would enjoy unqualified trade-union rights, with a charter for workers setting forth minimum wages and conditions of service. Needless to say, in this nonracial state there would be no discrimination on grounds of color or race. Merit would be the qualifying factor.

Workers should have the right to strike, for even if strikes are costly and wasteful, the right to strike gives the individual a greater security and makes him feel a partner in the undertaking. There would be planned social and economic development to increase employment and raise standards of living all around. This is the best guarantee against fear and prejudice arising from a sense of economic insecurity.

Measures like influx control would have to go. This refers to a part of the pass system in South Africa which stipulates that no African may go to work or remain in any urban or industrial area without the permission of both the state and municipal officers concerned. Freedom of movement within and without the country for legitimate reasons would not be interfered with, as it is at present. Greater latitude would be allowed to immigrants, both black and white, from other parts of Africa.

In the context of our South African situation, only a republican form of government will meet the broad needs of the majority. I should like the Union of South Africa to be part of the larger unit, the British Commonwealth of Nations. This would not preclude the Union's forming other alliances in Africa or outside.

I would give the vote to all adults. All citizens would be known as South Africans, and in that broad context would be Africans. To me, the expression "Africa for Africans" is valid in a nonracial democracy only if it covers all citizens, regardless of color or race.

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The government should, through education — directly and indirectly — discourage the attitude of thinking and acting in racial categories, and racialism and all forms of discrimination would be outlawed. The question of reserving rights for minorities in a nonracial democracy should not arise, since human rights for all would be safeguarded in the constitution.

The main thing is that the government and the people should be democratic to the core. It is relatively unimportant who is in the government. I am not opposed to the present government because it is white. I am opposed to it only because it is undemocratic and repressive.

My idea is a nonracial government consisting of the best men, chosen on the basis of merit rather than of color. The political parties in the country should also reflect the multiracial nature of the country. If the people happen to elect a one-color government, that should be accidental and not deliberately planned. Appeals to racialism at elections should be a legal offense.

In the development that has taken place in countries that have become free, such as India and Nigeria, the people have put into the government their tried men of stature, and there has been no question of lowering standards of government. The question of nonwhites swamping the whites does not arise as it does in South Africa. This fear is merely used as an excuse by certain whites to perpetuate their domination over us. In South Africa today a white hobo in the street and an eighteen-year-old white youth are rated politically — if not in all respects — as being above a nonwhite educated person.

No doubt, as a result of the unfortunate historical developments which have stressed divisions according to color and as a result of the state's having previously legislated racially, people have become color conscious. This will not change quickly. People should not be blamed for thinking in racial categories, but discrimination can be eliminated by law and by a process of re-education in all spheres of life.

I consider it imperative that all discriminatory laws be removed from the statute books and that civil liberties be extended to all, without qualification.

Fundamental human rights must be guaranteed by the constitution. Individual freedom will be fully respected and will be basic. Within the orbit of my state, the individual will remain cardinal, for the state exists for the individual and not the individual for the state.

I realize that a state such as the one I visualize — a democratic, social-welfare state — cannot be born in a day. But it will be the paramount task of the government to bring it about and advance it without crippling industry, commerce, farming, and education.

EDUCATION for the needs of the people and the state has ever been the concern of man. I believe that all people should have the opportunity for education according to their talent, particularly in modern states, where the requirements of life are complex and the struggle to make a living is very intense. Education provides a common language, creates common attitudes and norms for citizens. It is an important unifying factor in building national consciousness and pride and a healthy community spirit. An education not meeting the demands of society is not worth the name. It is clear that in the South Africa I visualize — a nonracial, democratic South Africa — there can be no question of different systems of education for different racial groups.

The position of nonwhites in education under Nationalist rule is tragic. Nonwhite education, especially Bantu education, is poor in content and poorly supported financially. In fact, the aim of Bantu education, as stated by Prime Minister Verwoerd, is to give the African "an education to fit him for his station in life." This means an inferior education for the African, for apartheid assigns him an inferior status in the country. The lowering of standards in Bantu education is evidenced by the fact that the government specifies that instruction in African schools should be in the vernacular up to matriculation in the university.

I would have education free and compulsory for all, in the primary grades, at first, and later, through high school. Substantial aid would be given to universities, with a generous system for scholarships and loans to students. No child of ability would be denied higher education because of lack of money.

In technical and trade schools, which would be state schools, education would be free. At the discretion of the government, trade and technical schools, subject to government control and supervision, might be established as private schools. State schools at the level of higher education would be established to supplement independent universities.

A special effort would be made to stamp out illiteracy. In this regard, night schools to provide working adults with facilities for part-time education would be encouraged and liberally subsidized in an ambitious literacy program. A large-scale research program in conjunction with the universities and industry would be worked out, adequately financed by the government.

Only multiracial schools, at all stages, would

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be allowed. What differentiation there might be would exist in the lower grades, where instruction in the mother tongue would predominate up to the fourth year, but certainly not beyond the sixth year. Multiracial schools will be demanded by the need to develop common patriotism and national solidarity. Religious schools, which must be set up on a multiracial pattern, would not be prohibited. But the sectarian curriculum would have to follow the state syllabi and be subject to government inspection.

A word more about Bantu education today. According to the Nationalist Party government, state aid to Bantu education is limited to 6.5 million pounds per year. Africans are expected, by direct and indirect taxation and by other means of raising money, to meet the heavy burden of their education, although the African community is not only the poorest section but is overwhelmingly illiterate. Of black children who enter school, hardly 3 percent remain beyond the age of eight, whereas for white children, education is free up to the age of about sixteen, by which time the average child graduates.

That Bantu education is inferior is a fact. In 1960, the scoring of African students in the joint matriculation examinations was appalling. Only 18 percent passed, though in previous years between 40 and 50 percent passed. This is largely because African children now follow a syllabus different from and in many respects inferior to that in white schools. The tragic fact is that Africans cannot bear the heavy burden of financing even this inferior education. When the history of my people comes to be written, surely this will be recorded as one of the most memorable examples of self-sacrifice for self-help.

The world is now a neighborhood, although, unfortunately, people are not sufficiently neighborly. Each ultranationalist group seeks domination over others. I should like to see a South Africa that takes an interest in seriously establishing peace and friendship in the world. My South Africa would encourage the use of science and technology for the benefit of man rather than for his destruction. It would wish to play a prominent part in bringing about the banning of nuclear weapons and in working for some degree of disarmament.

The world is a most dangerous place for small nations such as South Africa. But the combined influence of all small nations can make the big nations see the futility of spending their money on armaments. To encourage a healthy relationship between nations and people, I should like to see a South Africa that develops itself to the highest level and shares for the benefit of mankind any special knowledge and skills it acquires. I would vigorously guard against bringing about an isolated and selfish South Africa, for this would result in a dwarfed South Africa. To secure efficient and wider cooperation, I would encourage regional groupings in Africa. This might bring to fruition the ideal of a United States of Africa.

My South Africa would support the United Nations and its agencies fully and would encourage foreign investment — subject to its own interests, of course. World investors would be told where they stood, so that they could invest freely, with the full knowledge of the limits set for private enterprise and the relevant methods of control.

South Africa would give priority to training and producing its own technicians but would always encourage the importation of technicians from other parts of the world to supply the needs of the country which cannot be met from its own manpower.

The immigration policy would allow people to come in and visit South Africa freely, but insofar as seeking permanent citizenship is concerned, immigration would be limited to the needs of the country. All things being equal, domicile rights would be first given to people of Africa — black and white. Recruited labor would be done away with.

Freedom of movement within and outside the country for legitimate reasons would not be interfered with. At present, the operation of the pass system seriously limits the movement of Africans. Indians are restricted to their provinces of domicile and can visit other provinces only by obtaining permits. There are no restrictions on the movement of whites.

Sharp critics of government policy — black and white — are now generally denied the right to visit overseas. The possession of a passport is regarded as a privilege, issued at the government's pleasure. Entrance permits for foreign visitors are generally confined to those friendly to the government and not too critical of its policy.

The South Africa I envisage will call for revolutionary thinking and a willingness to embark on revolutionary action that cuts across traditional concepts. Without being dictatorial, the government will have to be strong and persistent in carrying out its program once it has received the mandate of the people. The reforms envisaged cannot be realized in a day, but will have to be pursued faithfully and consistently in a spirit of educating the people and winning more and more of them to the ways of the new state.

The challenge of South Africa is to assist in formulating a harmonious way for people to live in multiracial communities. In this regard, South Africa has an opportunity to lead the world.

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THE RESCUE

By Ted Hughes

That's what we live on: thinking of their rescue
And fitting our future to it. You have to see it:
First, the dry smudge above the sea line,
Then the slow growth of a shipful of strangers
Into this existence. White bows, the white bow-wave
Cleaving the nightmare, slicing it open,
Letting in reality. Then all the sailors white
As maggots waving at the rail. Then their shouting —
Faintly at first, as you can think
The crowd coming with Christ sounded
To Lazarus in his cave.
Then the ship's horn giving blast after blast out
Announcing the end of the island. Then the rowboat.
I fancy I saw it happen. The five
Were standing in the shallows with the deathly sea
Lipping their knees and the rattle of oarlocks
Shaking the sand out of their brain cells,
The flash of wet oars slashing their eyes back alive —
All the time the long white liner anchoring the world
Just out there, crowded, watching.
Then there came one moment in the eternity of this island
When the rowboat's bows bit into the beach
And the lovely greetings and chatter scattered —
Wait. That's all wrong. How queer! I can see it.
The five never moved. They just stood sucked empty
As grasses by this island's silence. And the crew
Helped them into the boat not speaking
Knowing the sound of a voice from the world
Might grab too cheery-clumsy
Into their powdery nerves. Then they rowed off
Toward the shining ship with carefully
Hushed oars dipping and squeaking. And the five sat all the time
Like mummies with their bandages lifted off —
While the ship's dazzling side brimmed up the sky
And leaned over, pouring faces.

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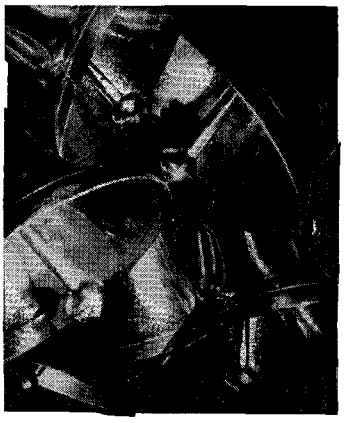
Out With the Old



by Richard Yates

Author of the widely acclaimed first novel REVOLUTIONARY ROAD, RICHARD YATES *appeared in the* ATLANTIC *in 1953, when he won the top prize for his Atlantic "First" "Jody Rolled the Bones." The story which follows is from his new book,* ELEVEN KINDS OF LONELINESS, *to be published this month under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.*

BUILDING Seven, the TB building, had grown aloof from the rest of Mulloy Veterans Hospital in the five years since the war. It lay less than fifty yards from Building Six, the paraplegic building — they faced the same flagpole on the same windswept Long Island plain — but there had been no neighborliness between them since the summer of 1948, when the paraplegics got up a petition demanding that the TB's be made to stay on their own lawn. This had caused a good deal of resentment at the time ("Those paraplegic bastards think they *own* the goddamn place"), but it had long since ceased to matter very much; nor did it matter that nobody from Building Seven was allowed in the hospital canteen unless he hid his face in a sterile paper mask.

Who cared? After all, Building Seven was different. The hundred-odd patients of its three yellow wards had nearly all escaped the place at least once or twice over the years, and had every hope of escaping again, for good, as soon as their X rays cleared up or as soon as they had recovered from various kinds of surgery; meanwhile, they did not think of it as home or even as life, exactly, but as a timeless limbo between spells of what, like prisoners, they called "the outside." Another thing: owing to the unmilitary nature of their ailment, they didn't think of themselves primarily as "veterans" anyway (except perhaps at Christmastime, when each man got a multigraphed letter of salutation from the President and a five-dollar bill from the New York *Journal-American*), and so felt no real bond with the wounded and maimed.

Building Seven was a world of its own. It held out a daily choice between its own kind of virtue — staying in bed — and its own kind of vice: midnight crap games, AWOL, and the smuggling of beer and whiskey through the fire-exit doors of its two latrines. It was the stage for its own kind of comedy — the night Snyder chased the charge nurse into the fluoroscopy room with a water pistol, for instance, or the time the pint of bourbon slipped out of old Foley's bathrobe and smashed at Dr. Resnick's feet; and once in a while its own kind of tragedy — the time Jack Fox sat up in bed to say, "Chrissake, open the *window*," coughed, and brought up the freak hemorrhage that killed him in ten minutes, or the other times, two or three times a year, when one of the men who had been wheeled away to surgery, smiling and waving to cries of "Take it easy!" and "Good luck t' ya, boy!", would never come back. But mostly it was a world consumed by its own kind of boredom, where everyone sat or lay amid the Kleenex and the sputum cups and the clangor of all-day radios. That was the way things were in C Ward on the afternoon of New Year's Eve, except that the radios were swamped under the noise of Tiny Kovacs' laughter.

He was an enormous man of thirty, six and a half feet tall and broad as a bear, and that after-

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noon he was having a private talk with his friend Jones, who looked comically small and scrawny beside him. They would whisper together and then laugh — Jones with a nervous giggle, repeatedly scratching his belly through the pajamas, Tiny with his great guffaw. After a while they got up, still flushed with laughter, and made their way across the ward to McIntyre's bed.

"Hey, Mac, listen," Jones began. "Tiny and I got an idea." Then he got the giggles and said, "Tell him, Tiny."

The trouble was that McIntyre, a fragile man of forty-one with a lined, sarcastic face, was trying to write an important letter at the time. But they both mistook his grimace of impatience for a smile, and Tiny began to explain the idea in good faith.

"Listen, Mac, tonight around twelve I'm gonna get all undressed, see?" He spoke with some difficulty because all his front teeth were missing; they had gone bad soon after his lungs, and the new plate the hospital had ordered for him was long overdue. "I'll be all naked except I'm gonna wear this towel, see? Like a diaper? And then, look, I'm gonna put this here across my chest." He unrolled a strip of four-inch bandage, a yard long, on which he or Jones had drawn "1951" in big block numerals, with marking ink. "Get it?" he said. "A big fat baby? No teef? And then, listen, Mac, you can be the Old Year, OK? You can put this here on, and this here. You'll be perfect." The second bandage said "1950," and the other item was a false beard of white cotton wool that they'd dug up from a box of Red Cross supplies in the dayroom — it had evidently belonged to an old Santa Claus costume.

"No, thanks," McIntyre said. "Find somebody else, OK?"

"Aw, Jeez, you gotta do it, Mac," Tiny said. "Listen, we thought of evvybody else in the building, and you're the only one — don't you see? Skinny, bald, a little gray hair? And the best part is you're like me — you got no teef *eiver*." Then, to show no offense was meant, he added, "Well, I mean, at least you could take 'em out, right? You could take 'em out for a couple minutes and put 'em back in after, right?"

"Look, Kovacs," McIntyre said, briefly closing his eyes, "I already said no. Now will the both of you please take off?"

Slowly Tiny's face reshaped itself into a pout, blotched red in the cheeks as if he'd been slapped. "Arright," he said with self-control, grabbing the beard and the bandages from McIntyre's bed. "Arright, the hell wiv it." He swung around and strode back to his own side of the ward, and Jones trotted after him, smiling in embarrassment, his loose slippers flapping on the floor.

McIntyre shook his head. "How do you like them two for a pair of idiot bastards?" he said to the man in the next bed, a thin and very ill Negro named Vernon Sloan. "You hear all that, Vernon?"

"I got the general idea," Sloan said. He started to say something else but began coughing instead, reaching out a long brown hand for his sputum cup, and McIntyre went to work on his letter again.

Back at his own bed, Tiny threw the beard and the bandages in his locker and slammed it shut. Jones hurried up beside him, pleading. "Listen, Tiny, we'll get another guy, is all. We'll get Shulman, or —"

"Ah, Shulman's too fat."

"Well, or Johnson, then, or —"

"Look, forget it, willya, Jones?" Tiny exploded. "Piss on it. I'm through. Try thinkin' up somethin' to give the guys a little laugh on New Year's, and that's whatcha get."

Jones sat down on Tiny's bedside chair. "Well, hell," he said after a pause, "it's still a good idea, isn't it?"

"Ah!" Tiny pushed one heavy hand away in disgust. "You think any a these bastids 'ud appreciate it? You think there's one sunuvabitching bastid in this building 'ud appreciate it? Piss on 'em all."

It was no use arguing; Tiny would sulk for the rest of the day now. This always happened when his feelings were hurt, and they were hurt fairly often, for his particular kind of jollity was apt to get on the other men's nerves. There was, for instance, the business of the quacking rubber duck he had bought in the hospital canteen shortly before Christmas, as a gift for one of his nephews. The trouble that time was that in the end he had decided to buy something else for the child and keep the duck for himself; quacking it made him laugh for hours on end. After the lights were out at night he would creep up on the other patients and quack the duck in their faces, and it wasn't long before nearly everyone told him to cut it out. Then somebody — McIntyre, in fact — had swiped the duck from Tiny's bed and hidden it, and Tiny had sulked for three days. "You guys think you're so smart," he had grumbled to the ward at large. "Actin' like a bunch a kids."

It was Jones who found the duck and returned it to him; Jones was about the only man left who thought the things Tiny did were funny. Now his face brightened a little as he got up to leave. "Anyway, I got my bottle, Tiny," he said. "You and *me'll* have some fun tonight." Jones was not a drinking man, but New Year's Eve was special and smuggling was a challenge: a few days earlier

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he had arranged to have a pint of rye brought in and had hidden it, with a good deal of giggling, under some spare pajamas in his locker.

"Don't tell nobody *else* you got it," Tiny said. "I wouldn't tell these bastids the time a day." He jerked a cigarette into his lips and struck the match savagely. Then he got his new Christmas robe off the hanger and put it on — careful, for all his temper, to arrange the fit of the padded shoulders and the sash just right. It was a gorgeous robe, plum-colored satin with contrasting red lapels, and Tiny's face and manner assumed a strange dignity whenever he put it on. This look was as new, or rather as seasonal, as the robe itself: it dated back to the week before, when he'd gone home on his Christmas pass.

Many of the men were a revelation in one way or another when they appeared in their street clothes. McIntyre had grown surprisingly humble, incapable of sarcasm or pranks, when he put on his scarcely worn accounting clerk's costume of blue serge, and Jones had grown surprisingly tough in his old Navy foul-weather jacket. Young Krebs, whom everybody called "Junior," had assumed a portly maturity with his double-breasted business suit, and Travers, who most people had forgotten was a Yale man, looked oddly effete in his J. Press flannels and his button-down collar. Several of the Negroes had suddenly become Negroes again, instead of ordinary men, when they appeared in their sharply pegged trousers, draped coats, and huge Windsor knots, and they even seemed embarrassed to be talking to the white men on the old familiar terms. But possibly the biggest change of all had been Tiny's. The clothes themselves were no surprise — his family ran a prosperous restaurant in Jamaica, and he was appropriately well turned out in a rich black overcoat and silk scarf — but the dignity they gave him was remarkable. The silly grin was gone, the laugh silenced, the clumsy movements overcome. The eyes beneath his snap-brim hat were not Tiny's eyes at all, but calm and masterful. Even his missing teeth didn't spoil the effect, for he kept his mouth shut except to mutter brief, almost curt Christmas wishes. The other patients looked up with a certain shy respect at this new man, this dramatic stranger whose hard heels crashed on the marble floor as he strode out of the building; and later, when he swung along the sidewalks on his way home, the crowds instinctively moved aside to make way for him.

Tiny was aware of the splendid figure he cut, but by the time he was home he'd stopped thinking about it; in the circle of his family it was real. Nobody called him Tiny there — he was Harold, a gentle son, a quiet hero to many round-eyed children, a rare and honored visitor. At one point, in the afterglow of a great dinner, a little girl was led ceremoniously up to his chair, where she stood shyly, not daring to meet his eyes, her fingers clasping the side seams of her party dress. Her mother urged her to speak: "Do you want to tell Uncle Harold what you say in your prayers every night, Irene?"

"Yes," the little girl said. "I tell Jesus please to bless Uncle Harold and make him get well again soon."

Uncle Harold smiled and took hold of both her hands. "That's swell, Irene," he said huskily. "But you know, you shun't *tell* Him. You should *ask* Him."

She looked into his face for the first time. "That's what I mean," she said. "I ask Him."

And Uncle Harold gathered her in his arms, putting his big face over her shoulder so she couldn't see that his eyes were blurred with tears. "That's a good girl," he whispered. It was a scene nobody in Building Seven would have believed.

He remained Harold until the pass was over and he strode away from a clinging family farewell, shrugging the great overcoat around his shoulders and squaring the hat. He was Harold all the way back to the hospital, and the other men looked at him oddly and greeted him a little shyly when he pounded back into C Ward. He went to his bed and put down his several packages (one of which contained the new robe), then headed for the latrine to get undressed. That was the beginning of the end, for when he came out in the old faded pajamas and scuffed slippers there was only a trace of importance left in his softening face, and even that disappeared in the next hour or two, while he lay on his bed and listened to the radio. Later that evening, when most of the other returning patients had settled down, he sat up and looked around in the old, silly way. He waited for a moment of complete silence, then thrust his rubber duck high in the air and quacked it seven times to the rhythm of "shave and a haircut, two bits," while everybody groaned and swore. Tiny was back, ready to start a new year.

Now, less than a week later, he could still recapture his dignity whenever he needed it by putting on the robe, striking a pose, and thinking hard about his home. Of course, it was only a question of time before the robe grew rumpled with familiarity, and then it would all be over, but meanwhile it worked like a charm.

Across the aisle, McIntyre sat brooding over his unfinished letter. "I don't know, Vernon," he said to Sloan, "I felt sorry for you last week, having

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to stay in this dump over Christmas, but you know something? You were lucky. I wish they wouldn't of let me go home, either."

"That so?" Sloan said. "How do you mean?"

"Ah, I don't know," McIntyre said, wiping his fountain pen with a piece of Kleenex. "I don't know. Just that it's a bitch having to come back afterwards, I guess." But that was only part of it; the other part, like the letter he'd been trying to write all week, was his own business.

McIntyre's wife had grown fat and bewildered in the last year or two. On the alternate Sunday afternoons when she came out to visit him she never seemed to have much on her mind but the movies she had seen, or the television shows, and she gave him very little news of their two children, who almost never came out. "Anyway, you'll be seeing them Christmas," she would say. "We'll have a lot of fun. Only listen, Dad, are you sure that bus trip isn't gonna tire you out?"

"Course not," he had said, a number of times. "I didn't have no trouble last year, did I?"

Nevertheless, he was breathing hard when he eased himself off the bus at last, carrying the packages he had bought in the hospital canteen, and he had to walk very slowly up the snow-crusted Brooklyn street to his home.

His daughter, Jean, who was eighteen now, was not there when he came in.

"Oh, sure," his wife explained, "I thought I told you she'd probably be out tonight."

"No," he said. "You didn't tell me. Where'd she go?"

"Oh, out to the movies, is all, with her girl friend Rose. I didn't think you'd mind, Dad. Fact, I told her to go. She needs a little night off once in a while. *You* know, she's kind of run-down. She gets nervous and everything."

"What's she get nervous about?"

"Well, *you* know. One thing, this job she's got now's very tiring. I mean, she likes the work and everything, but she's not used to the full eight hours a day, you know what I mean? She'll settle down to it. Come on, have a cuppa coffee, and then we'll put the tree up. We'll have a lot of fun."

On his way to wash up he passed Jean's empty room, with its clean cosmetic smell, its ragged teddy bear and framed photographs of singers, and he said, "It sure seems funny to be home."

His boy, Joseph, had still been a kid fooling around with model airplanes the Christmas before; now he wore his hair about four inches too long and spent a great deal of time working on it with his comb, shaping it into a gleaming pompadour with upswept sides. He was a heavy smoker, too, pinching the cigarette between his yellow-stained thumb and forefinger and cupping the live end in his palm. He hardly moved his lips when he spoke, and his only way of laughing was to make a brief snuffling sound in his nose. He gave one of these little snorts during the trimming of the Christmas tree, when McIntyre said something about a rumor that the Veterans Administration might soon increase disability pensions. It might have meant nothing, but to McIntyre it was the same as if he had said, "Who you tryna kid, Pop? We know where the money's coming from." It seemed an unmistakable, wise-guy reference to the fact that McIntyre's brother-in-law, and not his pension, was providing the bulk of the family income. He resolved to speak to his wife about it at bedtime that night, but when the time came all he said was, "Don't he ever get his hair cut anymore?"

"All the kids are wearing it that way now," she said. "Why do you have to criticize him all the time?"

Jean was there in the morning, slow and rumpled in a loose blue wrapper. "Hi, sweetie," she said, and gave him a kiss that smelled of thick sleep and stale perfume. She opened her presents quietly and then lay for a long time with one leg thrown over the arm of a deep upholstered chair, her foot swinging, her fingers picking at a pimple on her chin.

McIntyre couldn't take his eyes off her. It wasn't just that she was a woman — the kind of withdrawn, obliquely smiling woman that had filled him with intolerable shyness and desire in his own youth — it was something more disturbing even than that.

"What are you looking at, Dad?" she said, smiling and frowning at once. "You keep looking at me all the time."

He felt himself blushing. "I always like to look at pretty girls. Is that so terrible?"

"Course not." She began intently plucking at the broken edge of one of her fingernails, frowning down at her hands in a way that made her long eyelashes fall in delicate curves against her cheeks. "It's just — you know. When a person keeps looking at you all the time it makes you nervous, that's all."

"Honey, listen." McIntyre leaned forward with both elbows on his skinny knees. "Can I ask you something? What's all this business about being nervous? Ever since I come home, that's all I heard. 'Jean's very nervous. Jean's very nervous.' So, listen, will you please tell me something? What's there to be so nervous about?"

"Nothing," she said. "I don't know, Dad. Nothing, I guess."

"Well, because the reason I ask" — he was trying to make his voice deep and gentle, the way he was almost sure it had sounded long ago, but

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it came out scratchy and querulous, short of breath — "the reason I ask is, if there's something bothering you or anything, don't you think you ought to tell your dad about it?"

Her fingernail tore deep into the quick, which caused her to shake it violently and pop it into her mouth with a little whimper of pain, and suddenly she was on her feet, red-faced and crying. "Dad, willya leave me alone? Willya just please leave me *alone?*" She ran out of the room and upstairs and slammed her door.

McIntyre had started after her, but instead he stood swaying and glared at his wife and son, who were examining the carpet at opposite ends of the room.

"What's the matter with her, anyway?" he demanded. "Huh? What the hell's going on around here?" But they were as silent as two guilty children. "C'mon," he said. His head made a slight involuntary movement with each suck of air into his frail chest. "C'mon, goddamn it, tell me."

With a little wet moan his wife sank down and spread herself among the sofa cushions, weeping, letting her face melt. "All right," she said. "All right, you asked for it. We all done our best to give you a nice Christmas, but if you're gonna come home and snoop around and drive everybody crazy with your questions, all right, it's your funeral. She's four months pregnant — there, now are you satisfied? Now will you please quit bothering everybody?"

McIntyre sat down in an easy chair that was full of rattling Christmas paper, his head still moving with each breath. "Who was it?" he said at last. "Who's the boy?"

"*Ask* her," his wife said. "Go on, ask her and see. She won't tell you. She won't tell anybody — that's the whole trouble. Wouldn't even of let on about the *baby* if I hadn't found out, and now she won't even tell her own mother the boy's name. She'd rather break her mother's heart — yes, she would, and her brother's too."

Then he heard it again, a little snuffle across the room. Joseph was standing there smirking as he stubbed out a cigarette. His lower lip moved slightly, and he said, "Maybe she don't *know* the guy's name."

McIntyre rose very slowly out of the rattling paper, walked over to his son and hit him hard across the face with the flat of his hand, making the long hair jump from his skull and fall around his ears, making his face wince into the face of a hurt, scared little boy. Then blood began to run from the little boy's nose and dribble on the nylon shirt he had gotten for Christmas, and he hit him again, and that was when his wife screamed.

A few hours later he was back in Building Seven with nothing to do. All week he ate poorly, talked very little, except to Vernon Sloan, and spent a great deal of time working on a letter to his daughter that was still unfinished on the afternoon of New Year's Eve.

After many false starts, which had ended up among the used Kleenex tissues in the paper bag that hung beside his bed, this was what he had written:

> JEAN HONEY,
>
> I guess I got pretty excited and made a lot of trouble when I was home. Baby it was only that I have been away so long it is hard for me to understand that your a grown up woman and that is why I kind of went crazy that day. Now Jean I have done some thinking since I got back here and I want to write you a few lines.
>
> The main thing is try not to worry. Remember your not the first girl that's made a mistake and
>
> (P. 2)
>
> gotten into trouble of this kind. Your mom is all upset I know but do not let her get you down. Now Jean it may seem you and I don't know each other very well any more but this is not so. Do you remember when I first came out of the army and you were about 12 then and we used to take a walk in Prospect Pk. sometimes and talk things over. I wish I could have a talk like that
>
> (P. 3)
>
> with you now. Your old dad may not be good for much any more but he does know a thing or two about life and especially one important thing, and that is

That was as far as the letter went.

Now that Tiny's laughter was stilled, the ward seemed unnaturally quiet. The old year faded in a thin yellow sunset behind the west windows; then darkness fell, the lights came on, and shuddering rubber-wheeled wagons of dinner trays were rolled in by masked and gowned attendants. One of them, a gaunt, bright-eyed man named Carl, went through his daily routine. He was a joker.

"Hey, you guys heard about the man that ran over himself?" he asked, stopping in the middle of the aisle with a steaming pitcher of coffee in his hand.

"Just pour the coffee, Carl," somebody said.

Carl filled a few cups and started across the aisle to fill a few more, but midway he stopped again and bugged his eyes over the rim of his sterile mask. "No, but listen — you guys heard about the man that ran over himself? This is a new one." He looked at Tiny, who usually was more than willing to play straight man for him, but Tiny was moodily buttering a slice of bread, his cheeks wobbling with each stroke of the knife. "Well, anyways," Carl said at last, "this man says to this kid, 'Hey, kid, run across the street and get

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me a pack a cigarettes, willya?' Kid says, 'No,' see? So the man ran over him*self!*" He doubled up and pounded his thigh. Jones groaned appreciatively; everyone else ate in silence.

When the meal was over and the trays were cleared away, McIntyre tore up the old beginning of page three and dropped it in the waste bag. He resettled his pillows, brushed some food crumbs off the bed, and wrote this:

(P. 3)

with you now.

So Jean please write and tell me the name of this boy. I promise I

But he threw that page away too, and sat for a long time writing nothing, smoking a cigarette with his usual careful effort to avoid inhaling. At last he took up his pen again and cleaned its point very carefully with a leaf of Kleenex. Then he began a new page.

(P. 3)

with you now.

Now baby I have got an idea. As you know I am now waiting to have another operation on the left side in February but if all goes well, maybe I could take off out of this place by May 1. Of course I would not get a discharge but I could take a chance like I did in 1947 and hope for better luck this time. Then we could go away to the country someplace just you and I and I could take a part-time job and we could

The starched rustle and rubber-heeled thump of a nurse made him look up; she was standing beside his bed with a bottle of rubbing alcohol. "How about you, McIntyre?" she said. "Back rub?"

"No thanks," he said. "Not tonight."

"My goodness." She peered just a little at the letter, which he shielded just a little with his hand. "You still writing letters? Every time I come past here you're writing letters. You must have a lot of people to write to. I wish I had the time to catch up on my letters."

"Yeah," he said. "Well, that's the thing, see. I got plenty of time."

"Well, but how can you think of so many things to write about?" she said. "That's my trouble. I sit down and I get all ready to write a letter and then I can't think of a single thing to write about. It's terrible."

He watched the shape of her buttocks as she moved away down the aisle. Then he read over the new page, crumpled it, and dropped it in the bag. Closing his eyes and massaging the bridge of his nose with thumb and forefinger, he tried to remember the exact words of the first version. At last he wrote it out again as well as he could:

(P. 3)

with you now.

Baby Jean your old dad may not be good for much any more but he does know a thing or two about life and especially one important thing, and that is

But from there on the pen lay dead in his cramped fingers. It was as if all the letters of the alphabet, all the combinations of letters into words, all the infinite possibilities of handwritten language had ceased to exist.

He looked out the window for help, but the window was a black mirror now and gave back only the lights, the bright bed sheets and pajamas of the ward. Pulling on his robe and slippers, he went over to stand with his forehead and cupped hands against the cold pane. Now he could make out the string of highway lights in the distance and, beyond that, the horizon of black trees between the snow and the sky. Just above the horizon, on the right, the sky was suffused with a faint pink blur from the lights of Brooklyn and New York, but this was partly hidden from view by a big dark shape in the foreground that was a blind corner of the paraplegic building, a world away.

When McIntyre turned back from the window to blink in the yellow light, leaving a shriveling ghost of his breath on the glass, it was with an oddly shy look of rejuvenation and relief. He walked to his bed, stacked the pages of his manuscript neatly, tore them in halves and in quarters, and dropped them into the waste bag. Then he got his pack of cigarettes and went over to stand beside Vernon Sloan, who was blinking through his reading glasses at the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"Smoke, Vernon?" he said.

"No thanks, Mac. I smoke more than one or two a day, it only makes me cough."

"OK," McIntyre said, lighting one for himself. "Care to play a little checkers?"

"No thanks, Mac, not right now. I'm a little tired — think I'll just read awhile."

"Any good articles in there this week, Vernon?"

"Oh, pretty good," he said. "Couple pretty good ones." Then his mouth worked into a grin that slowly disclosed nearly all of his very clean teeth. "Say, what's the matter with you, man? You feeling good or something?"

"Oh, not too bad, Vernon," he said, stretching his skinny arms and his spine. "Not too bad."

"You finish all your writing finally? Is that it?"

"Yeah, I guess so," he said. "My trouble is, I can't think of anything to write about."

Looking across the aisle to where Tiny Kovacs' back sat slumped in the purple amplitude of the new robe, he walked over and laid a hand on one of the enormous satin shoulders. "So?" he said.

Tiny's head swung around to glare at him, immediately hostile. "So what?"

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"So where's that beard?"

Tiny wrenched open his locker, grabbed out the beard, and thrust it roughly into McIntyre's hands. "Here," he said. "You want it? Take it."

McIntyre held it up to his ears and slipped the string over his head. "String ought to be a little tighter," he said. "There, how's that? Probably look better when I get my teeth out."

But Tiny wasn't listening. He was burrowing in his locker for the strips of bandage. "Here," he said. "Take this stuff too. I don't want no part of it. You wanna do it, you get somebody else."

At that moment Jones came padding over, all smiles. "Hey, you gonna do it, Mac? You change your mind?"

"Jones, talk to this big son of a bitch," McIntyre said through the wagging beard. "He don't wanna cooperate."

"Aw, Jeez, Tiny," Jones implored. "The whole *thing* depends on you. The whole *thing* was your idea."

"I already told ya," Tiny said. "I don't want no part of it. You guys wanna do it, you find some other sucker."

After the lights went out at ten nobody bothered much about hiding the whiskey. Men who had been taking furtive nips in the latrines all evening now drank in quietly jovial groups around the wards, with the unofficial once-a-year blessing of the charge nurse. Nobody took particular notice when, a little before midnight, three men from C Ward slipped out to the linen closet to get a sheet and towel, then to the kitchen to get a mop handle, and then walked the length of the building and disappeared into the A Ward latrine.

There was a last-minute flurry over the beard: it hid so much of McIntyre's face that the effect of his missing teeth was spoiled. Jones solved the problem by cutting away all of it but the chin whiskers, which he fastened in place with bits of adhesive tape. "There," he said, "that does it. That's perfect. Now roll up your pajama pants, Mac, so just your bare legs'll show under the sheet. Get it? Now, where's your mop handle?"

"Jones, it don't work!" Tiny called tragically. He was standing naked except for a pair of white woolen socks, trying to pin the folded towel around his loins. "The son of a bitch won't stay up!"

Jones hurried over to fix it, and finally everything was ready. Nervously, they killed the last of Jones's rye and dropped the empty bottle into a laundry hamper; then they slipped outside and huddled in the darkness at the head of A Ward.

"Ready?" Jones whispered. "Okay — now." He flicked on the overhead lights, and thirty startled faces winced in the glare.

First came 1950, a wasted figure crouched on a trembling staff, lame and palsied with age; behind him, grinning and flexing his muscles, danced the enormous diapered baby of the New Year. For a second or two there was silence except for the unsteady tapping of the old man's staff, and then the laughter and the cheers began.

"*Out wivvie old!*" the baby bellowed over the noise, and he made an elaborate burlesque of hauling off and kicking the old man in the seat of the pants, which caused the old man to stagger weakly and rub one buttock as they moved up the aisle. "*Out wivvie old! In wivva new!*"

Jones ran on ahead to turn on the lights of B Ward, where the ovation was even louder. Nurses clustered helplessly in the doorway to watch, frowning or giggling behind their sterile masks as the show made its way through cheers and catcalls.

"*Out wivvie old! In wivva new!*"

In one of the private rooms a dying man blinked up through the window of his oxygen tent as his door was flung open and his light turned on. He stared bewildered at the frantic toothless clowns who capered at the foot of his bed; finally he understood and gave them a yellow smile, and they moved on to the next private room and the next, arriving at last in C Ward, where their friends stood massed and laughing in the aisle.

There was barely time for the pouring of fresh drinks before all the radios blared up at once and Guy Lombardo's band broke into *Auld Lang Syne;* then all the shouts dissolved into a great off-key chorus in which Tiny's voice could be heard over all the others:

> Should old acquaintance be forgot,
> And never brought to mind?

Even Vernon Sloan was singing, propped up in bed and holding a watery highball, which he waved in time to the music. They were all singing.

> For o-o-old lang syne, my boys,
> For o-o-old lang syne. . . .

And when the song was over the handshaking began.

"Good luck t' ya, boy."

"Same to you, boy — hope you make it this year."

All over Building Seven men wandered in search of hands to shake; under the noise of shouts and radios the words were repeated again and again: "Good luck t' ya," "Hope you make it this year, boy. . . ." And standing still and tired by Tiny Kovacs' bed, where the purple robe lay thrown in careless wads and wrinkles, McIntyre raised his glass and his bare-gummed smile to the crowd, with Tiny's laughter roaring in his ear and Tiny's heavy arm around his neck.

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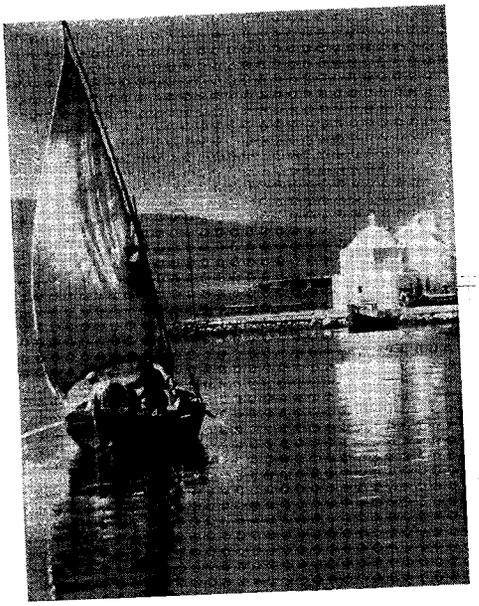

SALT FROM THE SEA

BY JOHN MARTIN

A native of Massachusetts, JOHN MARTIN *took his A.B. in French at Yale University and spent one of his undergraduate years studying at the Sorbonne in Paris. Since graduation in 1958 he has lived mainly in Greece and has recently completed a novel.*

TAKING salt from the sea is an unusual occupation. I did it for the first time in the summer of 1960, when my wife and I were living on the island of Rhodes. We had rented a three-room stone farmhouse, whitewashed, as are nearly all Greek village houses, in Pefkes, on the southern coast of the island.

Pefkes ("Pines" in Greek) was not really a village. More precisely, it was a settlement of widely spaced houses, glistening white, separated by vineyards and orchards, and set in a narrow, sandy plain, which lay between the mountains and the sea.

A strong breeze blew steadily in Pefkes, whistling tirelessly through the groves of pines, making one cool just by the sound of it. But the same summer wind grew icy in the winter, and at the start of the November rainy season the village was left vacant, save for an old hermit who did not mind the cold enough to avoid it.

Pefkes was important because of its vineyards and orchards, which provided, for those who owned land, a small but regular cash income. The vineyards produced a single crop of red and white grapes each year, most of which were bought up for a song by the wine company that has a monopoly on the island. The orchards yielded figs and almonds, crops which found a ready market. The orchards of the few wealthy families distinguished themselves by their pomegranate trees. Pomegranates were considered great delicacies, especially by people who had none on their land.

When we took a house, we had to take over its farmland, also. The landlord assumed that this was what we were renting, and we paid a price equal to the value of the grapes, almonds, and figs that would be ours at the end of the summer. It came to about fifteen dollars a month, which indicates the scale of the economy. He threw in the house without further charge. We could not complain, nor could we be openly pleased, for we soon learned that by Pefkes standards the rent we paid was steep.

The people in Pefkes lived by a relatively simple economy. As little money as possible changed hands. They paid for nothing that work alone could provide. It was not unusual for a family to make a laborious, two-day trip to one of the villages high in the mountains to buy wheat, for baking bread, at a small saving.

We had to be careful with our money, in order not to lose face with these people. An unwritten code existed which we sensed immediately. By it, anyone who spent money needlessly was a fool, unless he was extremely wealthy, which we were not. These people would do anything for a person they respected; nothing for one they did not. Once you lost their respect, you never got it back. And no one likes to be thought a fool.

Photograph from GRIECHENLAND *by Detlef Michael Noack, copyright © Rembrandt-Verlag, Berlin, 1957.*

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An example of extreme frugality in Pefkes was the collecting of sea salt. Some time passed before we became aware of it. We used to buy our salt in blue packages which sold for about a nickel and were made up on the island. It wasn't especially good salt — not very strong, and usually damp — but, as far as we knew, it was the only kind available. The idea of making our own salt, of course, never occurred to us.

It was August before I discovered the possibility, and rather by chance, at that. I learned then that sea salt, carefully made, was highly prized, and rightly so, because the quality was good. It was a commodity available in unlimited quantity to people living along the coast. They frequently traded it in the inland villages for wheat, plums, apricots, and peaches. Even sponge divers accepted it in exchange for their sponges. Collecting sea salt was not easy, but it was worth the trouble.

I HAD begun to spearfish that summer, and had got the habit of going down to the sea early in the morning, shortly after sunrise, when the fish were still feeding. I would stay in the water a few hours (the Aegean is too warm in the summer to give you a chill) and return home before the sun was high.

Spearfishing was merely an excuse for exploring the coastline underwater. There was no shortage of fish, but I rarely caught one. I did not need to. Stefanos, a fisherman friend of ours, used to give us all the fish we could eat, simply out of hospitality to us as foreigners.

With the exception of the beach area, the shore at Pefkes was craggy. It had a peculiar type of rock which I have not seen elsewhere, deceptively sharp, so that you could easily cut yourself while swimming, just by brushing against it. It was volcanic in origin, sandy-colored, with a brittle, crusty texture like the clinker that forms in a coal furnace. Craters of varying sizes covered the rock's surface, and the sides of each crater ended in a spiny, jagged rim. It was on the rim that you cut yourself. The rock didn't look so sharp, but I soon learned not to walk on it with bare feet.

The water was transparent, but the depths were murky, and the holes in the underwater rocks completely black. All the colors — the blues, the whites, and the browns — had a cloudiness in the morning which they lost later in the day, when the sun was overhead. None of the contours of rocks, sand, or vegetation were sharply defined. Even the fish moved slowly, meditatively, pulling now and then on bits of moss that grew on the rocks. If I moved discreetly, they hardly took notice of me. Sometimes I would send my harpoon knifing down among a school of fish, just to shake them briefly out of their trance.

After two hours I would come out, relaxed and almost always empty-handed. My fishing eye was a source of amusement in Pefkes.

On my way back from the sea one August morning, I stopped at the farmhouse which served as the general store for Pefkes to pick up a box of soap powder and a package of salt. I had them both in a net bag as I walked by the house of our fisherman friend, Stefanos. His wife, Maria, was out in the yard in the shade of a tree, picking pebbles out of a mountain of lentils which she was getting ready for lunch. I stopped on the path to talk with her. All went well until she spied the package of salt.

"How much did you pay for it?" she asked.

"A drachma and a half," I admitted. Maria was horrified.

"Is it good?" she asked. I shifted the bag around nervously in my hand.

She didn't wait for me to answer, but called for Stefanos to come outside. He paused in the doorway, squinting against the sun. His skin, which had a tan all year round, had grown a shade darker in the last month. Maria kept giving me disapproving looks. My embarrassment increased.

"You see that he's bought a package of salt," said Maria, pointing out the package to her husband.

Instead of getting annoyed in his turn, as I half expected, Stefanos seemed amused. To my surprise, and relief, he took my part. "What do you want him to do?" he admonished Maria. "You know he's an American, and he's lived in Boston. That's a big city. He doesn't know how to make salt. He can come with me the next time I go, in two days. You've got to learn these things before you know anything about them."

He turned to me and said, "There isn't much to learn. Making salt is hard work. It means carrying a lot of sea water, but there's nothing tricky to it. I'm going out with the boat the day after tomorrow. Come along if you want to."

I had often gone fishing with Stefanos in his boat. He was good at it. Several times, when the sea was rough and the boats near us caught nothing, Stefanos pulled in his usual three or more kilos of fish. He knew exactly where the floor of the sea was rocky or sandy, characteristics which change in the twinkling of an eye when the boat drifts a bit with the current. (Fish chase the hooks on sandy ground, but hooks catch on rocks, and the fish steal the bait. Still, the fish live in the rocks, and you must be near them. It is a matter of close calculation.) Stefanos was seldom mistaken. With the help of a few landmarks on shore, he knew exactly where the fish would bite.

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I was not very accomplished myself. I used a lot of bait, but caught few fish. Someone less patient might have become irritated with me, but Stefanos didn't mind. He made up for my bungling by catching as many as five fish at a throw.

We worked with nylon lines, but no poles. Each line had ten hooks, baited with tiny shrimps. Stefanos had two pieces of cow horn attached to the rail like oarlocks, and we let our lines out over them. Stopping the fish from nibbling away the bait was a touch-and-go proposition, demanding the quickness of a boxer's jab. Stefanos had it.

If he was willing to have me along when he went for salt, I was ready to go. When he explained to me that I could cut his work in half, it was settled.

Two days later we met outside his house at six thirty in the morning. The sun had just risen, and the sand underfoot was still cold from the night. We cut across country, toward the bay where his boat was riding at anchor, past houses where people were beginning to wake and light their wood fires to boil coffee.

The dark green of grape leaves dotted the ground. I had once asked Stefanos how the vines got sufficient nourishment to grow. The earth was sandy. Half the wells in Pefkes contained water so salty it could not be drunk. "That's how it is" and a shrug of the shoulders were all the answer I got. A superfluous question, as far as he was concerned.

Stefanos was in his usual fishing outfit — blue shirt, baggy pants, and felt hat in the shape of a cone which was rounded off at the top. He had once owned two sailing ships, but had lost them in a storm. He had tried to build new ones, but the governor, who loved trees, had never let him cut down the necessary timber. Trees are scarce in Greece, and regulations concerning them are strict. Stefanos had used up his capital waiting for a change in policy. As a result, he was left with only an open dinghy, fifteen feet long.

The sea was usually calm in the morning, but that day it was choppy. We set out for a small island of bare rock not far from shore. The wind was strong, but since the distance was short, we didn't put the sail up. Stefanos rowed standing up, facing forward. He leaned his weight into every stroke, pushing the oars away from him. The oars were long and heavy with thick handles, which he gripped loosely. He flicked them in a half turn with each stroke, a motion that made the rowing seem effortless. We moved along at a fair clip, waves knocking against the bow.

We anchored the boat in the lee of the island, well out of the current. The water was a light, transparent green where it lapped against the rock, deepening to a chilly blue farther out, where the wind stirred up whitecaps. I watched the anchor strike bottom, sending up a cloud of mud and causing a school of silverfish to dart for cover.

The rock was the same volcanic kind which lined the shore, its surface riddled with shallow, jagged craters. Stefanos jumped from the boat, looping the bow rope around a protruding fist in the rock. He yelled for me to hand over the two large empty cans stored in the bow. Before I got out, he had me exchange my new sneakers for an old and battered pair of his. Later, when I saw how the rock ripped into them, I was thankful.

Stefanos was soon at work, filling his tin at the water's edge, carrying it back toward the middle of the rock, and dumping the water into one of the craters. I followed his example. The tins held about four gallons each, but when I filled mine to the top, water splashed all over me because the footing was so uneven. The sneakers, several sizes too big, were soon soaking and very slippery. Once I was not careful about where I stepped, and my feet slid from underneath me. I broke the fall with my hand and got a deep gash across the palm.

We worked steadily, making trips back and forth from the water's edge, filling every one of the craters in turn. It was heavy going, even with a half-filled tin. Some of the craters required ten or fifteen buckets of water before they were full. Those located in the middle of the rock were a good distance away, and they were the largest. Stefanos, more accustomed to the work than I, seemed to get less tired. We did not stop to rest, nor did we say much to each other. We had to finish before the sun rose too high. Otherwise, we ran the danger of sunstroke. Two and a half hours went by before we splashed the last remaining crater full with water.

For the rest of the day I did nothing but lie around. I was thoroughly exhausted. One summer, I had had a job loading trucks, but it had been a long time since I had done any heavy carrying.

It took the better part of a week for my muscles to unstiffen. In the meantime, we left the salt water to evaporate in the craters. After five days, crystals of salt began to form. We watched them carefully. The crystals had to be hard enough so that they would not dissolve or break up as we gathered them. Once the salt fully dries in the craters, it is no longer clean and retains an unpleasant mineral taste from the rock. It has to be taken out when the crystals are well formed but still moist. If the correct moment passes by, it means beginning again, carrying buckets of water, and refilling every one of the craters.

Evaporation stopped when the sun went down,

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so we did not have to watch the salt at nighttime. But then there was a more treacherous hazard, thieves. Stefanos had once had his salt stolen, and he took no chances. Our salt began to crystallize at the time of the full moon, when the danger from thieves was greatest. Salt can be collected in the bright moonlight with the greatest of ease.

Stefanos insisted on standing watch in his boat on the last two nights before we gathered the salt. I had an interest, too, in seeing that all our hard work did not go for nothing, and I went with him. On the second night, our boat was moored near the shore, in the protection of a small inlet. Not long after one o'clock, we heard the sound of an outboard motor approaching. We waited for the boat to come nearer, speculating on who might be in it. Before long, it came into view and pulled in alongside the rock. The two men aboard cut the engine and anchored the boat. They talked in low tones that barely reached us across the water. One of them jumped ashore. The other threw him four baskets for collecting the salt. Stefanos recognized them. They were brothers from a nearby village, Lardos.

Stefanos stood up and began rowing out to the rock, his cigarette between his lips. He rowed quietly, and there was enough wind to cover the sound of the oars as they dipped in and out of the water. The men did not notice us until our boat crossed a patch of moonlight, midway to the rock. As we entered the light, they spotted us. Without a word, they threw their baskets quickly back in the boat, took up anchor, started the engine, and headed back in the direction from which they had come.

Stefanos stopped rowing. He stood where he was, holding the oars, as we drifted slowly out of the moonlight. He watched the men until their boat disappeared. He did not mention them again, except to mutter curses under his breath.

The following morning, we came back to the rock for the last time to gather our salt. It took us less than an hour to finish, going from crater to crater, our salt piling higher and higher, making white mountains in the baskets. My muscles had lost their tightness, so I bent down with relative ease, lifting up heaping handfuls from the craters. The gash in my palm had not yet healed. I had it well bandaged, but I made slower progress than Stefanos. We scooped out the moist salt gently, in order not to disturb the layers of silt which had collected at the bottom of the craters. The last bit of salt near the bottom we left, to avoid picking up any of the dirt. When all the craters were emptied, we had collected five full baskets of salt.

Back at Stefanos' house, under the approving eye of Maria, we spread the glistening contents of our baskets out in the sun to complete the drying process. Three more days in the sun and the salt was bone dry, ready for the table.

It shone so brightly in the sun that you could not look directly at it. Its white color was absolutely pure. The crystals were softer and less compressed than those of mined salt, flaky and easily crushed between the fingers. Its flavor was mild to the point where you could eat it pleasantly alone, without tasting any of the sharpness of a stronger salt.

My wife and I had our chance to try it out that night. Maria and Stefanos invited us for a supper of *horta*, a green vegetable similar to spinach which grows wild on the hillsides. I had eaten horta before, and I had not cared much for it. Since it meant an afternoon of gathering for Maria, I felt that I should tell her. She told me not to worry; the way she cooked it, I would be sure to like it. I took her at her word, and she went off to collect the greens.

Maria was anxious that from the start we should have the proper appreciation for sea salt. That night she had us use the salt on everything, including the bread (which was unsalted). The degree to which it brought out the wheat flavor in the bread was surprising.

It made the same improvement in the horta. Other times, horta had been served to me cold. Maria dished it out from boiling water onto plates on which she had spread a layer of olive oil. The steaming horta drew the oil upward, until it was thoroughly saturated. She handed us our plates with the confidence of a first-class chef, standing by triumphantly as we squeezed on a bit of lemon juice and added the salt. It was delicious.

After dinner, Stefanos and I divided our salt. I took one fourth of what we had gathered — enough to last approximately a year. Stefanos kept the rest, the majority of which he traded for sponges, wheat, and the like. The split was a fair one. My cut was large enough for a beginner, and as a foreigner, I was not able to enter into the trading side of the venture. A year's supply was all my wife and I needed.

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JUDGE
JOHN M. MURTAGH

THE DERELICTS OF SKID ROW

A graduate of the public schools and of the College of the City of New York who took his law degree at Harvard in 1934, JOHN M. MURTAGH *served as chief magistrate to the city of New York from 1950 to 1960, when he was appointed chief justice of the Court of Special Sessions. "I first became concerned with the Bowery and its habitués in 1950, shortly after my appointment as chief magistrate," he tells us.*

THERE are at least half a million derelicts throughout the United States. Yes, there is a skid row in your home town, be it West Madison Street in Chicago, Mission Street in San Francisco, the Bowery in New York, the Tenderloin in Philadelphia, Congress Street in Houston, Main Street in Kansas, the freight yard on the outskirts of town, or the blighted alley up the street from the village theater.

My skid row is New York City's Bowery. For more than a century, the Bowery has been a kind of magnet for the miserable, for men and women seeking a dark place of escape. It is dotted with scores of moldering tan, red-brick, and blackened-frame flophouses, some dating back a hundred years. On its lonely beat live thousands of grimy unfortunates in almost every stage of decay.

A goodly portion of the drunks currently arrested in New York City are arraigned in night court, held since 1940 in the modern Criminal Courts Building in lower Manhattan, a little to the south and west of the Bowery, and within a stone's throw of the historic Five Points area. Court is conducted in an imposing, mahogany-walled, air-conditioned courtroom.

I remember vividly the evening I first presided in night court. Court had been in session less than half an hour when a platoon of derelicts from the Bowery, twenty in number, made their appearance. The procession was slow, solemn, and sad.

The court officer read the complaint: ". . . and that the said defendants did annoy and disturb pedestrians." He recited in detail the words that accused the defendants of disorderly conduct in violation of Section 722, Subdivision 2, of the Penal Law.

I looked at the tragic figures lined up before the bench — unshaven, drunken, dirty, down-and-out. Notwithstanding the impressive judicial setting, one was aware only of a compound of smell, noise, dirt, drunkenness, and sweating people packed into a big, but crowded, courtroom.

"You have a right to an adjournment to secure counsel or witnesses." The court officer went slowly on with the usual formula.

"How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

The twenty pleaded guilty, one after another. Most of them were still drunk. I recognized one of the derelicts, Joe Kelly — tall, rawboned, his coarse white hair worn long and raggedly cut, his clothes filthy and tattered — as having been be-

Lithograph by Reginald Marsh. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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fore me previously in district court and as having received a suspended sentence from me earlier that same week.

When I inquired facetiously if he were following me around, he hesitated, and I added, by way of explanation: "It seems you manage to get arrested whenever I am presiding."

At that, a mischievous smile crept over Kelly's gaunt Irish face with its week's stubble of beard, and a gleam of sardonic humor flashed in his pale-blue eyes. "Sure and you can't blame me, your Honor, if you don't get promoted," he replied.

I joined in the laughter, and then sent the twenty defendants out to be fingerprinted.

An hour later they returned to the courtroom. Several received suspended sentences. The others, who had a number of previous convictions, received fifteen or thirty days in the workhouse and went on their way to jail like a shadow parade of the hulks of sunken ships. Sunken men, gone. Their collective smell still fouled the air.

Almost of necessity I had followed the traditional sentencing policy that if a drunk is not too seedy and says he has a job, he is given a suspended sentence; otherwise, he is given fifteen or thirty days, depending on his condition. When I finished imposing the sentences, it occurred to me that most of them would be back again in a matter of days or weeks after their release.

This brought to mind Joe Kelly. But Kelly was gone. He had not returned from the fingerprint room with the other nineteen derelicts. Consternation reigned.

"Relax," I said to the court staff. "Sentence suspended."

The suspension of Kelly's sentence for a second time within a week, this time *in absentia*, dispelled the panic and spared the arresting officers, Roy Nelson and Bob McCoy, the necessity of accounting to their superiors for the escape of a prisoner.

"Next case!" called the clerk explosively. "Officer Riley and ten peddlers."

Night court was itself again. One arraignment followed another until shortly before 2 A.M., when the last arraignment was over.

"Good night, Judge," said the clerk.

"Good night," I responded as I proceeded into chambers with the court officer.

And there on a sofa was Joe Kelly in a deep sleep of peace.

"Don't disturb him, let him sleep," I whispered as I donned my coat and departed.

NIGHT court is truly the dismal dumping ground for the also-rans of society. The faces that had stood before the bench that night haunted me in the days that followed. Not fully appreciating the enigmatic nature of the problem, I vowed, somewhat naïvely, not only to do something about it but to do it quickly.

Nelson and McCoy, the arresting officers, were known to the Bowery habitués as "ragpickers." Their daily assignment was the rounding up of derelicts along the Bowery from Chatham Square to Cooper Square, the most miserable mile in the United States. A tour of duty with them a week later made more vivid the tragic picture I had witnessed in night court.

Nelson was a tall, lean man in his fifties, with closely cropped brown hair, a sallow face, and amiable brown eyes. He wore a gray suit on the job and was always chewing gum. McCoy, a small, stocky man in his forties, was the pugilist of the pair. They worked from a patrol wagon known as the "pie wagon." Nelson, the more gregarious, did most of the talking.

"There's one," said Nelson. We were proceeding up the Bowery and approaching Rivington Street. We pulled over to the curb and parked. A man lay sprawled on the sidewalk. Nelson and I went over to him. McCoy went to have a look up the street.

The derelict was a huge man. He was only about forty-two, but grime, malnutrition, and a graying stubble on his sunken cheeks made him look much older. An unlabeled pint bottle containing a pinkish fluid lay at his side. He had no socks, and his bare feet protruded through holes in the soles of his shoes, his big toes sticking out of the uppers. A zephyr of alcohol confirmed an already obvious diagnosis.

"Well," Nelson said, "darned if it isn't Andy. He's been around for years. Let's go for a ride, fella." He pointed to the man's hands. "See the pink stains between the fingers? Canned heat."

McCoy returned, and Andy tottered wearily into the wagon. With that we resumed our tour, and before we reached Stanton Street, Nelson pointed out the Salvation Army shelter. "That's the 'Sally,' " he said. "The Army is truly dedicated; they run a clean flop. But it's not cheap — most of the guys pay seventy-five cents or a buck."

In front of the Sally was a line of sodden unfortunates waiting patiently and silently on the street. "They're waiting for the gates to open next door at the Bowery Mission," said Nelson. "No grub and no flop unless you first listen to the preacher," he observed. "The mess line winds through the chapel."

At Third Street we turned east, and in a doorway just off the Bowery sat two drunks surrounded by cans of refuse. An empty bottle lay on the sidewalk in front of them. Nelson and McCoy

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roused them, loaded them in the wagon, and drove off. They, too, were well known to the police.

Down the street we passed the "Muni."

"Anyone can get a warm flop and some grub here," said Nelson.

The "Muni" is the Men's Shelter conducted by the city's Department of Welfare. Formerly a Y.M.C.A. residence, the Muni is the hub of Bowery life. In the winter several thousand stand in line for chow. Some six hundred are given lodging; several thousand are sent to commercial flophouses with a ticket for a night's bed, courtesy of the city.

"Drunk or sober, any time of the day or night, a guy is welcome at the Muni," mused Nelson.

When the pie wagon was full, we proceeded with our quarry back down the Bowery into Chinatown and to the Elizabeth Street station house. As I prepared to leave, Nelson made a parting observation: "These bums are endless," he said. "Arrest fifty tonight, and you'll find fifty more tomorrow night. And the next night. And the next. Sometimes I think we ought just to drop them at the Muni, rather than bother you judges."

SINCE that time, I have tried to fathom the enigma that is the Bowery mile of misery. I have visited social agencies and missions in and near the Bowery. I have made the acquaintance of many of those whose lives are dedicated to helping the unfortunate. I have become fascinated by Alcoholics Anonymous, which has helped many whose problem is primarily alcoholism. I have been inspired by the spiritual zeal of men such as the Right Reverend Monsignor Charles B. Brennan, who conducts the Holy Name Center for Homeless Men on Bleecker Street. I have become acquainted with the personnel of the Department of Welfare, who operate the Muni and who conduct Camp La Guardia in Orange County, a rest home for the aged and infirm. I have come to realize that, as inadequate as the city's program may be, it is properly regarded by the experts as "probably the most highly developed community program for the care of the homeless" in the United States.

I have attended the Summer School of Alcohol Studies of Yale University (I now boast I got my law at Harvard, my alcohol at Yale). I collaborated with the commissioner of welfare in the establishment of a rehabilitation center at Hart Island and had my colleagues suspend sentence on all who volunteered to go to the center. I also created a special court known as the Homeless Men's Court to make the entire proceeding more humane.

The problem is almost as old as the city itself. In the early 1800s, when Broadway and Chambers Street marked the outskirts of town and Times Square was a wilderness, members of the City Watch (New York City did not yet have a police department) spent virtually all of their time rounding up derelicts in the Five Points area of the old Sixth Ward.

In 1845 a police department was created, primarily to deal with Bowery derelicts. Originally an amusement center, the Bowery had declined and by this time was well on its way to becoming the city's skid row. In the first ten years of the department, the number of drunk arrests totaled more than 100,000. By the 1870s the number exceeded 40,000 a year; one out of every three of the derelicts arrested was a woman; children as young as eleven years of age were arrested; the usual penalty was ten dollars or ten days in jail.

In his memorable vice crusade of the early 1890s, the fabulous reformer, the Reverend Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, called upon the police to make even more drunk arrests. He was shocked by the widespread inebriety that prevailed in the Bowery. One evening in 1892 he gained admittance to a flophouse and beheld dozens of drunks asleep on bare canvas cots, breathing heavily in the foul air. He put his handkerchief to his nose and exclaimed: "My God! To think that people with souls live like this!"

Since the turn of the century, there has been an increasingly tolerant attitude toward the Bowery derelict, but from time to time the conscientious — some in wicked triumph, some in honest pity, some because they recognize a community responsibility — call upon the city fathers to clean up the Bowery. More arrests follow for a week or two.

In the fall of 1935, during one of these periodic drives, a group of derelicts was brought into night court, then located in an old courthouse on West Fifty-fourth Street. They were charged with public intoxication. Many of them were still drunk. They were defeated men. They had no desire to fight constituted authority. One after another, they pleaded guilty. Then the court officer called the next case.

The charge was read: ". . . and that the said defendant did then and there commit the offense of . . . ." The court officer rolled out the words that accused the defendant of public intoxication because he had been lying on the sidewalk while under the influence of liquor.

"How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" The court officer's final question was quiet, but insistent.

The defendant remained silent; his eyes seemed to be reflecting on something lying at his feet.

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Magistrate Frank Oliver scrutinized him. He was long unshaven, dirty beyond belief, clad literally in rags, but younger than the others. He would not take his eyes off the floor.

"Look at me," the judge said.

"Yes, your Honor." He spoke with a refinement of accent that startled even the court officer. His brown eyes were gentle and questioning as he looked up. Then he seemed to find confidence somewhere, and he smiled as though the judge and he shared a little deprecatory joke. Only then, in the wrinkles of his smile, could it be seen how fully caked and black was the dirt that matched his beard.

"How do you plead to this charge, guilty or not guilty?" the judge asked.

"Not guilty, your Honor," he answered slowly and almost in a whisper, as though he were talking to himself.

Then, his confidence again returning, he revealed himself as Louis Schleicher, a once promising assistant district attorney, and he moved to dismiss the complaint as being insufficient on its face.

To the obvious delight of the whole crowded courtroom, the judge granted the motion. He ruled that the police must allege and prove not only that the defendant was drunk in public, but that he was disorderly, that his conduct caused or tended to cause a breach of the peace.

And who, indeed, is less disorderly than a Bowery derelict? He sleeps on the sidewalk or in a doorway. In repose, he looks to be in his fifties. The mouth hangs open, and some of the upper teeth are missing. His face is streaked with clotted blood from a gash on his forehead. He wears work shoes without socks, and khaki trousers. A big safety pin holds his ancient brown coat together at the neck. His clothes are dirty and much slept in. The skin is gray, the lips are brown. The eyes are squinted shut, perhaps against the cold morning light, perhaps against a dream. He is part of the street scene. He disturbs no one. Visitors who stroll through the Bowery expect to see him.

It was not long after Louis Schleicher's brief moment of glory that Chief Magistrate Henry H. Curran directed that all forms of complaint and commitment dealing with the charge of public intoxication be forwarded to judicial headquarters. He then had the forms destroyed. He was seeking thereby to implement Judge Oliver's decision and to preclude the police from thereafter invoking the statute against public intoxication, confining the arrest of derelicts to instances in which they are at least allegedly guilty of disorderly conduct. As a result, the public-intoxication statute has never since been used in New York City, and drunk arrests made under the disorderly-conduct statute constitute only approximately 3 percent of the total arrests.

This is what Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles had in mind when, in arguing against a proposed reduction in the annual budget of his department for the year 1959, he suggested wryly that perhaps the department should abandon its policy of harassing drunks in favor of the "New York system, where drunks are left to lie in the gutter."

Los Angeles each year has nearly 100,000 public-intoxication arrests, in marked contrast with New York City, where no such arrests are made. In New York, arrests of skid-row derelicts are limited to instances in which the drunk is at least allegedly disorderly or dangerous and amount to fewer than 15,000 a year.

Chief Parker implied that the policy of not harassing derelicts is peculiar to New York City. He is right. Night after night in other cities, the police pick up drunks on the street — filthy, battered, sick, unutterably pathetic — and lock them up in the "drunk tank." In the morning they are released or sentenced to a short term in jail, only to be picked up again soon after their release. Virtually all of these chronic drunks are recidivists. Many of them have been arrested several hundred times. Approximately one million arrests annually — almost half the criminal arrests in states throughout the country — are so-called public-intoxication arrests. More than half of the population of county jails throughout the United States is comprised of persons committed for public intoxication.

WHY do cities other than New York persist in an inhumane and unchristian approach to the skid-row derelict? Can we properly bear malice in our hearts for the poorest among us — empty, bewildered souls, born in the image of God — whose degradation our society and our culture helped create?

Incarceration never cured a derelict, never did and never will. The problem of the skid-row derelict is basically social, medical, and spiritual in nature. Whether the derelict is a true alcoholic or merely a problem drinker, he usually has a much more deep-seated pathology, an emotional disturbance, if you will, that is an enigma to all of the disciplines. The penal approach to his problem is at best but a feeble attempt to repair damage done in early childhood.

Why, then, do judges go right on sentencing men and women through an endlessly revolving door? Don't they know the folly and futility of it all? Of course they do. But they say, "This is

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what the public wants. It wants these bums punished."

But why? What drives people toward the urge for punishment? Ask them, if you will. Tell them how useless jails have been historically when it comes to reforming derelicts. And they will ask you, "How can you let such men go unpunished?" You might ask, "Are they hurting you? Are you being threatened? When they overindulge, who are the losers, except themselves?" After you have made your most persuasive arguments, they will look you in the eye and reply, "It's justice."

But the obligation of a judge of a criminal court is to dispense mercy as well as to administer justice.

Psychiatrists who have studied the motivations of the urge to punish say this talk of impersonal justice is more often than not an outlet for people's repressed aggressiveness. It is never he who is without sin who casts the first stone. Is it not likely that people cast their own sins, their own miseries, guilts, and hatreds along with the stones they throw? This is not to say that the derelict, abandoning all that is sacred and leading a life of utter degradation, is attractive or nice. But what right do the rest of us have to become so furious with him? Those who wish to see him treated as a menace to society ought to look into their souls and gauge their reasons.

So should the law. It is time to put the hostile public in its proper place and to stop dignifying its thirst for vengeance and instinct for hate. It is time the police and the judiciary, instead of following in the wake of a misguided public, assumed the responsibility of providing leadership toward understanding. Saint Thomas Aquinas, one of the world's greatest intellects, stated that the human law was limited to violations of the moral law that affected the common good. He taught that personal sanctity was a matter between the individual and the Lord Himself; that the function of the human law was not to make men saints but to give them peace and a chance to work out their own individual perfection, their individual sanctity. Sanctity will always remain an individual affair. Blackstone reflected the same wisdom when he pointed out that the purpose of the original public-intoxication statute, which was enacted in England in 1606 and which provided for commitment to the stocks for six hours, was to ensure that the individual did not "do mischief to his neighbors." And, of course, this was the reasoning of Judge Frank Oliver and Chief Magistrate Henry H. Curran when they sought to restrict the arrests of derelicts to instances in which their conduct was disorderly.

We can help some derelicts by a modern therapeutic program. Alcoholics Anonymous does have the answer for some. We can help all of them by a more humane program of day-to-day care and relief. But we must seek the fundamental and ultimate answer in an improved society, a society that will produce fewer misfits, fewer inadequate human beings. We will neither solve nor ameliorate the problem by more vigorous police enforcement or sterner justice.

Chief Parker may well ask: "Would you then continue to permit the derelict to lie in the gutter?" The answer is simple. I would arrest the unfortunate who is a menace to the community, such as the derelict who is loud and boisterous or assaultive. I would have the police escort others for their own safety to a public shelter, to the Muni, as Officer Nelson suggested, there to remain, perhaps, for the cooling-off period of six hours. But there is no moral justification for the present program of wholesale arrests. Its only function is to keep depravity from becoming too assertively public.

Once we appreciate these almost self-evident truths, we must realize how farcical our primitive justice is and has been over the years. Today we recoil at the manner in which past generations used burning and whipping to curb crime. Is it not likely that future generations will read of our imprisonment of drunken derelicts with a similar sense of shock and outrage?

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THREE-MILE PORTAGE

BY PAUL BROOKS

Editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin, PAUL BROOKS *is a rugged canoeist whose holidays are spent exploring the remote areas of wilderness in North America. In earlier* ATLANTIC *articles he has described the Quetico-Superior canoe country, the Great Smoky Mountains, and Isle Royale. He here takes us to Algonquin Park.*

IT ALL depends on where you are. If someone asked me to carry a canoe on my shoulders from Washington Square to Central Park, and then walk back to pick up a forty-pound knapsack and bring it over the same course, I should feel put upon. The equivalent distance on a forest portage trail — where the footing is somewhat more precarious than on a Fifth Avenue sidewalk — may be viewed, if not with equanimity, at least without despair. It is a matter of the context. For one thing, there are fewer appropriate diversions on Fifth Avenue. Even if I were John Kieran, I couldn't hope to flush a ruffed grouse at the base of the Empire State Building (though I have picked up a live praying mantis there), or pause to eat blueberries in front of the Public Library, or find moose dung where the trail crossed Rockefeller Plaza. But I anticipate.

The portage I have in mind came near the end of an eight-day canoe trip that my wife and I took through the central part of Algonquin Park, an area of 2750 square miles in eastern Ontario lying between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River. Geologically speaking, the park lies on the southern edge of the Canadian Shield, which extends from the Great Lakes to the Arctic; like the Quetico-Superior area farther to the west, it is a canoeist's dream of small and middle-sized lakes connected by rivers and relatively easy portages.

"The Portage," watercolor by Winslow Homer.

Its history is instructive. A hunting ground of the Algonquin Indians, and later of the Iroquois, it was bypassed in the western explorations of Champlain, who makes only casual mention of the area. An early map identifies it merely as "Grande chasse de cerfs et de caribous." It is naturally a forest region; the thin soil will support trees, but not agriculture. Before the lumbermen arrived in the 1870s, the eastern part of the park was covered with a splendid stand of white and red pine, of which a few patches still remain; the western part, by sugar maple and yellow birch. Despite the promises of the land-development companies, efforts to farm the cleared land were doomed to failure. A few farsighted individuals realized that the forest cover of this high country was a vital protection to the watershed of the rivers that flowed out of it. And so, happily, since there was no more quick cash to be made by private exploitation, in 1893 the area was preserved as a park "for the use and enjoyment of the people." Nowadays, along the highway which cuts through the park's southwest corner, it is used to the limit; there is scarcely room for the wash lines between the tents. Yet, twenty miles and a dozen portages away, we had managed to find complete solitude and a true sense of wilderness.

By the time we reached the three-mile portage, we had been in the woods for a week. After the

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first two portages, the outboard motors had been left behind. One outboard can shatter the peace of an entire region; it is as appropriate in a wilderness area as a motorcycle is in church. Wilderness is, of course, an elusive concept, yet no less real because it is difficult to define. The Wilderness Bill puts the idea quite eloquently for a legislative document: "A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself is a part of the natural community, a visitor who does not remain and whose travels leave only trails."

By that definition, we had reached something like wilderness the third night out, with three lakes and a stretch of river between us and the populous campgrounds. Darkness had threatened to catch us in an area of mosquito-ridden flats and cattail marsh after an exhausting series of short portages around rapids of which we had long since lost count. We had been forced to camp on the only dry ground in sight, a steep hillside where no one in his right mind would have attempted to pitch a tent. The only "trammelings" in the vicinity — reminding one of faint cowpaths in a precipitous Vermont pasture — had apparently been made by moose, and the only creature to have altered the landscape was the beaver. Our own travels had been by canoe and trail, and as visitors all we asked was to remain on the hillside long enough to get some sleep.

Partway up the slope I had found a suggestion of level ground among the roots of an old white pine, and by digging and scraping had made room for our two air mattresses, terraced one above the other. It may not have been a room at the Ritz, but it served, and there was a certain pleasure in sleeping where surely no one had ever slept before. The only safe place for a fire was the narrow strip of shingle at the water's edge. As we were eating our supper, half standing, half leaning against the bank at our back, we glanced up to see a five-point buck quietly watching us from the marshy flats to the eastward. His antlers were in velvet; in the low rays of the setting sun, that theatrical light which gives such depth and texture to a landscape, his coat was an incredibly warm, deep russet. Looking back on that evening, I can think of worse places to be benighted.

Now, four days and several long lakes later, we were encamped on an island, in a grove of great white and red pines, of hemlock and cedar and balsam fir and scattered paper birches — obviously one of those bits of virgin forest that had escaped the lumberman's ax. Directly opposite us on the map a dotted line led away from the lake, marked "por. 242 c." — which means a portage of 242 chains, or approximately three miles. It also meant that our trip was almost over; yet we still had ahead of us its longest and most memorable day. (Memorable days are those during which you keep asking yourself, "How did I ever get myself into this?", and answer yourself, "Anyway, it will be fun to remember.")

We were up at dawn, after a night in which the full moon had emerged from a silver sliver of cloud in a scene that not a thousand kitchen calendars could spoil and the loon calls had sounded eerier than ever by moonlight. No ray of sun penetrated to the forest floor; we should have to cook breakfast in the damp shade and strike the tent still heavy with dew. But before I had pulled up the first tent peg, the lake was already alight with a bright blanket of incandescent mist, on which floated, apparently some feet above the surface, a boat-shaped island with a single windblown pine for a mast.

Reminded inevitably of a Japanese painting, I realized how true it is that, as art historians have pointed out, we see landscape in terms of man-made pictures. A beautiful view is quite literally "picturesque." Every grove of big trees is compared by somebody to a Gothic cathedral. Vice versa, however, how many tourists see the soaring columns of Notre Dame in terms of the forest that originally inspired them? Hundreds of paintings of English parks have given us a taste for tidy, manicured landscape, down to the postage stamp of lawn outside the picture window; but until very recently in the long history of Western culture, wild nature has been abhorrent. The Olympic rain forest has not yet had its Constable, and the sea of grass that once covered our prairies will never, alas, have its Turner. Now that outdoor photography, in the hands of men like Ansel Adams, has become one of the fine arts, the cultivation of our taste for wildness may henceforth depend more on the camera than on the brush.

Partir c'est mourir un peu applies to leaving a wilderness as well as to leaving a friend. When you are literally pulling up stakes and folding your tent, you are aware how swift is the transition between anticipation and memory. That earlier night on the hillside already seemed far in the past. Today was to be our last full day in the woods, and according to the map it would be full enough. A three-mile portage, when you have to go back for your knapsacks, means a nine-mile walk, and there would be at least one stretch of paddling and a shorter portage on top of that. And as yet we weren't even at the beginning of the long portage trail. Hefting the three knapsacks to be sure

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that the weight was evenly distributed, we stowed them in the canoe and spread the tent to dry in the sun. The water now was glassy calm, in pleasant contrast to the first leg of the trip, when the lakes were covered with whitecaps and the north wind, funneled through the connecting river valley, almost ripped the paddles out of our hands if we failed to feather them.

EVEN under the best conditions, with a compass and adequate map, one cannot — or, at least, I cannot — always head straight for a portage. From a few feet above the surface, a canoeist can no more see all the convolutions of a lake than a newborn caterpillar can visualize the whole leaf on which he nibbles. This time, however, it was easy. Even though the mouth of the river by which we expected to find the spot was entirely hidden in underbrush, there was an obvious opening nearby, among the big trees, and when we landed we could hear the murmur of the invisible stream. Bits of the trail having been flooded by beavers and only recently made passable again, the portage was little traveled, and we had been warned against getting lost in a maze of abandoned lumber roads. However, it doesn't take a Daniel Boone to tell when a trail has been walked on, even if there is no mud to show a heelprint. Not far from the landing we noticed the broken tip of a fern and a wildflower crushed to the ground — enough to show that someone had been through not long ago, since neither was wholly faded.

As usual, I carried the canoe the first trip across. Walking with a canoe on your shoulders has its pros and cons. The human frame best accommodates weight bearing straight down, as any Jamaican woman can tell you; I would much rather carry a sixty-pound canoe over my head than a fifty-pound knapsack on my back. And as you pick your way along a log or from stone to stone on a muddy stretch, the canoe almost seems to help you to keep your balance, like the long rod of the tightrope walker. But under a canoe you are a horse with blinders *and* a sunbonnet; the view is strictly straight ahead and down. In these circumstances, a narrow twisting trail is a nightmare, with trees dreamed up by Arthur Rackham reaching over to sideswipe your burden as you go by and knock you off balance. After a while your collarbone begins to ache, though this is no great problem if you have a fixed yoke bolted to the gunwale; the pads slowly shape themselves to your shoulders as a shoe shapes itself to your foot. When you want to rest, you keep your eye out for a convenient limb or a narrow V between two trees, where you wedge the bow with the stern on the ground and so slip out from under your shell.

For a middle-aged desk worker with no Algonquin Indian blood, a pattern of fifteen minutes' carrying and five minutes' resting seemed about right. Like bicycling and mountain climbing, canoe toting unearths muscles you forgot you had. Here a little advance conditioning helps. A clergyman friend of mine who likes to take his vacations in the mountains makes a practice of carrying a packful of rocks up and down the stairs of the parish house for a fortnight before he sets out. Visitors who drop in on parish business while this is going on may be momentarily puzzled. So, perhaps, were my neighbors when they saw a canoe wandering around our pasture each morning before train time, like a snapping turtle looking for a place to lay its eggs.

But on the long portage, I blessed every minute of those dry runs. Our first rest, to be sure, came early; we were barely on our way before we reached the site of an old lumber camp and paused to sort out the grown-over roads from the proper trail. The grassy clearing was sweet with the smell of ripe raspberries in the sun. An abandoned lumber camp is like a frontier fort in a long-forgotten war. A few earthworks remain to remind one of the former scene of carnage, but the fosses are mostly filled in, and the dusty parade ground is long since clothed with green. If one can forget the great trees that fell in the battle, an open area like this has a charm all its own.

As we rested, I recalled the particularly attractive spot where we had spent the second night of our trip. After a morning's upwind paddling and a rather rough passage through the outlet of a lake, with the waves piling up in the shallows, we had come to a smooth stretch of water above an old dam of giant moss-covered logs. Rising through the lush grass of the nearby clearing, like half-sunken hulks in a harbor, were the ruins of bunkhouses and stables, surrounded now by sizable second-growth spruce and fir, some of them perfect specimen trees that managed to come up through the heavy turf apart from their fellows, in the manner of field pines on an abandoned New England farm.

Here were sun-loving butterflies and common field flowers strange to find in a wilderness: meadowsweet, yarrow, devil's-paintbrush. Being an "edge" where environments meet — water, meadow, brush, forest — it was rich in birdlife, from the myrtle warblers that were feeding on a hatch of fly a few inches above the water to the swifts swooping far overhead. Every snag seemed to have its olive-sided flycatcher, and cedar waxwings darted about the clearing; but if there is one bird that I shall always associate with this

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spot — indeed, with this whole trip — it is the white-winged crossbill. We had heard the trilling song of the crossbills from the canoe, and now we watched them flocking amid the treetops as they fed on the cones, the males bright spots of rosy red in the evening sun. The trees themselves were in gentle motion, and I thought that with a little practice one could learn to identify an evergreen simply by its action in the wind: the white pine dances, the spruce bows stiffly from the waist, the cedar merely nods its head. These trees could never replace the noble forest that was cut down several generations ago, but they made one realize that the most ruthlessly exploited land, like the family fortune to which it perhaps gave rise, can become quite respectable with the passing years.

The five-minute rest period was up; time to stop speculating and get cracking. Soon after we left the clearing, the trail began to mount slowly, then leveled off on higher ground. When finally it began gradually to descend, we figured that we must be about halfway across. The trees here were larger, but like the lumber camp we had recently left, they reminded me of an earlier part of the trip when we had seen the same thing on a much grander scale. En route to one of the remoter lakes, we had entered a mature forest which was a world apart from the second growth of the lumbered area. The trees here had survived for the simple reason that it did not pay to cut them down. They were hemlock, a wood far less valuable commercially than white pine, or even than spruce and fir. The tall, branch-free trunks stood well apart, though the tops met to weave an almost sunproof canopy far overhead. Here and there a grove of paper birches made a white accent against the somber background, and we noticed one gnarled maple of huge diameter. But the hemlock allows few intruders, for this is one of the most shade-tolerant of the conifers, and the understory, above a carpet of checkerberries, consisted almost exclusively of its own seedlings, ready to fill the space whenever one of the parent trees crashed to the ground. In this noonday twilight, we met a raccoon who seemed more curious than perturbed at the encounter. Scampering up a tree beside the trail, he stopped to peer around at us through his black mask, with an enchanting expression that, as I think of it now, brings the whole scene suddenly into focus.

This country, however, belongs not to the coons but to the beavers. They have shaped its history: for the sake of beaver skins the Iroquois Indians had once seized the area of the present park from the Algonquins; an eighteenth-century map describes it as "Chasse de castor des Iroquois." And the beavers are still shaping its local geography, as we were to discover today a mile or so further along the portage. They had recently dammed a nearby brook, and part of the old path was now underwater. Fortunately, a new trail had been hacked through the alders a few days before we got there, but it was a slippery and squishy business. Once my wife fell flat; by a delicate balancing act we got her upright again with knapsack still in place. Maneuvering the canoe was like driving a trailer truck through Threadneedle Street in a London fog.

Back at last on the old trail, we sensed that we must be getting near our goal. There is nothing quite like the sight of a new lake at the end of a portage. Make the portage three miles, and you are Balboa discovering the Pacific. Moreover, though it may have been prayerfully anticipated, that first glimpse of deep blue through the trees always comes as a happy surprise. My wife was walking ahead, since she had no canoe to cut off the view. "I see it," she said. No sweeter words were ever spoken.

We were, of course, only a third of the way. As we started back to fetch the other two knapsacks, we had that queer floating sensation that comes when you have just shed a heavy weight; walking was practically a rest. Landmark by landmark the reel unwound, a good deal faster this time; the beaver pond, the deep woods, the lumber camp, and finally the lake we had already left so reluctantly, to which we were now saying a final farewell. Here were our knapsacks, presided over by a whisky jack; he waited impatiently while we ate our sandwiches and left some crumbs for him. Finally came the last crossing of a now familiar path. Though it was curiously difficult to remember just how far along we were at every stage, we seemed to get to the end very quickly.

The long portage over, we still had to find a place to camp. Once more we loaded the canoe. A short paddle, another easy carry, and we were on the shores of a third lake, where a grove of great red pines led down to a sandy beach, above a blanket of blueberries so thick that you could milk a cupful without changing your stance. In a sort of trance of tiredness I put up the tent and cut firewood, plotting each ax stroke to hit the wood and not my hand. Later, heartened by rum, gorged on blueberries, feeling almost guilty that there weren't more people to enjoy both, we hung the food pack on a high branch out of the way of the bears, who, I am glad to say, had obviously been gorging themselves before we arrived and would doubtless continue to do so long after we had gone. Nothing, we thought, makes one feel more a part of the natural community than sharing one's berries with a bear. It was a warm farewell to a wilderness.

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SONATA

BY

R. S. LEHMAN

In fleck-swirl torrent of sun the muscles slack,
Strict tendons relent, this sky compels
With batter of brightness our relinquished limbs.
The charged air swells in diapason, gathers
To roaring of shine. Awash with this riptide —
The long rollers of light stampeding landward
Topple here to puddled dazzlement —
We gasp and grasp at undertow of shining.
Body's frontiers are breached: the maginot hair
And nervous skin, all our palpitant sentries,
Are stormed by light, light chimes in the cavern lungs,
Rings in the gut, clangs in the cymbal sky.
This violence of light, this fierce in-shining
Takes and shakes us like the fact of love.

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The act of. The fact of
Tenderness. Only be careful. Only

Beware the sun.
Avert the pry of knowledgeable fingers.
Raucous with bullyboy fun
The lounging loudmouth sun
Declaims the soft uncertainty,
Blats the terror of wish.
Nowhere is safe: not in the guarded rib cage,
Not in the fractured green-glass depths,
Nor remote in the run
Of fugitive shadow under the crouch of the hill.
Be careful.
Avoid the flaunt of brightness,
The Hey the jocular nudge, the broad flat thumb.

Let her not —
Not walk i' the sun.

But when we finished the harvest, faces bare
To the candid sky, arms brown and our hair
Ribboned with light, then we brought laughing in
The big last sheaf we call the barley queen,
With brawling horseplay came and hung it here
In the raftered barn to light the spring next year.
— Now in these frozen fields the sun, unmanned,
Persuades no root to grope. The iron land
Deadlocks generation, iron air
Harrows the breath. — But see, shining there,
Our summer straw queen! Though to stoic touch
The plowshare steel be cold as death, yet such
Largess of light lives in this yellow sheaf
As proves the resurrection of the leaf,
Attests the bud, confirms the sober rain.

Next year is quick in last year's hung-up grain.

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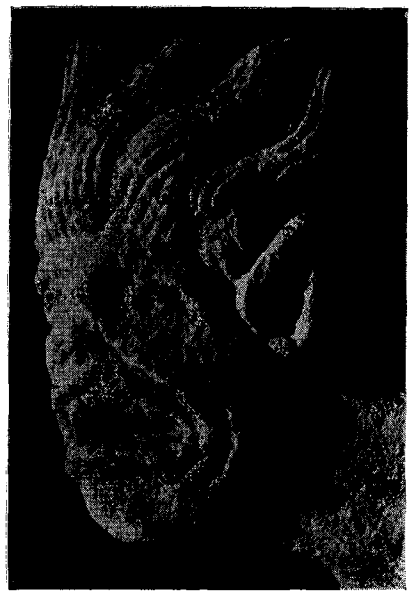
Death and Forever:

SOME FEARS OF WAR AND PEACE

BY SANFORD GIFFORD, M.D.



Does the individual, as he soberly and thoughtfully discusses the likelihood of a nuclear war, lose his sense of reality and his ability to envision his own death in such a war? DR. SANFORD GIFFORD, *whose article deals with this question, is engaged in psychophysiological research at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and teaches psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School.*

Two general trends in public opinion about war are widely recognized: the polarization of attitudes into primitive extremes, with an inability to consider intermediate solutions; and the quality of unreality and helplessness that pervades discussions of possible nuclear death. The familiar belief that total resistance and total surrender are the only alternatives may be characteristic of all wars. As the danger increases, the alternatives become more absolute, until only war or military threats represent strength, and negotiations and even talk of peace are equated with weakness. Intoxicated with self-righteousness, each nation enjoys an unshakable belief in its own intentions and its adversary's implacable malevolence, and compromise becomes impossible.

These phenomena are well known, but the unlimited scope of nuclear war intensifies primitive thinking to extremes where either alternative is equally impossible and interchangeable with its opposite. Nothing is more unimaginable than total nuclear annihilation except total submission to Soviet power, and vice versa; better Red than dead or dead than Red becomes a kind of circular reasoning, since neither extreme is conceivable in realistic terms.

The unreality of nuclear war is increased because a quantitative increase in destructiveness has created a qualitative difference that exceeds ordinary human comprehension. The reality of the Nazi extermination camps was difficult to grasp because the magnitude of six million deaths blunts their emotional significance. Estimates of fifty million deaths in a nuclear attack become even more unintelligible; the mind can handle such data only by rendering the information meaningless through various self-protective mechanisms. A process of immunization occurs with repeated exposure to lethal statistics, inducing a relative insensitivity to new information. In this refractory state the noblest manifestos and the most vivid documentary evidence become truisms and colorless platitudes which arouse irritable antipathy, as each new horror becomes a new cliché.

Another qualitative difference contributes to the unreality, as nuclear destructiveness approaches the possibility of universal, instantaneous death for each individual and his family. Until the saturation bombing of large cities during the last war, warfare itself could always be thought of as being carried out by other people in other places; even on the battlefield the soldier preserved some magical belief in his own invulnerability. Now we cannot share Hamlet's regret at seeing "the imminent death of twenty thousand men," because our imminent deaths are inseparable from others. Paradoxically, the necessity of considering our own personal death merely intensifies the unreality instead of making the danger more immediate.

Detail from La Cathédrale d'Autun, France, photographed by Pierre Belzeaux, reproduced by courtesy of Zodiaque from LE MONDE D'AUTUN.

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We may believe simultaneously that no nation would dare to begin nuclear war and that if war occurred by accident, life would no longer be worth living. From either direction we reach the same conclusion, that nothing can be done, thus justifying a fatalistic passivity that is strangely comforting rather than alarming. This passivity is enhanced by other attributes of modern war — that resistance is impossible against universal destruction, that no ordinary person can understand its political complexities, and that decisions must be made by remote, impersonal experts or even by automatic underground computers after everyone is dead. Such feelings of helplessness against invisible, unpredictable, inhuman powers recall medieval preoccupations with the Last Judgment and with the Black Death, as an irresistible, universal force, striking down the prince in his tower and the peasant in his hut with the same impartial speed.

Inevitably, each person seeks refuge according to his own temperament: in apathy, in gallows humor, in false assumptions of rationality, or in the romanticism of multipurpose shelters — combination mausoleums and family dormitories that provide absolute safety against moderate fallout, dignified cremation under direct hits, and economical future burial arrangements in case of peace. Even scientific information can be used to obscure the threat underlying the fascinating technicalities of games-theory. There is some relief in our preoccupation with factual details, as in the attempts of a bereaved person to cope with emotional loss by absorbing himself in the physical minutiae of the last illness.

These understandable tendencies toward primitive thinking, unreality, and helplessness, and the various defensive maneuvers used to counteract our fears of war, contribute to a public opinion that cannot really believe another war will ever occur, in spite of our newspapers and all the anxious discussions about its dangers. These public attitudes have their specific counterpart in individual experience, in our inability to believe in the reality of our own personal death. Freud pointed this out in 1915, during a war that seemed to have reached new, unimaginable extremes of inhumanity but that now sounds almost naïve in its innocence. Freud was cautious in making analogies between individual and group phenomena, but present-day possibilities that war means universal death justify further exploration of public and private attitudes toward death.

There is only an apparent contradiction between death as the central concern of all history and literature and the individual's inability to conceive of his own death. Most human activities concerned with death, as Kurt Eissler's thoughtful book *The Psychiatrist and the Dying Patient* illustrates, actually represent attempts to deny its reality or to undo its effects, by preserving the notion that some aspect of our individual identity has a continuous existence. The various religious and philosophical concepts of immortality are merely the more literal of these attempts, which include perpetuating our identity in artistic and scientific works, in good and bad historical actions, in the satisfactions of ordinary parents bringing up their children. The everyday rationalizations that permit us to smoke, drive cars, and travel by plane reveal an inability to believe in death. Other apparent fears of death actually represent fears of physical injury.

Freud suggested that the unconscious mind is incapable of entertaining the concept of its own extinction, and conscious attempts to conceive of death as the biological end of life are relatively abstract intellectual exercises. This is understandable in both phylogenetic and ontogenetic terms: there is no evidence that animals have any concept of death, and an awareness of death appears relatively late in human development, during the period of childhood sexual curiosity, when cosmological questions about all biological processes are both fearful and fascinating. In contrast to conscious concepts of death, however, fears of infantile helplessness, hunger, and separation from parents can be assumed to exist from the earliest weeks of life. This developmental difference may explain some complex, seemingly contradictory features of adult attitudes toward death, and all fears of death may actually represent fears of helplessness and abandonment.

In his pioneer work in 1936 on the psychology of dying, Felix Deutsch pointed out that the moribund patient is not reacting to the unimaginable fact of death but to fears of the original infantile state of helplessness and passivity, with which death is equated. Avery Weisman has recently made a similar distinction between fears of dying, as a state of weakness and physical dissolution, and fears of death, as the biological end of individual existence. These distinctions help us to understand certain clinical problems in modern medicine which present difficult choices, between progressive cardiac invalidism and a substantial operative risk, for example, or between palliation of incurable cancer and drastic surgical resection, hypophysectomy, or castration. For certain patients mutilation and passivity are more frightening than the possibility of death, although even in these extreme situations the patient is probably unconsciously choosing between two different rep-

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resentations of infantile helplessness, one of which is more threatening than the other.

These individual choices between nameless dangers, symbolized by death and some even more fearful alternatives, have their counterparts in traditional attitudes about death or dishonor, liberty or death, fight or flight, heroism or cowardice. These attitudes appear noble or exaggerated depending upon their cultural and historical context, from the most courageous acts of religious and political martyrs to the ritual suicide of a samurai warrior who feels his masculinity destroyed by some slight loss of face. Western traditions place a special emphasis on heroic masculinity, with an idealization of military virtues, and reveal contradictory attitudes toward religious values, juxtaposing the soldier and the saint, the sword and the book. Feminine, masochistic qualities are associated with the Christian philosophy of turning the other cheek and with the passive, contemplative aspects of Buddhism.

In the present atmosphere of reciprocal fear, distrust, and hostility between ourselves and the Russians, basic individual tendencies to deny the reality of death and to dread helplessness and castration as greater dangers are expressed in collective attitudes about the unreality of war and the fear of compromise, even of peace itself, as a greater danger than war. Among the effects of this process are an exaggerated preoccupation with the mystique of "toughness" and an excessive fear of compromise, as if the slightest conciliatory gesture represented abject weakness.

Jerome Frank, Charles Osgood, and others have described the emotional resistances against nonviolent methods and unilateral initiatives in disarmament. Frank considers the courage and resourcefulness that a failure of unilateral steps would require, while Osgood's gradualism deals with these fears by retaining elements of mutual deterrence. Roy Menninger, a psychiatrist who has discussed disarmament with lay audiences, describes the violent fears of passivity and castration, perhaps enhanced by traditional associations between peace and religiosity. Both religious and nonreligious pacifists are the object of similar prejudices, as impractical idealists or visionaries at best, as cowards, creeps, and crackpots at worst. These epithets imply qualities of weakness and effeminacy, and fears of passivity may prevent many from taking public action who might otherwise be pacifists on intellectual grounds. Only a few pacifists of undeniable eminence, like Bertrand Russell, can hold unconventional views without some concession to these ubiquitous fears of weakness. The idealization of aggressiveness is merely the obverse of the same problem. Although the popular image of the professor has greatly changed since Roosevelt's first brain trust, some of the ancient stereotypes persist. Thus, fears of appearing "theoretical" in contrast to "practical" politicians may exert some pressure on intellectuals in government posts to exaggerate their "tough" qualities.

Since primitive thinking, denial of death, and fears of infantile helplessness are not merely conscious attitudes, they cannot be overcome by persuasion or improved education, like the results of ignorance or misinformation. These tendencies reflect fundamental characteristics of human behavior that we are born with, modify somewhat during our development, and deal with as best we can. This pessimistic conclusion is also true of other basic properties of our biological nature, which are generally acknowledged as man's innate need for aggressive, destructive behavior.

Einstein and Freud discussed the problem in a moving exchange of letters, written in 1932 at the request of a surviving agency of the League of Nations. Einstein pointed out that war cannot be explained by the power of a ruling elite and asked why the majority must respond to their leaders, even to sacrificing their lives. "Only one answer is possible. Because man has within him a lust for hatred and destruction." Freud, like many others, had come to the same conclusion, and during the early twenties he had put his speculations together in the theory of the death instinct. His original aim had been to resolve certain theoretical problems in the psychology of instincts, and at the same time to deal with questions that properly belong to the realm of general biology.

One of these questions is whether there is such a thing as natural death: does it occur by accident with increasing probability, or is the tendency toward aging and death after an approximately predetermined life-span an innate characteristic of all organisms, part of the epigenetic ground plan of protoplasm itself? Freud proposed two general biological tendencies, which he called Eros and Thanatos. Eros represented a life-force, which included all strivings toward synthesis, the evolution of unicellular organisms toward higher forms, the differentiation of simple into more complex structures, and the capacity for reproduction and perpetuation of the species. Thanatos represented a primary destructiveness, including the tendency for all living matter to return to an inorganic state, for complex structures to regress and lose their differentiated qualities, and for organisms to destroy themselves, unless this destructive force was directed outward against other organisms or was counteracted by sufficient quantities of Eros.

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Freud acknowledged that the theory of life and death instincts was a speculative construction, cheerfully admitting that Einstein might gain the impression "that our theories amount to a species of mythology and a gloomy one at that." Many psychoanalysts have never accepted its full implications, regarding it as an unnecessary theoretical superstructure which can be overlooked without impairing its usefulness as the basis for a dual theory of sexual and aggressive drives. Biologists and other natural scientists may question its validity, particularly its teleological implications and its use of the term "instinct" in a specialized psychoanalytic sense. But the phenomena that Freud's theory encompasses, whatever its terminology, represent undeniable aspects of human and animal behavior and have a particular relevance for us at the present time.

To avoid misunderstandings, two aspects of the theory must be emphasized: first, the two instincts were not regarded as existing separately but as always fused in various proportions; and, second, as basic properties of man's biological nature, their manifestations were considered indirect, never appearing in the conscious, reasoning activities of the mind. The existence of the death instinct, for example, can only be inferred from the occurrence of aging and natural death, from certain repetitious self-destructive propensities of the organism, and from an innate biological need for rhythmical periods of rest and activity, sleep and wakefulness.

Freud agreed with Einstein that war represented a periodic manifestation of the destructive drives, but suggested that "we have always its counter-agent, Eros . . . as war's antidote," which he equated with man's love for his fellow-man and with the complex processes of identification by means of which individuals are united to form societies. He considered the possibility of an ideal community "where every man subordinated his instinctual life to the dictates of reason . . . utterly utopian, as things are." Nevertheless, he concluded with some attenuated, very much qualified hopes about the possible prevention of war.

Freud pointed out that the internalization of destructive instincts was the source of conscience, legal institutions, and other tendencies toward cultural development, recapitulating his well-known belief that all the achievements of civilization result from the progressive renunciation of instinctual satisfaction. He based his hope on two factors: first, on "man's cultural disposition," meaning that "whatever makes for cultural development is working also against war," and, second, on "a well-founded dread of the form that future wars will take."

When Freud expressed these modest hopes, they seemed, like E. M. Forster's two cheers for democracy, tempered with enough pessimism to be realistic and as consoling as the political atmosphere of 1932 permitted. Like most of his contemporaries, Freud saw the future as a continuation of the past, as an unending history of periodic, increasingly destructive wars and intervals of peaceful cultural development. There was no reason to foresee scientific advances that would enable the human race to destroy itself altogether. But with our present knowledge of nuclear war, we are obliged to re-examine Freud's theory and to consider the possibility that we are collectively suffering from a major illness, an aberration of the death instinct, in which an unexpected increase in our destructive powers exceeds our capacities for controlling them. This sudden disturbance in the equilibrium between life and death instincts may be, hopefully, temporary, if sufficient life-force is mobilized to restore the balance; temporary, but so acute that we may accidentally exterminate ourselves before a viable equilibrium can be restored; or permanent, in the sense of a fatal illness, the terminal phase of our predetermined life-span as a civilization, as a species, or even as life itself.

In the light of Freud's theory, the discovery of nuclear fission is the product of both love and hate, representing simultaneously a great cultural achievement and an instrument of unlimited aggression. As a supreme example of sublimation, in which aggressive drives are neutralized and transformed into creative activities, the peaceful applications of nuclear energy could provide safe channels for destructive drives, as in innocent competitions to circumnavigate the moon, build the Aswan dam, or preserve the temples of Abu Simbel.

Considering another biological phenomenon in the light of Freud's theory, the uncontrollable increase in world population resulting from technological advances in medicine that have unbalanced the natural incidence of illness and death represents an aberration of the life instinct — again, a disturbance in equilibrium. Ironically, this was the crime for which Aesculapius was killed by Zeus's thunderbolt, for curing disease and disturbing the natural ecology of the Underworld. In these terms, both nuclear fission and the population explosion may be regarded as antithetical aberrations in instinctual development, or as indirect tendencies toward re-establishing a new balance on a culturally more primitive level. If some people survive a moderate nuclear war by

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sheer numbers, human civilization may be slowly propagated from remote outposts in Szechwan and North Dakota, as land crabs eventually repopulated the Galápagos Islands, according to recent studies of post-volcanic ecology.

If we regard ourselves as the victims of a meaningless accident in the history of scientific progress, a cultural advance has overtaken our capacities for developing long-term adaptations to a drastically altered environment. In this sense we have been compared to other extinct species, like the woolly mammoths who foundered in the swamps of the receding ice cap, although they might have survived a slower climatic change that allowed more gradual evolutionary development. In another sense, since scientific progress itself is an intrinsic element in our cultural development, we may consider our fate inevitable rather than accidental, as a civilization that is dying by its own hand, after a full life of splendors, miseries, and absurdities. Contrary to the beliefs of most poets, marble and the gilded monuments of princes may outlive our written words, the uninhabited cities of Palmyra and Uxmal may survive our civilized centers, and the pyramids of Egypt may still be standing, emanating neutrons, for some thousands of years.

Whatever explanation we choose, the end may be the same, and the possibility must be considered that the problem of war has no solution, at least within the present limitations of human nature. At this point there are two alternatives. On the one hand, like the individual patient with leukemia, we may prepare for our own death, even though we cannot believe in its reality, with as much dignity and self-understanding as we can muster. Important moral decisions must still be made, whether to emulate the tranquillity of Socrates, prepare a painless family suicide kit, or construct an ignominious burrow.

On the other hand, there may be time to consider Freud's "natural antidote" against war, to use whatever life-force is available for taking preventive action. In the modern world this means uniting with other individuals in larger and more heterogeneous groups, from neighbors and colleagues to nations and international organizations, a recapitulation of the evolutionary step that occurred when protozoa united to form multicellular organisms. We must explore every possible basis for mutual identification, literally obeying Auden's often-quoted admonition that "we must love one another or die." We are ill equipped for loving our neighbors as ourselves, hampered by fear of our oddity from identifying with odd groups or objectionable individuals, or inhibited about joining any group that might restrict our individual freedom. A tolerance for incompatible bedfellows is only partially attainable, each of us within his personal limitations, but an excessive fastidiousness about others' idiosyncrasies paralyzes any collective action to oppose war.

The most available common ground for mutual identification is fear of war itself, among ourselves and among Soviet citizens, who are obviously as frightened of our government as we are of theirs. We also share other interests, and our feverish enthusiasm for each other's concert pianists reflects a longing for some safe, nonideological area of contact. Their fears are probably greater than ours, however, because they are systematically deprived of information about the outside world and denied the everyday opportunities of complaining about their government that we take for granted, including the right to join groups opposed to war. Since we alone enjoy freedom of political action, naturally we must take every possible initiative to diminish the reciprocal mistrust that immobilizes our negotiations.

At this moment in history, utopian, even quixotic demonstrations of mutual trust seem more "realistic" than a continued exchange of threats. A policy of "real toughness" and our well-meaning attempt to have it both ways, by simultaneously proclaiming our devotion to peace and our determination to resume nuclear tests, have not been particularly effective. An unwavering decision to renounce all nuclear weapons, unilaterally if necessary, seems more appropriate than high-minded rhetoric about democratic ideals, which sounds as alien to Soviet ears as their catchphrases sound to ours. Carrying out such a decision is a supremely difficult and complex undertaking, but the aim is simple, requiring only Eliot's "condition of complete simplicity costing not less than everything."

LYNNE LAWNER

Good Girl

To live long with such violence is to make
Placid loopholes of oneself, to hope
Escape through the air of standing still.

And she will go on hanging herself with the rope
Of practiced stupor before her father, until
Another man's touch jars her into earthquake.

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ORDEAL OF A SHIP

BY FARLEY MOWAT

Photograph by Gilbert A. Milne.

FARLEY MOWAT *is a Canadian who likes to track down true stories. His books deal with life in the Arctic, the inland Eskimos, the sea and salvage work, dogs, owls, and an infantry regiment. The following narrative is drawn from his ninth book,* THE SERPENT'S COIL, *to be published in May by Atlantic–Little, Brown.*

The Liberty ship *Leicester* set out from the Thames River in early September, 1948. She was in ballast and bound across the Atlantic. Two thirds of her way across, she was threatened by the first of a series of fierce hurricanes that whirled through the Atlantic that season, and owing to the failure of her radio, the unfortunate ship steered directly into the storm. Before long, the ballast shifted, giving her a list of 50 degrees, and her captain and crew had no choice but to abandon ship, when through good luck another ship happened by. For days afterward the drifting hulk of the *Leicester* was the subject of search by a number of ships, including two of the rescue tugs of the Foundation Maritime, Ltd., under the direction of Salvage Master Robert Featherstone. The search was eventually given up, but days afterward the *Leicester* was sighted again, unbelievably, still afloat, and within hours the race was on to capture this million-dollar prize.

THE low-power-steamer track between North America and the mouth of the Mediterranean is one of the busiest of the North Atlantic routes. Scores of ships may be found along its length on any given day. Because of the heavy traffic, ships following the track do not necessarily adhere exactly to this invisible ocean highway along the 36th parallel of latitude.

The French steamer *Gien*, westbound from Marseilles for Baltimore, was one of those which chose to parallel the track, but farther north. She was, in fact, running close to the 37th parallel when her master shot the sun at noon on the twenty-first of September and found he was still 1400 miles away from making his American landfall.

It was a warm and sunny day, and the slow pounding of *Gien's* engines had a soporific effect upon the crew. Perhaps the lookout was dozing just a little. At any rate, when he finally did see the object looming hard on the starboard bow, it was already close at hand. His astonished shout brought the watch officer to the wing of the bridge with his binoculars. For a long minute he stared; then he called his captain.

Gien woke up in a hurry. Men came scrambling out of the cabins and the forecastle and climbed to points of vantage all over the ship, staring with rank incredulity at the apparition which was suddenly ahead of them. *Gien's* course was quickly altered, and she drew slowly up to the monstrosity.

It was a ship, a big ship, lying so far over that she appeared to be floating on her side. Her whole bottom, to below the starboard bilge keel, lay exposed to the gaze of *Gien's* people.

Gien circled the silent apparition somewhat warily. It was obvious that she was totally abandoned and derelict. Someone read the name on her stern: *LEICESTER — LONDON.*

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Gien's people were filled with a mixture of awe and downright cupidity. Her master would have liked nothing better than to put a line on the derelict and tow her into Baltimore so that he could claim salvage on her. But he had his own ship to think about. Baltimore was 1400 miles away, and the morning weather had included the report of a new hurricane — Hurricane VIII — which was even then nearing Key West in Florida, and which could be expected to roar northward across the western approaches during the next few days. There were other things to consider too. One of these was the extreme hazard, if not impossibility, of putting a boarding crew aboard the wreck. A second was the conviction among the men looking at her that no ship with a list as bad as *Leicester's* could possibly stay afloat for very long, even in relatively gentle weather.

With a sigh, *Gien's* thrifty Breton master reluctantly gave the order to put his ship back on course, and as *Leicester* grew smaller on the eastern horizon, he dispatched a message to the New York Coast Guard:

PASSED SHIPWRECKED STEAMER LEICESTER LIBERTY SHIP FROM LONDON 3707 NORTH 5214 WEST SHIP ABANDONED 60 DEGREE LISTED DRIFT NORTHEAST VERY DANGEROUS FOR NAVIGATION

When a copy of *Gien's* message reached Featherstone, the Foundation Maritime's salvage master, through the agency of Air/Sea Rescue at 1300 hours on the twenty-first, he strode through Foundation's offices issuing his orders. Featherstone was in an awkward position. His biggest and best tug, the *Josephine*, was committed to another job, the *Orion*. *Lillian* was still six hours out of Halifax and could not be turned about at sea, since her stores and her supplies of fuel were all but exhausted. She would have to come on to port, refuel, and then go out again — if she was able. Her overworked engines were causing trouble, and she was badly in need of a refit.

The lack of tug equipment was not the only problem. There was Hurricane VIII as well.

Born in the Caribbean a hundred miles south of Jamaica on the eighteenth of September, at first a rather puny cyclone, it had rapidly taken on strength and stature as it curved northward. During the night of September 20–21, it had struck Cuba, doing extensive shore damage, killing several people, and driving three big ships ashore. By noon on the twenty-first, it had reached Key West. There it had blown away the U.S. Weather Bureau's anemometers after registering a velocity of 120 miles per hour and driving the steamship *Ocean Wave* ashore.

The pressure of a massive continental high lying over the Atlantic seaboard made it logical to anticipate that the new cyclone would curve northeastward after leaving Florida. If it should pass anywhere in the vicinity of the *Leicester*, it could be assumed that it would finish her. Even if it did not go her way, it would certainly pose a substantial hazard to any tugs that might be running east in search of her.

Meanwhile, there was little that Featherstone could actually do, save pace his office and think about *Leicester* herself. A score of times he checked her position on the chart. Each time he did so he was confronted by a conundrum. *Gien's* master had said the derelict was drifting to the northeast. But Featherstone had a long and intimate knowledge of those waters, and he knew that the prevailing winds and currents in *Leicester's* vicinity almost invariably set to the southeast. Since it would take nearly three days before one of his tugs could reach the search area, there would be ample time for *Leicester* to drift an additional 100 to 200 miles, depending on the strength of wind and current. This being the case, it was imperative to direct the tugs along the correct line of drift.

Reason dictated that Featherstone should accept *Gien's* statement and plan the tugs' courses accordingly. But experience and intuition told him differently.

GIEN's message was received in New York at 1240 hours Atlantic standard time. Half an hour later it was rebroadcast to all ships in the western approaches as a special warning of navigation hazards. By early afternoon hardly a vessel in the western section of the North Atlantic had not heard the news.

One of the vessels which heard it — and with particular interest — was the Dutch tug *Zwarte Zee*. She was then entering New York Harbor with the dead tow she had brought in from Bermuda. Despite the almost superhuman efforts of her crew, it was not until 1600 hours that the *Zwarte Zee* could get rid of her tow, refill her tanks with diesel oil, and put back to sea.

Her master guessed that there was a reasonable chance the *Leicester* would stay afloat until she was found. And, with immense good luck, she might be eased into the nearest port. Allowing for the interval between *Gien's* sighting of the derelict and the time *Zwarte Zee* could expect to reach the scene, the Dutch skipper laid off *Leicester's* probable drift — in a northeasterly direction. Then he laid out his own course toward *Leicester's* estimated position in sixty hours' time.

Zwarte Zee cleared Ambrose Light at 1800 hours September 21. She had a thousand miles to go.

She did not sail unnoticed. In the salvage business an efficient intelligence service is vital, and Foundation's cloak-and-dagger work was excel-

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lent. Before *Zwarte Zee* was out of sight of land, Featherstone received a telephone call from New York and knew that he had a formidable rival in the race to reach the *Leicester*.

At 1732 hours on the twenty-first, *Foundation Lillian* had Halifax Harbor approach buoy abeam, and her people were beginning to relax. They could already look through the entrance to the harbor and beyond to the wooded ridges with their aura of sunny contentment. Most of the off-duty men had packed their seabags and were discussing how and where they would spend their leave ashore.

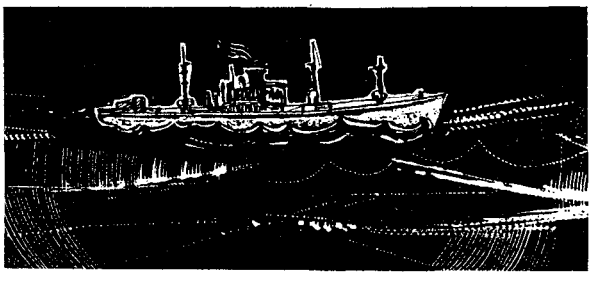
At 1900 hours *Lillian's* lines were secured to Foundation's dock, and Captain Crowe rang down to tell Chief Engineer Higgins that he was finished with the engines. Then he picked up his suitcase, walked off the bridge, and came down to the main deck, where the gangplank was being run ashore.

The plank had barely touched the dock before Featherstone started up it. He met Crowe at the rail.

"*Leicester's* been sighted," he said abruptly. "You'll refuel at once at Imperoyal. Your stores are waiting here in the salvage shed. *Zwarte Zee* sailed from New York three hours ago. She's got four or five knots' speed on you, but she's got farther to go. I want you cleared and on your way by 10 P.M."

There is no printable record of the reaction of *Lillian's* crew. But they were salvage men.

At 2207 hours September 21, *Foundation Lillian* let slip her lines, backed into the stream, and



headed out to sea. She had been just three hours in home port.

The morning of the twenty-second broke cloudy with light southwest winds as *Lillian* drove southeast at her best speed, of fourteen knots. Down below, her chief engineer watched the diesels apprehensively. Higgins had much to worry about. *Lillian's* engines had been giving trouble almost since the day she joined Foundation's fleet. They were good enough engines, but too delicate for the hard, sustained labor which was a deep-sea salvage vessel's lot, and they had become increasingly temperamental during the past few months. Higgins kept his fingers crossed and listened intently for the first indication of trouble in the earsplitting hubbub.

Lillian was observing radio silence, and apart from reporting her noon position to Halifax in code, she transmitted no messages that day. This was a routine precaution. It was always possible for a rival tug, using directional antennae, to take a bearing on *Lillian's* transmissions, and from a series of such DF bearings deduce the course, and possibly the plans, of the Foundation tug.

Far to the north, out of direct contact with Halifax Radio, *Josephine's* people were laboring to save the ancient *Orion*. As yet they did not know of *Leicester's* apparent resurrection from the ocean grave.

Far to the south, Hurricane VIII was behaving in a most unusual manner. For nearly forty hours it had remained almost motionless over the Florida peninsula — motionless in terms of forward movement. There was nothing motionless about its circling winds, which did twelve million dollars' worth of damage.

In Foundation's offices at Halifax, every member of the staff held a watching brief. Lights burned until after midnight. Those of the operations people who went to their homes slept lightly, half listening for the ring of the telephone.

At 2300 hours a message from *Josephine* was delivered to Featherstone:

> ORION POUNDING HEAVILY IN FULL NORTHEAST GALE HOLDS STOKEHOLD ENGINE ROOM FLOODED HAD TO LET GO AND CLEAR AWAY FROM REEFS STOP CREW AND SIX MY MEN ABANDONED CASUALTY IN REVENUE BOAT WILL TRY RECOVER OUR GEAR IN MORNING STOP CONSIDER NO VALUE LEFT IN ORION

Half an hour later a coded reply was crackling through the night air from Halifax Radio to Saint John's Radio, which relayed it on.

> ABANDON GEAR PROCEED EARLIEST LEICESTER STILL AFLOAT ASSIST LILLIAN SEARCHING AREA SOUTHEAST 3707 N 5214 W ALL REPEAT ALL COMMUNICATIONS CODE — FETER

"Searching area *southeast*. . . ." Featherstone had made his decision. He was ignoring the information which *Gien's* master had reported concerning *Leicester's* drift.

By noon on September 23 three salvage tugs were racing toward the last known position of the derelict. *Lillian* was about 250 miles northwest of *Leicester's* position as reported by *Gien*. *Josephine*,

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foaming along at her best speed, of almost seventeen knots, down the west coast of Newfoundland, still had more than 900 miles to go. As for *Zwarte Zee*, she had remained as silent as the grave. The Foundation tugboat masters, as well as the anxious men in Halifax, could only guess at her location.

No one needed to guess at the location of Hurricane VIII. Late on the twenty-second, the center had begun to move very rapidly toward the east-northeast. By noon on the twenty-third, it was 300 miles off the Florida coast, heading directly for Bermuda, after having pummeled the British MV *Stanhall* to the point where she had been forced to head for port in a near-sinking condition.

The twenty-fourth broke gray and stormy over the western approaches. Bucking heavy seas and a Force 5 wind from southerly, *Lillian* was a tense ship as the morning lengthened. Before noon she was passing *Leicester's* position as reported by *Gien* on the twenty-first. But more than seventy hours had elapsed since then, and *Leicester* might have gone down or she might have drifted anywhere within an easterly arc of 90 degrees, for a distance of up to 200 miles. The fact that no other vessel had reported her during this long interval made the prospects of her still being afloat seem dim. Even if she was afloat, *Lillian's* people knew that *Zwarte Zee*, a ship of nearly twice *Lillian's* displacement and with a turn of speed four or five knots greater, must also have arrived in the search area. And *Zwarte Zee* had radar; *Lillian* did not. The odds heavily favored the big Dutch tug.

The suspense was not eased by Higgins' report to the bridge that he was having trouble with the starboard engine. *Lillian's* speed had fallen off to thirteen knots, and Crowe now had the choice of accepting what might be an even greater reduction in speed or of allowing the engines to be stopped entirely while repairs were made. He chose to keep *Lillian* going, and, obeying Featherstone's instructions, he began searching a fifty-mile-wide swath of ocean to the southeast.

There was only one bright spot during that morning, the weather report. Hurricane VIII had inexplicably changed course again and was now heading northeastward, well away from the search area. The news cheered *Lillian's* people, but it did not cheer Captain Cowley on the *Josephine*.

At 1720 hours Cowley, then nearly abeam of Sydney, Nova Scotia, received the following from Halifax Radio:

> AT 1530 CENTRE ATLANTIC HURRICANE 400 MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA MOVING NORTHEAST AT 32 KNOTS HURRICANE WINDS COVER AREA 50 MILES IN CENTRE AND GALES AS FAR AS 300 MILES FROM CENTRE STOP CONTINUED NORTHEAST MOVEMENT WITH SOME ACCELERATION IN FORWARD MOTION IS EXPECTED THROUGH NEXT 24 HOURS

Having made up its mind to go northeast, Hurricane VIII was wasting no time about it. At 32 knots, its predicted path put it on a collision course with *Josephine*, with the collision due to occur about dawn of the twenty-fifth.

Cowley's dilemma was not eased by a subsequent message from Featherstone:

> HURRICANE MOVING NE LIKELY PASS SOUTH SABLE ISLAND TAKE ACTION AVOID CENTRE BUT CONSIDER COMPETING SALVAGE VESSEL NOW BELIEVED SEARCH AREA

That settled it. A trifle grimly, Cowley gave the order to batten down ship for heavy weather, and he held his course.

ABOARD the *Lillian*, as storm murk shrank the visible world, there was hardly a man of the deck crew whose eyes were not sore and aching from straining to the far horizons for sight of the abandoned ship, but the watchers had seen nothing save the unending seas. They had not glimpsed what they dreaded most — the squat superstructure of *Zwarte Zee;* nor had they seen so much as a curl of smoke from any merchant ship which might conceivably have had a clue to give.

Sparkie clung to his radio like a man in love, listening to the ship-to-ship chatter of vessels scattered over half of the Atlantic and waiting for some word. At 1800 hours, international code started to clatter out of the speaker over his head. His hand jumped to the message pad.

> I BBB SS ALBISOLA TO ALL SHIPS AND USCG 1740 AST SIGHTED ABANDONED FLOATING LIBERTY SHIP 3600 NORTH 4930 WEST — SIGNED MASTER

Within minutes, Crowe had plotted the position on his chart. It was 155 miles southeast of the position given by the *Gien*. *Lillian*, which had been following a complicated rectilinear search pattern, was still a little more than 90 miles from the point of the new sighting. Now she turned abruptly on the direct course, like a hound with a hot scent blowing in its nostrils.

In the engine room, Higgins had worked a small miracle by managing to effect partial repairs with the engines still running. In response to the news from the bridge, he ran both engines up to maximum revolutions and held his breath.

Zwarte Zee may perhaps not have heard the original call from the *Albisola*, but she must certainly have heard a "Notice to Mariners" broadcast from New York three hours later, containing the gist of *Albisola's* message. And by 2300 hours she, too, must have been racing toward that intangible point on the ocean's surface with all the speed her 3000-horsepower engines could provide.

The night drew down, overcast and threatening.

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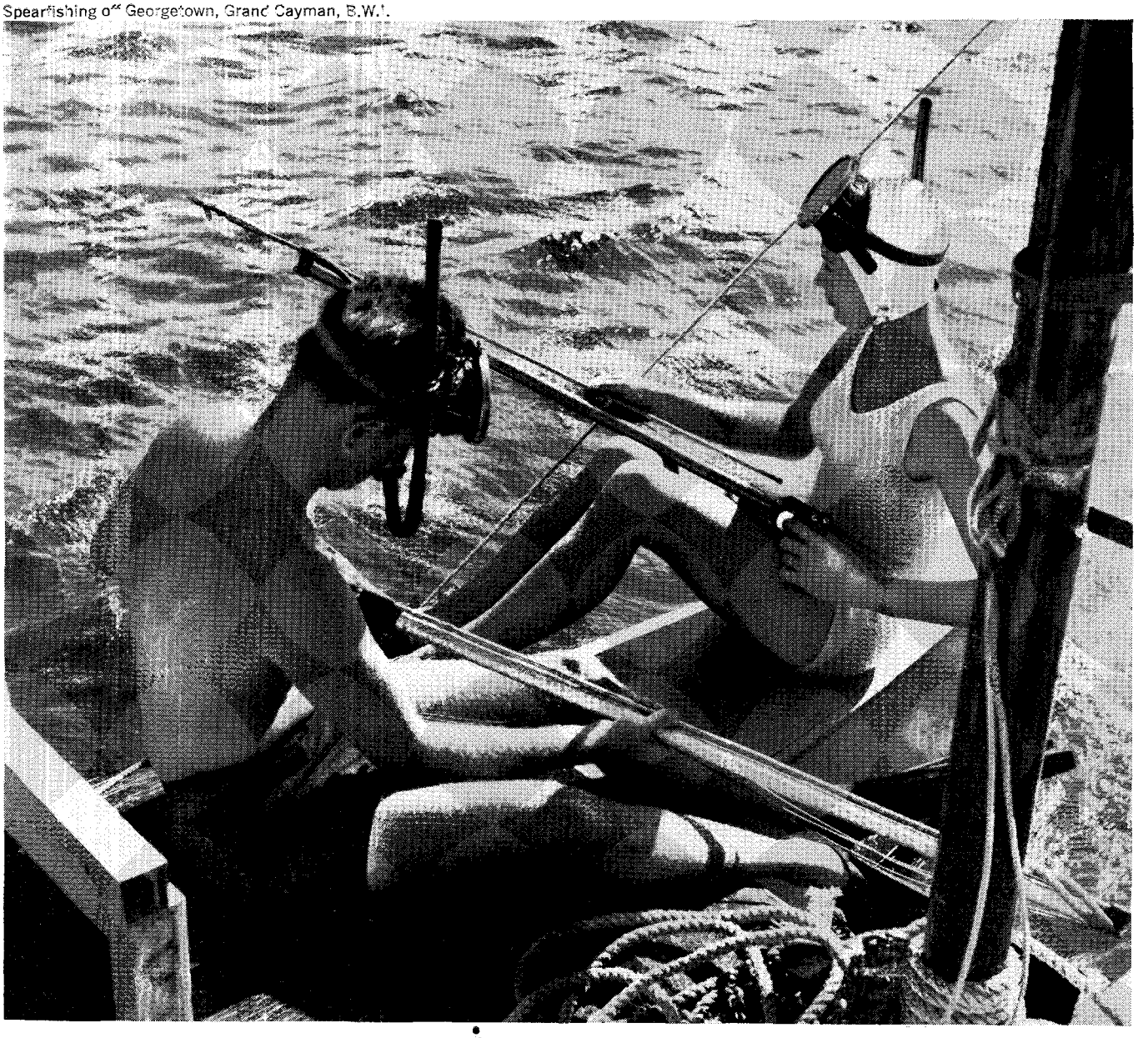
Spearfishing off Georgetown, Grand Cayman, B.W.I.



Aggressive investors assign portfolio to "Financial Cabinet" for productive management

He is a very successful young architect, she a talented interior decorator. This husband-wife team is enjoying a well-earned winter vacation in the Caribbean, secure in the knowledge that their securities are under responsible, progressive supervision. Recently they opened a joint Special Management Account at Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company. □ Growth of principal is their objective. Their investable assets amount to a little more than $100,000. They have no present need for extra income. They are busy, active people, with a strong interest in the techniques of modern investing. Sensibly they turned to the *"FINANCIAL CABINET"* for full-time, professional guidance. □

We are an experienced, specialized organization, dedicated to the difficult task of managing money productively. We offer a broad range of trust and investment services for individuals as well as charitable and corporate groups. Write for a copy of our booklet about a Special Management Account for you. Our address: 100 Franklin Street, Boston 6, Massachusetts. Or if you prefer telephone Area Code: 617 LI 2-9450. © Why not do it today?

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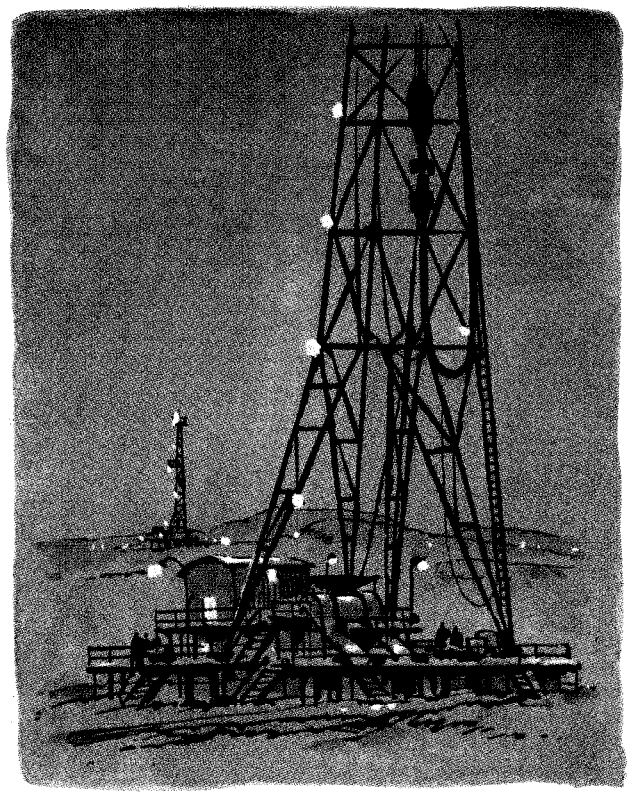
How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

Tankers and Temples



Some forty miles inland, in Iran, lies the oil field of Gachsaran. Until recently its crude was piped 150 miles overland to the refinery at Abadan. ⇨

. . . spoke of its past. So before construction began the company called in archeologists who marked the ancient sites and even found ones hitherto unknown.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey) Esso

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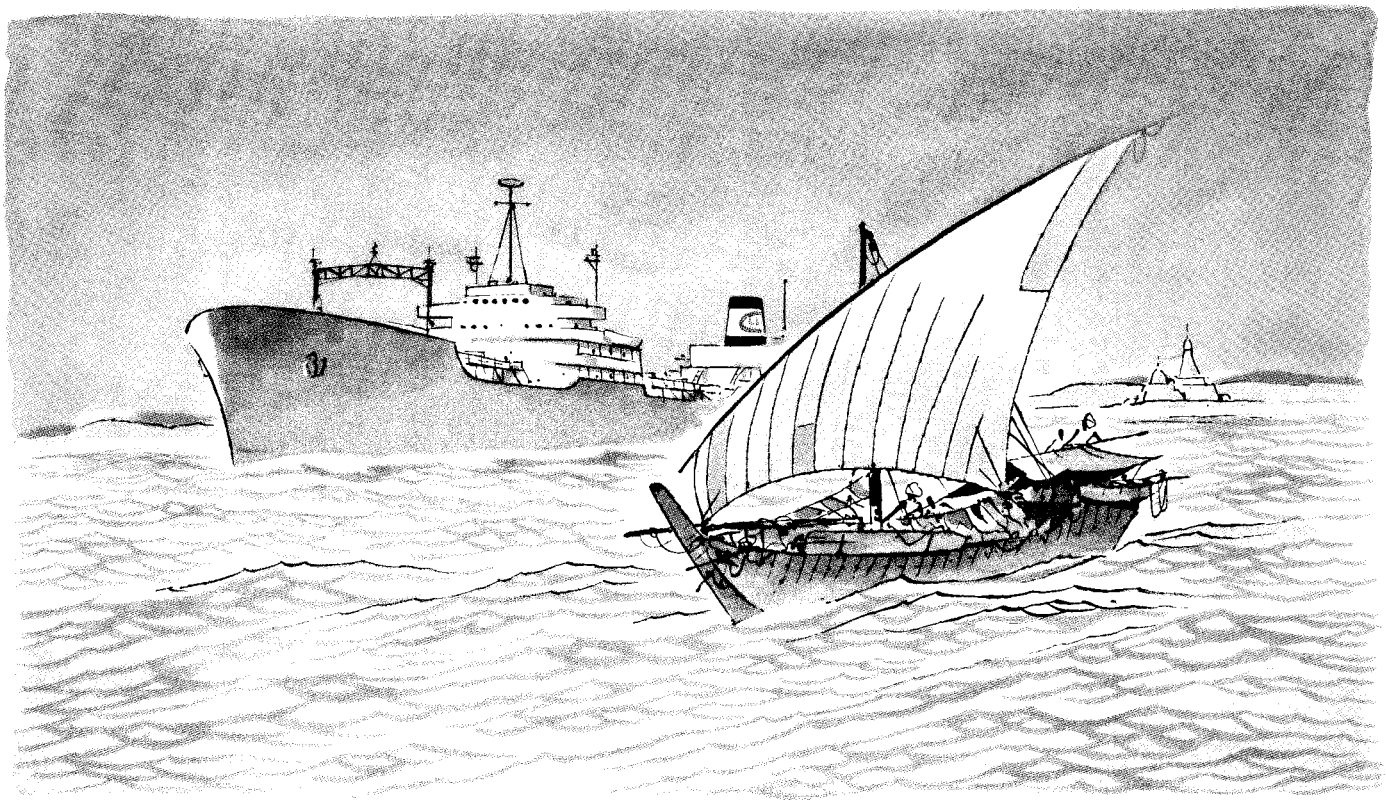
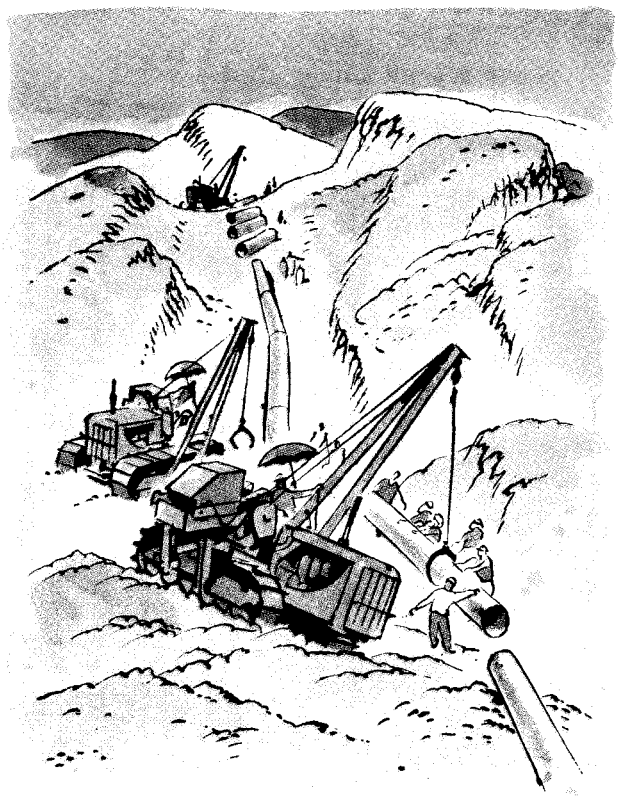
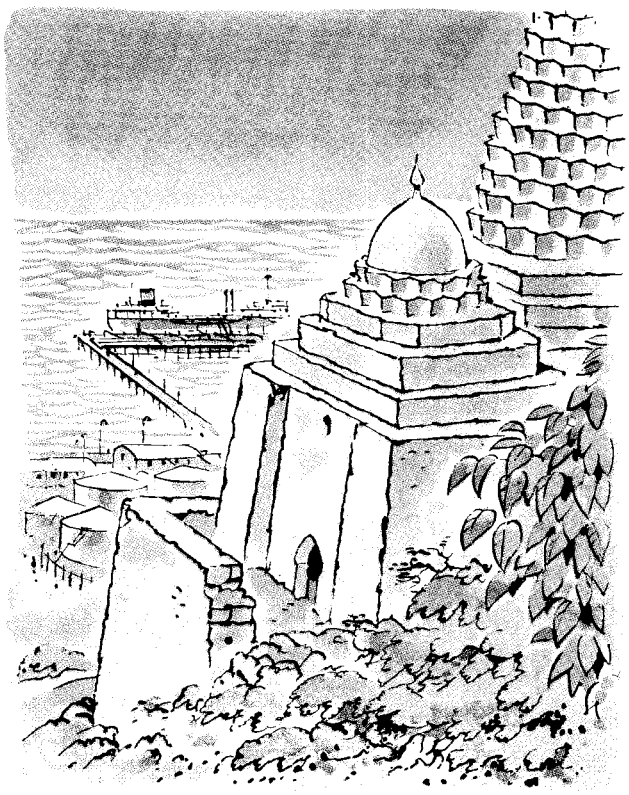


Planning to raise the field's output, the oil company in Iran with which we are associated needed a port with water deep enough to berth giant tankers.

Such water lay off Kharg Island, a spot in the Persian Gulf with a long, colorful history. A Moslem shrine, ruins of a Greek temple and a Christian monastery...



Then, with its treasures safeguarded, Kharg was connected to the oil field by a pipeline—25 miles of it underwater—storage tanks and a jetty were built.



Kharg Island is now a busy oil port. Its future is bright—but its past has been preserved. *Business, conducted with imagination, can produce unexpected benefits.*

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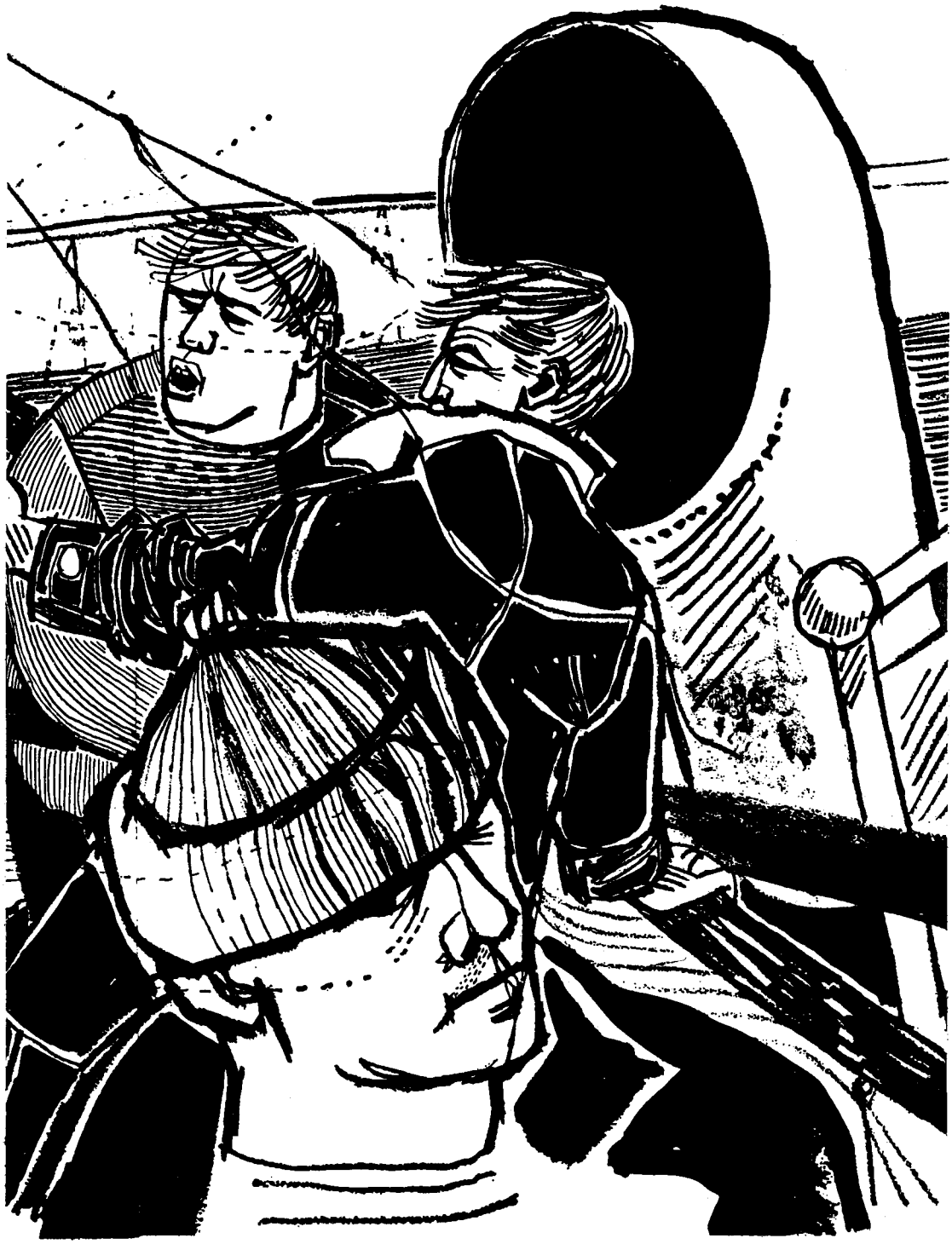

Drawing by F. Newfeld from THE SERPENT'S COIL *by Farley Mowat.*

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Lillian, rolling heavily in the chop which was building with a rising southerly wind, was taking water over her bows, drenching wheelhouse and bridge. No one seemed to notice. On both bridgewings, oilskin-clad figures stared into the murk ahead.

Lillian drove hard all night against a gathering sea and rising wind, and by dawn she was in such heavy weather that she was forced to reduce speed. Nevertheless, by 1100 hours on the morning of the twenty-fifth she had reached the position given by the *Albisola*. There was nothing to mark the spot and no indication of where *Leicester* might have gone, except for the wind, which had now shifted a little more westerly. Judging solely by the wind, *Leicester* should have drifted in a generally easterly or northeasterly direction during the night. But it was not the wind which was determining her drift, it was the ocean current; and the current in this vicinity was running almost due south. Crowe set up a new search pattern, again directed into the southeast.

It is difficult to know what happened to *Zwarte Zee* that day, but since it was her master's known intention to search northeast of the *Gien's* sighting, it is possible to reconstruct what probably occurred.

Since she had radar, she would have been able to steam straight into the northeast from the *Gien* position instead of having to follow a zigzagging visual-search pattern. By the time her master heard the "Notice to Mariners" retailing the *Albisola* sighting, *Zwarte Zee* was probably about 200 miles north of the newly reported position of the *Leicester*, in a portion of the Western Ocean where the current normally sets almost due east. This set, combined with a strong southwesterly wind, would almost certainly have influenced the Dutch captain to lay out an interception course designed to close with *Leicester*, in about twelve hours, at a point sixty or seventy miles northeast of the position reported by the *Albisola*.

In any event, *Lillian's* crew, who were momentarily expecting to raise *Zwarte Zee*, saw nothing of the Dutch tug on the twenty-fifth. But, then, they saw nothing of the *Leicester* either. As one of the salvage gang remarked:

"Talk about looking for a needle in a haystack — that's nothing to trying to find a ship that may be anywhere on about ten thousand square miles of the Atlantic. Some of the lads even took to climbing the foremast to try and see a little farther. With the visibility we had that day we couldn't see much more than five or six miles from the bridge. And one of the men damn near got hove clean into the ocean when we took a roll that laid the old girl right over on her side.

"The crew had begun to figure either we were jinxed or the *Leicester* was another *Flying Dutchman*. For about the tenth time since the first search started on the seventeenth, we began to think she'd gone down. But every time we'd figured that before, damned if she hadn't shown up again. Rose [*Lillian's* First Officer] claimed she didn't *want* anyone to find her — that she liked being on her own and planned to stay that way. I tell you, there were some hard thoughts about her on our boat that day."

At 1400 hours, one of the lookouts suddenly spotted something off to port. *Lillian* swung hungrily over to have a look, but it was only a mess of flotsam consisting of some shattered boards and a rusty iron barrel.

As dusk came down again, effectively blinding *Lillian* through the long night watches, there was a growing conviction that *Leicester* must have sunk or that *Zwarte Zee* must have found her and taken her in tow for land. It seemed incredible that the big Dutch tug, with her radar, could have failed to find the ship if she was still afloat. But on the other hand, there had still been not a single call from *Zwarte Zee's* radio, and if she *had* found the prize and laid a claim to it, she might have been expected to tell the world about it.

The twenty-fifth was an uneventful day for *Lillian's* people, but not so for *Josephine's*. During the night of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, *Josephine* held to her chosen course, driving at full speed and refusing to be bluffed into slowing down or altering course by a mere hurricane.

Cowley was banking on the probability that the hurricane would cross his bows far enough in advance so that his tug would miss the center of the storm. But as the night drew on, grew dark as death, and began to thunder to the voice of the rising winds, he was not so sure. By 2200 hours *Josie* was taking solid water over her high bows, and the state of the yeasty sea was making it quite clear that if it was a fight she wanted, she would get all that she could stomach.

Yielding a little valor to discretion, Cowley slowed her down to three-quarters speed but kept her on her course.

Salvage men seldom use superlatives when they discuss a storm at sea — if, indeed, they can be persuaded to discuss it at all — but many of those aboard the *Josephine* have lasting memories of this night. One crewman came close to waxing lyrical about it, in a grim sort of way.

"She wasn't no boat at all by then — she was a bloody airplane what couldn't quite take off. I never see nothing like it in twenty-seven years at

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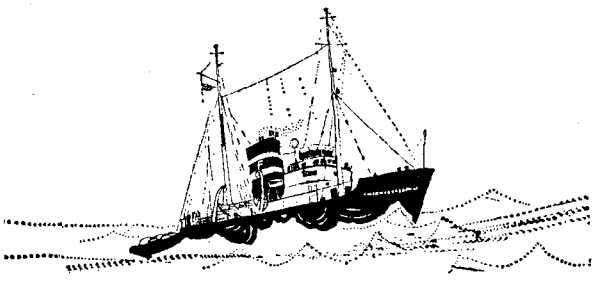
sea. I got into Sparkie's cabin, and he was going crazy chasing his trunk around the room. Every now and then they'd change sides and the trunk would chase him for a bit. I got up on his bunk, jammed my feet against the deck, and braced my elbows between the bunkboard and the bulkhead. In between laughing my fool head off at Sparkie, I began to feel a wee bit peaked, like. Not scared so much as just plain cowardly. My God, she rolled! And pitched! When she come down off a crest she must have been putting her bows right under. I didn't go on deck to see. I didn't like it where I was, but I knew I wouldn't like it any better up on top." This was a rare outburst from a seaman of the salvage tugs.

By noon of the twenty-fifth, *Josephine* was clear of the worst of it. Salt-stained to the trucks of her masts, she was plowing through the afterswells at a full sixteen knots, but she was still 400 miles short of the *Albisola's* position for *Leicester*.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, the general atmospheric disturbance kicked up by the passage of the hurricane brought heavy weather and high seas to the whole search area. It brought no pleasure to the gloomy crew of the *Lillian*, and could hardly have eased the mood of *Zwarte Zee's* people either.



In Halifax, even Featherstone was beginning to get edgy. The strain had communicated itself to the head office of the parent company in Montreal, where vice presidents were nervously accosting one another to ask if there was any news. It was no longer simply a matter of a million-dollar salvage operation; the whole *Leicester* affair had now assumed the stature of a major maritime mystery. But no one in Foundation Maritime had any thought of calling off the search, least of all Featherstone, whose pugnacious lower jaw kept thrusting out farther and farther as the hours passed.

"He'd got to the point," said one of his associates, "that if *Leicester* had gone down, he would have wanted to try to raise her from the ocean floor. Getting that boat had become the only thing he thought about. Each time there was a call from Halifax Radio we dreaded to hear the news, for fear *Zwarte Zee* had made the find. If that had happened, I really believe Feathers would have stolen a destroyer from the navy and gone out and taken *Leicester* away from the Dutchman by brute force."

At 1000 hours on the twenty-sixth there was a flurry aboard *Lillian* when the lookout reported a ship on the horizon to the south. It was soon obvious that it could not be the derelict, for this ship was under way. Crowe veered toward her at full speed anyway. There was always a chance the stranger might have something to report. *Lillian* bore down upon her, unwilling to use the radio because of the *Zwarte Zee*, and shortly before noon came within hailing distance of the Norwegian steamship *Elg*. The *Elg's* people were amazed by the mid-ocean encounter. Such a little boat, so far at sea. What could she be doing? Crowe soon told them, but they, alas, could tell him nothing in return. They had seen no sign of an abandoned ship.

Reluctantly, *Lillian* turned back to resume her search pattern. She had a beaten look about her that was reflected in the faces of her people. They had almost given up hope of ever putting their ship in dock at Halifax.

"We figured," said one of the engineers, "to be out there for twenty-five days; that was our fuel endurance. And then we figured to go on drifting for the rest of time, just like the *Leicester*. We knew damn well Feathers would never let us come ashore without her!"

As the southing increased, it grew hotter aboard the tug. Men were stripping off the heavy jackets they had worn in northern waters, and sweat was flowing freely from the helmsman's face.

It was nearly 1300 hours on the twenty-sixth and Crowe was considering whether to go below for a bite to eat when Sparkie burst out of his shack. He took the steps to the charthouse almost at a leap and thrust a scribbled message into the captain's hand. The message had been transmitted in clear, and every other vessel within hundreds of miles must have received it at the same instant *Lillian* had.

SS JAMES MCHENRY AT 1235 SIGHTED DERELICT VESSEL IN POSITION 3222 NORTH 4836 WEST VESSEL IS LEICESTER OF LONDON AND HAS A HEAVY LIST THIS VESSEL IS A MENACE TO NAVIGATION

Hastily, Crowe plotted the position. It was only forty miles away — again to the southeast! Without turning from the chart he yelled the new course to the helmsman even as he was laying it out. At the same instant, Rose jumped to the voice pipe and called Higgins in the engine room.

"She's been spotted! Barely forty miles away. Oh, Chiefie, if you ever made a boat run fast, you better do it now!"

Lillian turned on her heel, and they say she be-

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gan to scamper through the long green swells. The drone of her diesels took on a feverish quality, and foam filled her wake.

All hands lined *Lillian's* upperworks. Monkey's Island was so crowded it was hard to find standing room. Every eye peered forward.

The two hours which followed seemed endless. At 1510 a Newfoundlander who had climbed almost to the masthead let out a bellow that could have been heard all the way home to his native island. "I sees her, byes!"

From the bridgewing the mate roared back, "Is she alone?"

"Lonely as an old maid in wintertime!"

"As WE bore down on her, nobody had a word to say. I guess most of the men never thought we'd find her, and some of us had begun to wonder if she existed at all.

"It wasn't just the end of the days and days of uncertainty that got us, it was the look of the ship herself. Nobody aboard *Lillian* had ever seen anything quite like it — and during the war most of us saw plenty of torpedoed derelicts. Torpedoed ships were always low in the water, usually half awash. But this ship stuck up until she looked damn near as big as the *Queen Mary*. She looked to me to be lying flat on her side, and right on top of the water, like the great-granddaddy of the biggest whale that ever was.

"She seemed so unnatural for a ship that it was indecent. As we closed with her, there wasn't a man who wasn't waiting for her to finish her roll and slip away down before our eyes.

"We came up from her starboard side — or maybe I should say from her bottom side, since her bilge keel was a good ten feet out of the water. As we came around her bows so we could see her decks and superstructure, I began to feel as nervous as a kid waiting for the big bang at a fireworks show. We were thinking, what in the name of God is stopping her from going over? She seemed to have about a fifty-degree permanent list, but she was rolling down past seventy degrees. Each time she rolled, the seas ran in over her decks, and some broke clean above the edge of her boat deck. As we came past her port side we could almost look down her funnel.

"When I remembered that this ship had been abandoned at the tag end of a hurricane more than ten days earlier and had drifted derelict about six hundred miles to the southeast through three heavy storms and a lot of ordinary bad weather, I knew I was looking at some kind of seagoing miracle. Not the churchy kind, you understand, but the kind ships sometimes seem to

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

Beginning with this issue, the ATLANTIC is adding to its regular table of contents a special section of sixteen or more pages which will be known as the Atlantic Extra and which will enable the writer to get to the heart of his subject in more depth and in more vivid detail than would be possible in an article of customary length. The Extra might be the inside picture of a unique and vulnerable city like Hong Kong, or a smashing revelation of the narcotic trade in America, or an illuminating personal story such as Bishop Henry K. Sherrill is now writing about his ministry. We have been experimenting in this direction for some months, and the response from our readers is most reassuring: "The tendency today," says Walter Lippmann, "is to publish too many short things. I like best your issues in which you have encouraged at least one contributor to go into a subject in depth."

In April we shall publish our Special Supplement on Money in American Life; in May the Atlantic Extra will be "The Bitter 30s: From a Personal History" by Alfred Kazin, the magnificent recapture of an eager, troubled era; in June it will be "The Magic of the British Monarchy" by Kingsley Martin, the former editor of the NEW STATESMAN. These will set the pace for what is to follow.

— THE EDITOR

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be able to pull off on their own, without any help from men or God. This was a ship that didn't want to die."

As *Lillian* was bearing down on the derelict, her crewmen had been preparing a dory and Rose had been selecting a boarding party. It was to consist of himself, Chief Engineer Higgins, and two Newfoundlanders to handle the boat. Higgins' job was to check the engine room while Rose took formal possession of the vessel.

Rose never had any trouble remembering that moment:

"We circled her twice, closing to three or four hundred yards so we could examine her and weigh the chances. She didn't look any better close up than she had at a distance. Darkness was just a couple of hours away, and there was a strong wind, a very heavy sea, and an overcast sky. Not what you'd call regatta weather.

"When I'd seen all I could from *Lillian's* bridge I told Crowe I was ready, and he hove to about a mile to windward of the ship. We had the dory on our afterdeck, and eight men picked it up bodily and heaved it over with two seamen in it. The Newfoundlanders held the dory close enough so Higgins and I could make the jump; then we pulled away for *Leicester*.

"Nobody knows how lonely the ocean can be until he takes a look at it from a sixteen-foot open boat running through seas ten to fifteen feet high. The dory may be the best sea boat ever invented, but it takes faith to believe that when you're out in one.

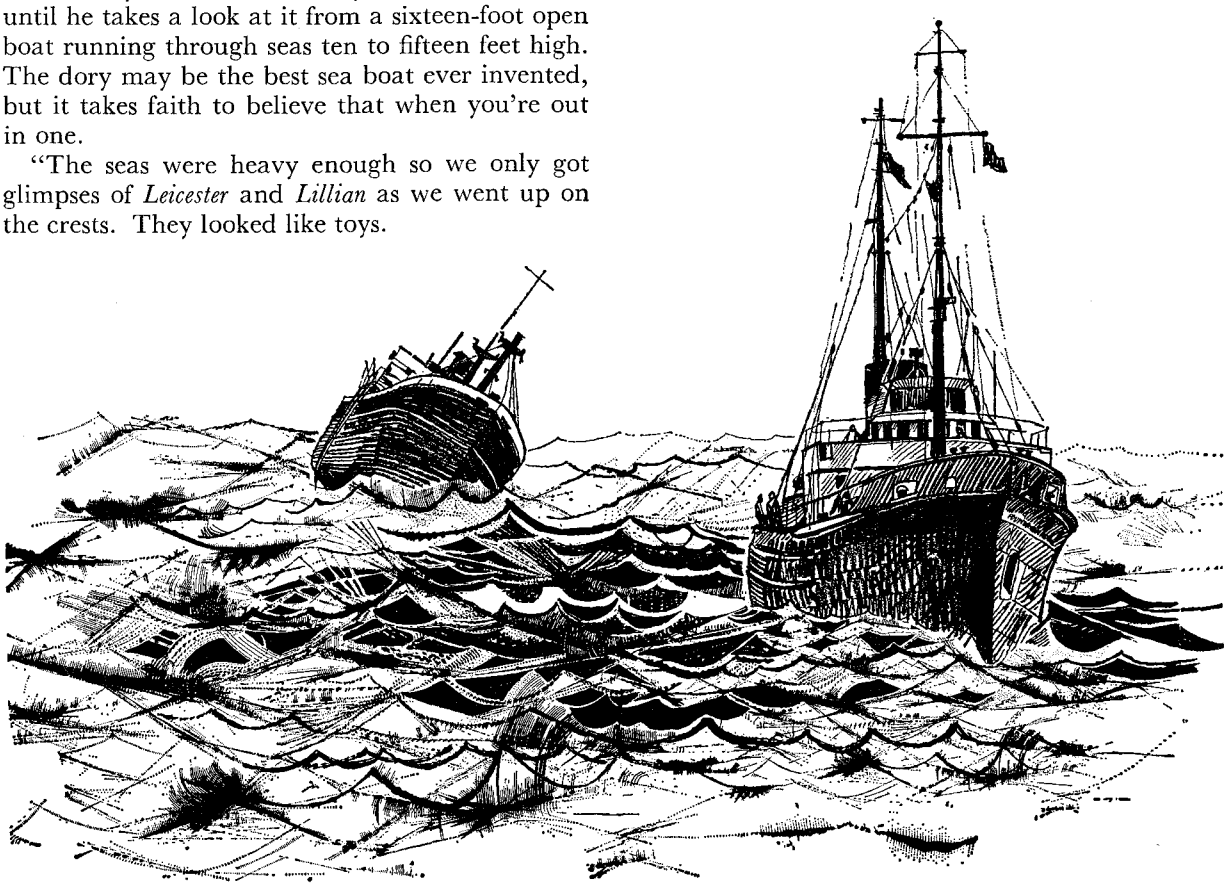
"The seas were heavy enough so we only got glimpses of *Leicester* and *Lillian* as we went up on the crests. They looked like toys.

"It took us about forty minutes to close with *Leicester*, and by then we'd discovered we weren't alone. The sea was lousy with sharks. I suppose they'd been following *Leicester* since she was abandoned, figuring she was bound to go down and maybe leave some tidbits floating on the surface.

"We had no time to fool around, so we pulled straight in toward *Leicester's* lee rail, just abaft her house. It didn't look good. She'd lift the lee rail fifteen feet clear of the sea; she'd roll back and put it under. As she rolled down, the water spilled off her decks with a swoosh that would have drowned our dory.

"If we were going to get aboard at all, we had to make contact when the lee rail was coming up. There was about twenty seconds for a man to make the jump. Then the dory had to pull like blazes to get clear.

"Higgins went first. He got to the bow of the dory and balanced there while I watched our chance. As the ship began to roll up I gave a yell, and the dorymen ran the boat in until her bow was about three feet from the rail. Higgins never hesitated. He caught the rail, pulled himself over it headfirst, and then went clawing up the deck, taking advantage of the temporary reduction in the list. By the time she began to roll back, he



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had got hold of a hatch coaming and was clear of the sea.

"I was next. I barely got wet at all. Before she could roll down I scuttled along the lee rail toward the lift of the stern. Then I hauled myself around the stern and up to the high side, going hand over hand along the rail.

"I had two flags stuffed inside my jacket, the Red Ensign and Foundation's house flag. First thing I did was haul the Red Ensign up on the after ensign mast. Then I worked forward along the high side to the bridge and hoisted the house flag. Whatever happened after that, we'd at least put our mark on *Leicester*.

"Up to then I'd been too busy to look around. After I got the house flag up, I glanced down the deck toward the lee rail. She was rolling to port then, and her deck was canted steeper than the average church roof. I seemed to be looking nearly fifty feet straight down into the sea. The dory was standing off about a hundred yards away, and I tell you, that little boat looked good to me.

"Higgins appeared about then, and I decided we'd best get off while we could. There were some rope ends dangling down the afterdeck, and we slid down these. Higgins was first off, and when the dory nosed in for him, he made the jump without any trouble.

"The dory pulled back to wait for *Leicester* to complete her next roll, and I slid down and got up on the rail, hanging onto the stays of the mast.

"Two or three really hefty seas must have come rolling up just then, because when she went down this time she kept on going until the water was away over my head. For all I knew, she meant to go right over. I hung on tight, and I remember saying to myself, 'What the hell are you doing here anyway?'

"Then she began coming up. I broke the surface, got a gulp of air, and looked around. The dory was standing off about fifty yards away, and I seemed to be looking right down the gullets of the three men aboard of her. If they'd had their mouths open any wider, a shark could have slid right down their windpipes.

"The sharks were still hanging about. I thought about them and wondered if I could make a dash for higher ground before *Leicester* put me down again. There wasn't time. Down she went, and once more she buried me right under.

"I'd had about enough of that, and the dorymen must have known it. They took an awful chance and ran right in as she came down for the third time. I jumped and somehow landed in the boat. The four of us had to pull like hell to get clear.

"As we came around past her stern, I saw that her log line was still out. We'd lost *Lillian's* some time earlier, so I decided to salvage this one.

"We rowed aft until I could reach the line and cut it where it ran up to the ship's stern; then I began hauling in the trailing section. It was surprisingly hard work. I hauled and hauled, and finally something broke water a few yards off.

"Caught on the rotator at the end of the log line was a three-legged wooden stool. Don't ask me where it came from. But a shark had ahold of the stool, and he wasn't anxious to let go.

"We hauled him in till he was close enough to whack with an oar before he gave it up. I've still got that stool, and it still has his tooth marks on it.

"It was nearly dark by now, so we headed back for *Lillian*. The shark kept us company all the way. I guess he was hoping the bottom would fall out of the dory so he'd get even. I can't figure yet what in hell he wanted with that stool."

Leicester was still derelict, but no longer abandoned. As darkness closed in over the gray seas, the Red Ensign and Foundation's flag blew out on the night wind. *Lillian* took station to leeward, and her people settled down to await the arrival of *Josephine* and to hope for some moderation of the weather.

At 0015 hours on the morning of September twenty-seventh, one of the lookouts aboard *Lillian* spoke in a low voice. It was almost as if he feared to be overheard.

"Masthead light, bearing 315 degrees."

Crowe and all his officers clustered on the bridge, staring through their night glasses at the tiny distant light bearing down upon them from the northwest. Was it *Josephine?* Or was it the *Zwarte Zee?*

Crowe stepped into the wheelhouse, rang for half speed, and began edging *Lillian* in closer to the black bulk of *Leicester*, like a sheep dog placing himself close to the flank of a fat ewe as he scents the approaching wolf.

The wheelhouse was filled with the electric rustle of static from the loudspeaker of the radiotelephone, now turned on at full volume and tuned to the channel used by the Foundation tugs.

The moving star on the horizon brightened until the watchers could make out, through their binoculars, the dim glow of green and red navigation lights. The three lights formed a perfect triangle. The stranger, whoever she might be, was bearing down on a collision course for *Lillian*.

Then, with such abruptness that even the helmsman jumped, a metallic voice boomed into the confines of the wheelhouse.

"Got you on radar," it said, without preamble.

The voice was that of Wally Myalls, an officer on the *Josephine*.

Thirty-five minutes later the two tugs lay side

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by side, within hailing distance. After exchanging information through megaphones, *Josephine* switched on her searchlight and slowly circled *Leicester*. The derelict presented an eerie, almost spectral sight in the blaze of light, and *Josephine's* people experienced the same sense of awe that *Lillian's* crew had felt the previous evening.

After a time the glaring light went out and the tugs lay to, one on each side of the *Leicester*, in the heavy swell, their engines stopped, waiting for the dawn.

Leicester's position was then about 800 miles from Bermuda and from Saint John's, Newfoundland; 900 from Halifax; and 1100 from New York. These were the four ports from which Cowley, now in full command of the operation, had to select his ultimate destination. The dominating factor was the kind of weather he might anticipate en route to each of the four ports. New York was ruled out by distance. Meanwhile, Robbie Vatcher was instructed to obtain both the current and the long-range forecasts for the Bermuda and Saint John's routes.

Vatcher immediately began to try to work New York, but there were a good many outgoing messages being transmitted and he had to wait. One of these was addressed to the *Zwarte Zee*.

INFORMATION FOUNDATION TUGS HAVE CASUALTY CONSIDER NO PERCENTAGE FURTHER EFFORT RETURN NEW YORK TOW TANKER LENA BRODIN OSLO

Thus, the shadow of *Zwarte Zee*, which had hung over the whole operation for so many days, was lifted.

By dawn on the twenty-seventh the weather had improved a little, but it was still far from ideal. The risk of boarding remained extreme. Nevertheless, at 0600 hours *Josie's* dory was shoved overside, and four men jumped into it. They were Wally Myalls, Ray Squires, and Able Seamen Albert Greene and Thomas Farrell — Newfoundlanders all. Chief Diver and Salvage Foreman Squires remembers every detail:

"Our job was to try to get aboard on the forepart of the ship. While Wally figured out a way to hitch up the tow I was supposed to see whether the ship was in condition to be towed, and to decide if she'd stay afloat once the strain came on her.

"Farrell rowed us over, and it was a scary sight. *Leicester* looked like she would roll right over on top of us any minute. None of us could swim, and by now there must have been thirty or forty sharks hanging around to watch the show.

"When *Leicester* was coming down, Farrell stuck the dory's stern practically right into one of the scupper holes, held it for about a second, and then pulled out to sea. It was just long enough for Greene to jump. He landed in the scuppers in about four feet of water, but when she rolled back up again he was still aboard.

"We stood off and watched him. It was comical. The decks were wet and covered with fuel oil and slanting steeper than a toboggan run. When the ship rolled to starboard and eased the list, he'd manage to scramble a few feet up the deck. Then she'd roll back to port and shoot him down into the scuppers again. The sharks were just as interested as we were, and once I thought a couple of them were going to go aboard and join him.

"We were laughing loud enough for him to hear, and he turned and thumbed his nose at us. After about twenty minutes he got up far enough to catch a hanging rope end and used it to get on the weather coaming of one of the hatches. After that it was no trick to reach the starboard rail. He hung on there until he could sling a rope down to the lee scuppers, and we started in again.

"This time Wally jumped, but Farrell was a wee bit slow pulling away and *Leicester* snagged the stern of the dory in a scupper hole and started to roll up with it. She lifted the dory right clear of the water before we slipped free and walloped back into the sea. The sharks looked awful disappointed when we stayed afloat.

"The third time in I made the jump, grabbed the rope, and hauled myself up to the weather rail. Wally had already worked his way forward to the anchor winch, and Greene had disappeared somewhere.

"First of all, I decided to go aft. It was easy walking along the weather alleyway, with one foot on the deck and the other on the cabin bulkheads. The whole alleyway looked like a rummage sale. Trousers, coats, shirts, socks, and every darn thing you could think of was strewn along it. There were even half a dozen sextants still in their boxes, along with fifteen or twenty suitcases and seabags. I could see that *Leicester's* crew had figured on traveling light when they abandoned ship.

"I went down into the holds and had a look around. Mind you, I wasn't all that anxious to go below. But it had to be done. There were small companion hatches between the holds, and I pried the cover off one of them and started down the ladder into Number Three.

"It was pitch dark down there, and the ladder had such a list I couldn't use my feet. I went down like a monkey on a trapeze. I had a small flashlight, and it was just bright enough to show me what had happened.

"The shifting boards had let go right the length of the hold, and two or three hundred tons of

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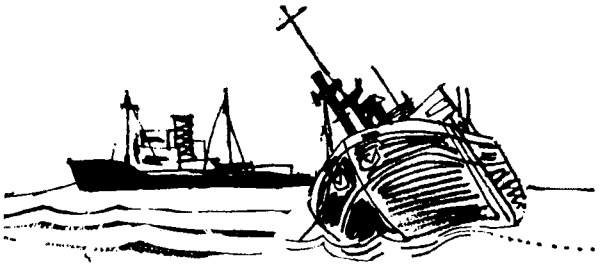
ballast had gone over against the port side of the ship. I guess it was the same in all the other holds, but I never went to look. When I got out of Number Three I was so glad to see the sky again I could even forgive Farrell for halfway drowning me.

"Wally came back along the weather rail to join me. He figured the only thing to do was to stop off the port anchor, burn through the port anchor chain, and attach our towing wire to it. It was going to be a big operation, on that deck, but we figured we could manage if we had a few more hands and some portable burning gear.



"We had to go back to *Josie* for the stuff. Before we went, Wally and I figured we should try and close the storm doors along the port alleyway because the water was still coming into the accommodations and running down to the engine room every time she rolled her lee rail under.

"We had quite a time of it. We'd slip along, knee deep in water, to the first door, and then grab hold of the dogs and hang on while she rolled down. The whole alleyway would fill up, and we'd be underwater for a while; then she'd rise and we'd work like mad to get *that* door closed and the dogs pounded home. Then we'd watch our chance and make a dash for the next one. I kept expecting to find one of the sharks coming in to give us a hand, but I guess the look on Wally's face scared them off.

"When we got them all shut, and the water mostly out of our lungs, we began to wonder what had happened to Greene. I went back up to the weather side, and all of a sudden I saw something coming along the starboard alleyway. For a couple of seconds my heart almost quit beating. Here was this figure working his way along toward me, dressed up in full officer's uniform, peaked cap and all, and carrying a sextant.

"He saw me too, and up went his arm in a pretty smart salute. Then he grinned, and I recognized Greene. I don't put any stock in ghosts, but he sure gave me one bad moment.

"Greene had come aboard in the scruffiest, worn-outest clothes you ever saw, but he went back to *Josie* looking like something off a training ship.

"Wally and I picked up the sextants and tied a pair to each end of some neckties that were lying on the deck and slung them around our necks. Then we went down to the lee side, sliding on our fannies and hanging onto the rope. Getting back aboard the dory was worse than leaving it, but we finally all got in and headed for *Josephine*."

Squires reported to Cowley that he thought *Leicester* would remain afloat, even under tow, now that the accommodation doors were closed, provided she was towed at a slow speed and not subjected to any more heavy weather.

Myalls reported on how the towing wire ought to be made fast. This was to be no simple operation. *Josephine's* towing wire was two-inch-diameter steel cable, and four hundred feet of it weighed a ton. Normally, a ship needing to be towed has steam or electric power on her own forward winches; all that is required is to pass her a graduated series of lines, each one of increased diameter, until the last one can be hauled aboard the casualty on her winch and bring the towing cable with it.

Since there was no mechanical power aboard *Leicester*, the connection had to be made by means of man power alone. This is the way it was done.

The dory returned to *Leicester* carrying the original four men plus Buck Dassylva — pumpman and general salvage genius — as well as a big iron snatch block and a portable oxyacetylene cutting outfit.

The snatch block, cutting gear, and gas cylinders were hauled up the slanting deck and eased forward to the eyes of the ship. Then two men unrove a length of wire from *Leicester's* rigging and wove this back and forth through a link of the port anchor chain, making the ends fast to *Leicester's* forward bitts. This was to secure the anchor so that when the chain was cut it would not plunge into the sea.

When the anchor was safely stopped off, Buck got busy with his burning gear and severed the anchor chain.

Meanwhile, another man had made the snatch block fast. Now, a snatch block is simply a pulley set between two sheets of iron, one of which is hinged, so that instead of having to insert an end of rope through the block, you can lift the hinged section and lay the bight, or loop, around the pulley.

When all was ready, Wally stood in the bows and signaled to Cowley. Very gingerly, Cowley backed the big tug toward the casualty's bows until less than fifty feet separated the two ships. Then a light heaving line was flung up to Wally from *Josie's* afterdeck. When this was hauled aboard *Leicester*, it brought with it a manila mooring line which was made fast to *Leicester's* bitts.

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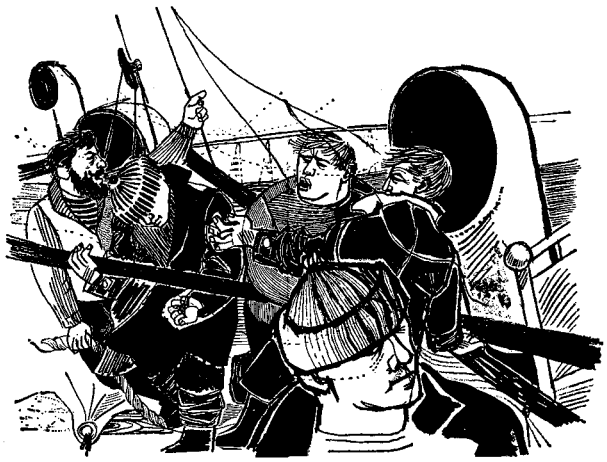
The two vessels were now tethered together, and Cowley called Gilmour in the engine room and ordered the propeller to be kept barely turning over so that a gentle strain would be applied to the mooring line. This was to prevent *Leicester* from surging forward and plunging down on the tug's stern.

After this first step was completed, another heaving line was thrown aboard *Leicester* and the salvage crew hauled it in, bringing with it the bight of a three-inch manila rope, both ends of which remained aboard *Josephine*. Dassylva slipped this bight into the snatch block. One end of the three-inch rope aboard the *Josephine* was now made fast to a hundred-pound U-shackle on the end of the towing wire. The other end was passed around *Josephine's* electric capstan, and very carefully the shackle and towing wire were hauled aboard *Leicester*.

Even with the help of *Josie's* capstan it was all the men aboard *Leicester* could do to get the im-



mense shackle and the heavy wire into position. When this was finally accomplished, the free end of *Leicester's* anchor chain was shackled to the wire, and the connection was complete.

The next step was equally tricky. After passing out of the chain locker, the heavy anchor chain ran over the gypsy end of *Leicester's* winch before terminating at the towing shackle. Now it was Myall's job to ease off the winch brakes by hand and allow *Josephine* to haul about three hundred feet of chain out of the chain locker.

The mooring line was cast off, and *Josephine* began to ease ahead, taking a strain upon the wire.

The chain paid out over the winch and through the port fairlead with an ugly roar. At the proper moment, Wally and Dassylva applied the brake, while at the same instant *Josephine* ceased pulling.

The winches alone could not take the full towing strain, so the chain had to be further secured aboard the *Leicester*. This was now done by inserting what is called a "devil's-claw" into one link of the chain, and by then reeving steel rope back and forth between the bitts, through several other links.

There were three reasons for using the anchor chain instead of making the towing wire fast directly to *Leicester's* bitts. In the first place, the use of the winch and devil's-claw, together with the auxiliary wires to the bitts, provided a three-point anchorage for the towing wire — a matter of some moment, since *Leicester* represented a ten-thousand-ton deadweight object. In the second place, a length of anchor chain included in the towing complex provides what salvage men refer to as a "spring." The great weight of the chain tends to sag the towing wire so that there is less likelihood of its being stretched to the breaking point under a sudden stress.

In the third place, the use of a chain passing over the casualty's bows greatly reduces the "sawing" or chafing effect, which can sever even a two-inch wire in a matter of hours.

While *Josephine's* boarding party had been successfully completing the towing connection, a party from *Lillian*, consisting of Higgins, Rose, and one helper, had again boarded the *Leicester* in an attempt to free the jammed rudder so that when the tow began the ship would not tend to sheer off to one side of her course. Rose and Higgins descended into the very bowels of the ship to reach the rudder flat, but their efforts proved unavailing and the rudder remained jammed.

Though every man concerned had worked as though his life depended on it, it was 1120 hours before the last of the boarding parties was clear of *Leicester* and Cowley could give the orders to begin the tow.

He had now decided on his destination. Vatcher had obtained a series of weather messages reporting the eastward movement of a low-pressure area down the Saint Lawrence Valley, with a consequent assurance of bad weather in the vicinity of Newfoundland. But to the south there were no signs of any tropical disturbances in the making, and fair weather with light winds was predicted over Bermuda for the ensuing three days. The choice was obvious.

At 1123 Cowley rang for dead slow ahead. *Josephine* slowly gathered way. Wally Myalls, who was operating the enormous electric towing winch, paid out wire until the dial indicated that two thousand feet had left the reel. Then he carefully applied the brake, and the strain came on the wire.

It was a tense moment. At one end of the wire was ten thousand tons of dead ship; at the other, a 3200-horsepower tug applying a steadily increasing force. No one was worried that the wire might part — it was built to stand worse stress than this.

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But every man aboard both tugs was vitally concerned with the possibility that this heavy strain might be enough to alter *Leicester's* delicate equilibrium and roll her over.

The wire passing over *Josephine's* stern began to draw bar-taut. The angle between the hanging anchor chain and *Leicester's* bows began to increase. Then, to the horror of everyone watching, the big ship rolled down farther than they had ever seen her go before; farther and farther, until the water was up to the lee coamings of her hatches.

In *Josephine's* engine room the telegraph swung to Full Astern, but even before the order could be obeyed, *Leicester* began to recover herself. She came slowly back, and the sea water streamed off her decks and ran home through the scuppers in a cataract of foam. *Leicester* was under way, moving almost imperceptibly. But she was under way.

At 1200 hours Vatcher transmitted the following message:

MFML TO ALL SHIPS MFML TO ALL SHIPS AM IN POSITION 3510 NORTH 4640 WEST TOWING DERELICT LEICESTER 2000 FEET ASTERN WITH NO NAVIGATION LIGHTS ON TOW STOP COURSE 259 DEGREES SPEED THREE KNOTS VESSELS PLEASE KEEP CLEAR

Two hours later, *Josephine* sent out the following information to Featherstone:

FOUNDATION HALIFAX FROM MFML 1415 AST 27 PROCEEDING ABOUT 4 KNOTS CASUALTY SHEERING BADLY UNABLE MOVE RUDDER STOP WILL BE CASE OF SLOW TOWING TO ARRIVE SAFELY STOP FOUNDATION LILLIAN STANDING BY STOP EXPECT WILL BE NECESSARY OBTAIN NAVAL AUTHORITIES PERMISSION ENTER BERMUDA DUE DANGER GROUNDING CAPSIZING IN CHANNEL STOP FIVE FEET WATER IN ENGINE ROOM NONE IN UPPER ACCOMMODATIONS STOP KEEPING STRICT WATCH ON TOWING WIRE AND WINCH — COWLEY

"She was a sight to make you think you were dreaming," Wally Myalls remembers. "With her rudder jammed hard aport she was sheering off to port so sharp it looked like she'd decided to go to Florida instead of Bermuda. Sometimes she was nearly broadside to us, and then we'd have to slow *Josie* down to try and ease the *Leicester* back on course. When she was broadside like that, the strain on the wire would pull her over so far her port boat deck would be just about submerged. If Squires hadn't got those accommodation doors dogged shut" — Wally Myalls is a modest man — "she'd have filled and sunk without a doubt.

"Cowley had a real problem. If he pulled too fast, he'd be pretty sure to capsize her. But every hour we stayed at sea was one more hour for her to finish herself off. *Josephine* could have towed at eight or nine knots — we had the power — but while that rudder was jammed and she was sheering like she was, it would have killed her if we'd tried.

"I tell you, the boys watched that wire like a bunch of sealers watching for the first pan of whitecoats in the spring. Some of the salvage gang were always on watch, with a lighted burning torch beside them. They sat alongside the wire where it ran over the taffrail, and they never took their eyes off *Leicester*. If she'd started to plunge, they'd have had about a minute to cut the wire and let us get clear.

"Every change of watch we let out a few feet of wire and changed the position of the iron chafing plate that was bolted under the wire where it crossed the rail. That was to make sure the wire didn't chafe and break. We couldn't afford the time it would've taken to connect up again.

"You might have thought we'd have felt like celebrating with that million-dollar boat behind us, but I tell you, we were a pretty sober lot. Now that we had her at last, the chance of losing her made everybody kind of sick. Bermuda was a long way off."

Bermuda was almost exactly 800 sea miles away when the tow began. At a towing speed of three or four knots, *Josephine* could not hope to bring her charge into a safe anchorage in much less than eight days, and that was too long. Following on the preceding period of gales, fair weather had come briefly to this section of the North Atlantic, but no one but a willful optimist could have expected the weather to remain amiable for eight more days. If the weather turned ugly once again, *Leicester's* chances of survival under tow would fade away to nothing.

Cowley seldom left his bridge. Using every element of skill which the long years at sea had taught him, he nursed his charge along, always striving to move her just a little faster, but always aware that if he overdid it, he would lose her by his own hand.

Lillian did what she could to help. During the day she kept station a little astern of *Leicester*, and her people watched the big ship closely, ever alert to radiophone a warning to Cowley if anything untoward developed. At night *Lillian* steamed abeam of the ship and dangerously close to her, with her searchlight trained upon the derelict.

During the morning of the twenty-eighth, the wind dropped out to almost nothing for a few hours and the swells eased considerably. By noon Cowley had worked the tow up to a full six knots. At this speed *Leicester* tended to keep station almost abeam the tug's starboard quarter, without undue sheering. But at 1430 she suddenly seemed to go berserk. She sheered hard to port, bringing such a strain on the wire it was inconceivable that it would not burst. Cowley was forced to slow his tug down until she barely had steerageway,

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but still *Leicester* could not be persuaded to hold station. The struggle continued for three hours, and then, for no apparent reason, *Leicester* gave up the battle and returned to her old position off the starboard quarter.

During this day, the course of the tow followed a section of the great-circle track for low-power steamers going to and from Gulf ports, and "Cowley's Circus," which was what *Josephine's* crew had named the tow, drew quite an audience. Four passing vessels altered course to take a closer look at the weird cortege making its way toward Bermuda. Vatcher was kept busy answering queries from incredulous onlookers, and Cowley was kept busy trying, by applied telepathy, to persuade the audience to stay to hell and gone out of the way.

Seldom has any vessel been so avid for weather information as was *Josephine*. When Vatcher was not pestering the shore stations for the most recent prognostications, he was pestering every other ship within three hundred miles for minute details of the weather they were experiencing. *Josephine* came close to becoming a floating weather laboratory in her own right.

By midnight on the twenty-eighth, a northwest wind of Force 4 strength was blowing and the swell was getting heavier. Nevertheless, the tow had made good nearly 180 miles during the 24-hour period.

In Halifax the onus of responsibility had passed from Featherstone to the managing director of Foundation Maritime, Edward Woollcombe. It was his task to conclude agreements and arrangements with *Leicester's* owners and, more vitally, with her insurance underwriters, who had now come into legal possession of the ship. Before turning her over to her owners or to the underwriters, Woollcombe was understandably anxious to ensure that his company's rights would be safeguarded.

Negotiations were conducted by cable. Woollcombe's object was threefold: first, to establish the existence of a Lloyd's open-form contract containing special clauses which took into consideration the vessel's total abandonment; second, to obtain definite financial commitments from the owners in advance of delivery to a safe port; and third, to persuade the underwriters and the owners that the safe port was to be the one of Foundation Maritime's own choosing.

The underwriters and the Federal Steam Navigation Company, on their side, were understandably reluctant to make any commitments until they knew their ship was safe. Furthermore, their concept of what consituted a safe harbor was one where *Leicester* would be secured from all further risks of loss. As far as Bermuda was concerned, this meant Saint George's Harbor.

Woollcombe was just as anxious as anyone else to see *Leicester* in a safe port. But careful calculations had shown him that *Leicester*, with a list of 50 degrees, would be drawing at least 26 feet of water, perhaps considerably more. The Admiralty charts of Bermuda showed the entrance channel to Saint George's as dredged to only 27 feet. Moreover, the channel was barely 250 feet wide, and a tow as unwieldy and obstreperous as *Leicester* could be expected to sheer extravagantly enough to risk running ashore on one side or the other, if, indeed, she did not ground in the channel itself.

The alternative was Murray's Anchorage. This is an almost open roadstead lying at the northern tip of Bermuda, protected from the sea only by an area of submerged coral reefs. Nevertheless, in normal weather it was considered safe enough to be used by units of the British fleet, as well as by many merchant ships. And the channel leading to it was 38 feet deep and nearly 600 feet wide.

Woollcombe was also afraid that any attempt to bring *Leicester* into Saint George's (even if such an attempt were feasible) would be met with stiff resistance from the harbor authorities, who would be aware of the dangers of having the big ship turn turtle or go aground and thus deny the harbor to all other traffic. If the authorities proved recalcitrant, the tugs and their charge might have to stay outside for hours, or even days; and every additional hour *Leicester* remained in deep water was an hour during which she might be irretrievably lost.

On the other hand, once she was moored in Murray's Anchorage, she would be in calm and shallow water and immediate steps could be taken to begin reducing her dangerous list to a point where she could safely enter Saint George's.

Woollcombe was a past master of persuasion. After three days of suave, yet pointed, messages to London, he convinced his opponents that *Leicester* was already as good as saved, and so he got his way, and a draft agreement. The contract was to be considered successfully terminated when *Leicester* was brought to safe anchorage or moorage in Bermuda, either Murray's Anchorage or Saint George's Harbor being considered as safe anchorage. Now the rest was up to Cowley and the tugs.

During daylight hours of October 1, the wind remained light, although it did swing into the southwest. The seas were moderate, and *Leicester* towed well enough, considering. Cowley made use of this continuing period of grace to work *Josephine* up to a full seven knots.

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By noon next day *Josephine* was within 160 miles of Bermuda, and Cowley dispatched a message to Featherstone in Halifax:

SPEED SEVEN KNOTS CASUALTY SHEERING EASILY ADJUSTING SPEED TO ARRIVE TOMORROW MORNING ASSUME YOU CONSIDER ADVISABLE DELIVER MURRAYS ANCHORAGE

Featherstone was not in Halifax to receive this message. He was airborne at a point not far from Bermuda, and late in the afternoon of October 2 he was in Saint George, busily preparing for the reception of Foundation's million-dollar tow.

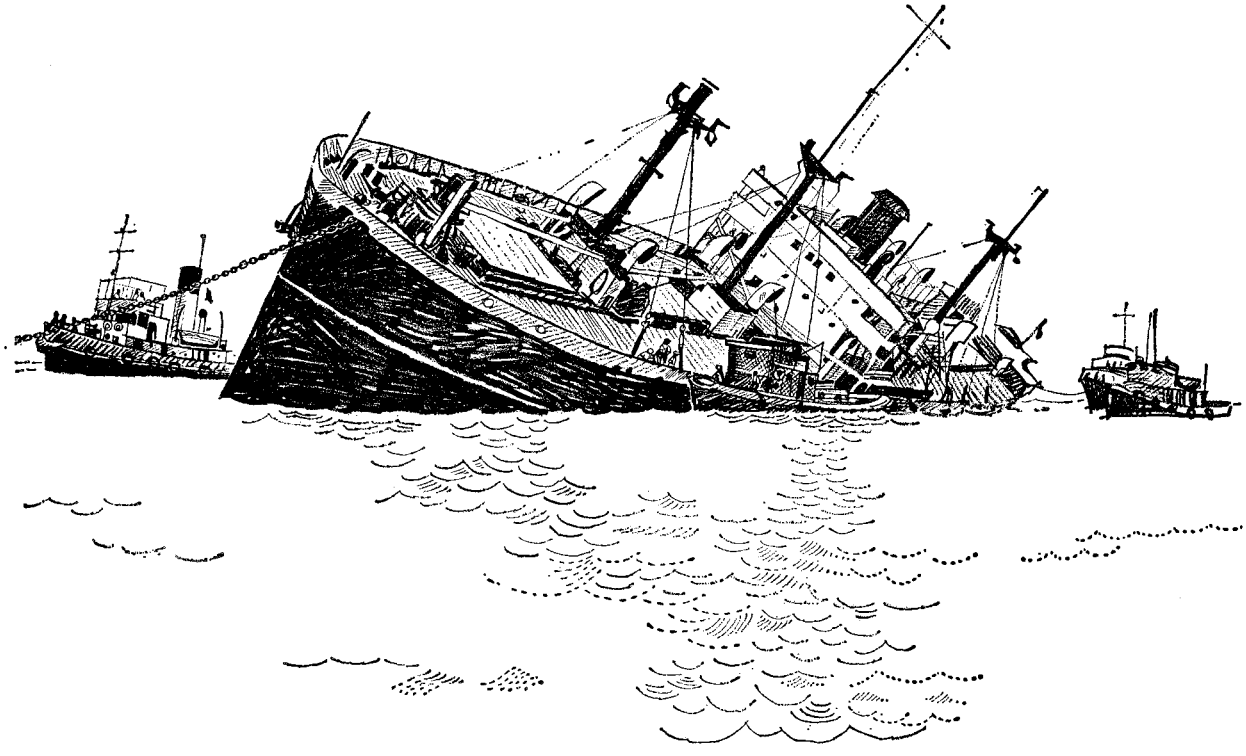
Featherstone liked doing things in a hurry. His first port of call was the harbor master's office. This amiable gentleman soon found himself being hustled into a hired motorboat and accompanying Featherstone out past Saint Catherine's Head, so that the salvage master could take a speculative look at the entrance channel to Murray's Anchorage.

Featherstone looked, grunted a few times, and made some notations in the ten-cent notebook he always carried with him. Once back at the landing stage, the harbor master found himself unceremoniously abandoned.

Featherstone then visited the offices of Foundation's local agents. Pandemonium followed for half an hour, at the end of which time arrangements had been made for two United States Army tugs and a British Admiralty tug to stand by at Five Fathom Hole, the pilot station, as of 0700 hours the following morning. In addition, a gang of stevedores had been hired to begin shifting *Leicester's* ballast as soon as she was moored, and all arrangements had been concluded — some of them amicably — with the port and naval authorities.

Featherstone's next stop was at the home of the chief pilot. Here he called a battle council at which the pilots and the skippers of the local tugs received their campaign instructions. They were all a little numb by the time Featherstone departed for his hotel, but they knew exactly what was expected of them the following morning.

The salvage master was not entirely happy about the prospects for the morning. He was well aware of the difficulties of maneuvering a dead ship through a narrow channel, particularly when that ship was listing 50 degrees and had her rudder locked hard to port. Even more disturbing was the risk that, if *Leicester* touched bottom, the narrow margin of positive buoyancy left to her would be destroyed, and the event which the seas and gales had failed to bring about would come to pass.



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The mental picture of *Leicester* capsized in the center of the busy ship channel north of Saint George's Island was one to bring a shudder even to such a hardened old campaigner as Featherstone.

THE morning of October 3 broke overcast with a gentle northwest wind to tickle the great ocean swells and wrinkle their long backs. A pilot boat was putting out from Saint George's. Featherstone, standing beside the wheelsman, might well have passed for some fearsome figurehead on a buccaneering ship of long ago — except for his cigar.

Aboard *Josephine*, Cowley stood on the bridge-wing and raised his binoculars. There, dead ahead, was the blue loom of land. As the light strengthened he could make out the white gleam of buildings in Saint George and the brooding hulk of Sugar Loaf Hill. At exactly 0800 hours the way began to come off *Josephine* and her crew began to shorten up the tow line. As the little convoy closed with the land, the three harbor tugs, their sirens sounding, came bustling out from the entrance of the narrows. Leading them was the pilot boat, bearing an easily recognizable Featherstone, who was so far forgetting his dignity as to wave both hands high in the air.

It was a magnificent moment even for the blasé crews of the rescue tugs, but they had little enough time to savor it.

The pilot boat bumped against *Josephine's* bulwarks just long enough for a pilot to leap aboard; then it was off to *Leicester*. The pause here was a little longer, for Featherstone and the chief pilot both had to be landed on the derelict. Within minutes they had clambered up the canted deck, using the same ropes that had been fixed in place by the salvage men at sea.

The pilot went directly to the bridge and wedged himself on the high starboard wing. Featherstone made a rapid tour of the ship to satisfy himself that all was as he had expected it to be and that his plans would not be upset by some previously unknown factor. Only then did he join the pilot and give the signal for the tow to carry on.

By this time *Josephine* had shortened up so that there was less than three hundred yards of wire between her and *Leicester*. The Army tug *ST-10* had placed a hawser on *Leicester's* stern and was falling back into a position from which she could help to steer the unwieldy hulk. The Admiralty tug *Justice* had come alongside on the starboard quarter and was ready to assist. *Lillian* and the second Army tug were standing by.

At 1005 hours *Josephine* passed between the two buoys marking the entrance to the channel leading to Murray's Anchorage. At that exact moment *Leicester* took a sharp sheer to starboard.

Cowley immediately put the tug's helm hard over, but *Leicester's* sheer only grew worse. *ST-10* began going full astern, but *Leicester* still moved implacably toward the coral reefs, which now lay less than a hundred feet away. *Justice's* master, sensing the urgency of the moment, did not wait for orders. He cast off his lines and slid his tug forward along *Leicester's* exposed bottom until she could put her nose against the big ship's starboard bow. Then *Justice's* screw began to kick the shallowing water into foam.

Slowly, slowly, *Leicester's* bow began to swing back into the channel, back behind *Josephine*.

With the tow straightened out once more, Cowley discovered he was having trouble keeping *Leicester* moving. Baffled, he called for more power, but the big ship astern continued to hang back as if she were willfully dragging her heels.

Featherstone and the pilot, glancing astern from *Leicester's* bridge, saw the clear blue waters going milky white. *Leicester* indeed was dragging her heels — or, rather, her stern — upon the coral bottom.

There was nothing to be done about it. There was no room to turn in order to head her back to deeper water. The only hope was to continue towing and pray she was only running over a small area of spoil which the dredges had somehow neglected to remove.

At every instant Featherstone expected her to take the ground solidly. If that happened, he was convinced, she would have rolled right over.

The entrance channel to Murray's Anchorage is two miles long. It took the combined flotilla of tugs just under two hours to ease the *Leicester*, still sheering erratically, still dragging her stern, through those two miles of torment. She was intractable to the last. As Myalls said afterward, "That was the longest part of the whole damn tow."

But, at 1340 hours *Leicester* cleared the inside channel approach, and *Josephine* swung her down the broad South Channel.

At 1406 hours *Leicester* lay securely moored to a battleship mooring buoy in Murray's Anchorage.

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WOLF MANKOWITZ

On his graduation from Cambridge University, WOLF MANKOWITZ *began his career as a writer. He is the author of several novels:* MAKE ME AN OFFER, A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS, *and* OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE; *he directed* THE BEGGAR'S OPERA *during its long run in London; and he has written or directed many English films.*

LETTER TO MY FOUR SONS

MY DEAR SONS,

I write to you because while I am involved in the vanities and follies of my life, and you in yours, we get very little time to communicate wisdom to one another. While you, Gered, struggle with the London General Schools' biology; and you, Jonathan, with chess gambits and shove-ha'penny tactics; and folk songs on the recorder, Daniel; and, in the case of you, my eight-months-old Benjamin, the enormous problems involved in learning to sit upright, I try to make a musical entertainment out of the Crippen murder.

Now, which of us five is in the most ridiculous situation? Which of us is wise? Which one has an undoubted answer to any of our bizarre problems? As I am your father, we sometimes assume that I am less confused than you are. As I have survived more follies both of my own and others' making (though mostly my own), it is suggested that I may be able to give you some advice which will help you to negotiate the follies ahead of you in your own lives.

The truth is, of course, that I can't. The only essential difference between us is that, being older, I have had more moments of sadness in which to reflect upon the need for wisdom. Having you to cherish and raise, I have had to learn practicalities which are not yet your concern. Having had failures and successes to live through, I have developed defense tactics and survival equipment which you so far have not needed. Having the blind impulse of all living creatures to survive, I have learned means which help but do not dignify. But wise I am not, and though I am supposed to be shrewd, I don't think that I'm even as careful as those people who, nervous of flying, take out insurance at the airport before departing. I'm always underinsured. These careful people put two shillings in a machine and arrange for their heirs to collect ten thousand pounds should the gnawing in their stomachs prove to be second sight rather than mere anxiety. Perhaps, with four sons, I ought to do this whenever I fly. I don't, because I feel safer in the air than I do on the ground. While I am up there it's almost impossible for me to get involved in the dangerous projects with which I continually frighten myself down below. For a few claustrophobic hours I can't start anything, I'm perhaps nearer to heaven than I will ever get again, and the enforced

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suspension of life gives me a foretaste of the boredom which being dead and inactive must constitute. To be far up in the air is for me safe and tedious because I am a creature of earth: I spring from it, I love it, I detest it, and I shall crawl back into it.

You can't say that a man who has spent a large proportion of every day of his life, whether on the ground or in the air, thinking about stories is a normal man. And for twenty years I have been preoccupied with fantasies and techniques for making them seem real. The only practical mechanics that I have ever succeeded in learning, from typing to script writing, I've done only because of the pressing need I have to try to make these stories happen. I've learned also the mechanics of selling the products of my compulsion. But there is no wisdom in all that. No, I know very little that is wise.

All I can say is that, with my head start over you, I have managed to accumulate more good quotations, that's all. But on the other hand, this is not such a small advantage either, because whatever is to be lived through has already been lived through by some wild man in the past, and whatever can be understood has already been understood by some wild man cooling off from his own wildness. I don't refer to the development of more efficient car gears, my space-conquering son; or the splitting of the neutron, my son with the scientific inclinations. Such futile follies have nothing to do with wisdom. Wearily enough, there is no foreseeable end, other than perhaps the most desperate one, to the scientific vanities ahead of us. But to wisdom there is an end: it has been reached and recorded often enough; it lies now moldering in books, waiting to be burned at regular intervals by tyrants to whose idiocy it is an affront. It waits, quietly burning like live coals under dead ash, and it will always be there, waiting to be blown into a furnace of invigorating fire, and doubtless waiting in vain. Wisdom no longer cries from the skyscraper rooftops. She whispers from ignored corners of the sick, sad world. And still no one listens.

I suppose that today if Moses or the Buddha or Christ — or that, to me, greatest of all teachers, the pre-Christian Rabbi Hillel — were to take over suddenly for some popular comedian down with flu and appear on television at a peak hour one night, ten million people would listen for a few moments and then switch off their sets with a single hand, for what these wise men would say, we have already heard. We do not wish to hear it over again. We have ignored it so often. We have called them false prophets and persisted in the ways of our idiocy. There seems little reason to assume that we shall change this habit of our history.

The Buddha would say: "Give, sympathize, and control." But we know all that. Moses would tell us that there is no God but God, and that man's only contact with Him is through the healthiness of his relationships with other living creatures. But we are overfamiliar with that thought. Christ would give us that sermon which for two thousand years self-styled Christians have quoted but acted against. And that sweet man Rabbi Hillel, who brought together the most loving thoughts of the Greeks and welded them with the highest thinking of the Jews, would instruct us not to do to others what is hateful to ourselves.

As a story writer, I have always been intrigued by that kind of story in which the hero chases through exciting, picaresque dangers in order to acquire a small box or a sealed bottle or a talismanic ring, or a sword or grail containing *the* answer. Many of the characters I've written stories about are engaged in such a search, and they imagine that the answer, when found, will be happiness or wealth or satisfaction or freedom, or sometimes just a very good dinner. But after their dragons have been defeated, my searchers have always found that the message in the box or the bottle says: "Search on, regardless." So that, after a good night's sleep, they, typically, sell the box or the bottle or the sword or the grail, and they finance the next stage of this eternal search. The characters whom I observe or invent, and who, I suppose, are all of them myself in some particular, do not appear to have benefited from knowing the quotations which I know so well. So it would seem that if there is no end for them to search for, if the purpose of their lives is in the living, if they have no alternative but to go on making the same mistakes, living the same idiocies, what point is there in their efforts? Neither they nor I know or can ever know the point.

But I am here reminded of a slightly encouraging thought of Bertrand Russell's. He observes that the function of work is not to make man happier, but less bored. I have observed that those who do not work are continually bored, and that the boredom sluices out of their lives the juice and the blood and the joy, and I would add to what Lord Russell has written only this: that the by-products of work, nurturing, as they do, life and living, do offer pleasure to those for whom life is a pleasurable process to participate in. This, too, I suppose, is a talent. And I suppose if I could give you anything at all in the way of wisdom, it would be the talent for this, the enjoyment of life.

Russell also observes that intensive working makes relaxation sweeter. So, perhaps to revert to

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those sad searchers of mine, those heroes of my stories, there is some wisdom in their endless pursuit of the message — though they will find no final solution, that's for sure.

Now, my dear four sons, I come to the point of discovering for you the wisest summary of man's pointless existence that I personally know of. It is not a very superior, quiet, relaxing, contemplative, at-one-with-eternity sort of wisdom. It belongs more to the no-alternative, practical group for which there is no happy, happy land ahead, but only the land on which we live now, once and for the only time.

"Go thy way," says Ecclesiastes, the anonymous Old Testament philosopher, "eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart." This voice from the past is no scarecrow puritan, but a lover of flesh and sunlight. "Let thy garments always be white," he says, "and let not thy head lack ointment," meaning that what is to be enjoyed should be enjoyed. "Live joyfully with the woman whom thou lovest; and in thy labour wherein thou labourest under the sun all the days of thy vanity; whatsoever thy hand findest to do, do it with all thy might, for that is thy portion in life; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." And he also observed that it was purposeless to strive overmuch, or to attempt to be too good, or too clever, or much more than merely human.

Now that, to me, is the greatest piece of practical wisdom I know. And I don't doubt that you will ignore it in the course of living the vanities before you, much as I have done in living my own.

So perhaps it is best for us to return to our personal follies, you to your biology, Gered; and you to shove-ha'penny, and cheating at it, Jonathan; and the recorder, Daniel; and you, Benjamin, to learning how to sit upright, which you are very near to accomplishing; and I to the making of a musical entertainment out of an old murder.

But before we do, let me tell you now a very short story, adapted, like so many of mine, from the Yiddish: There was this old violinist who had, it so happens, four sons, all of them violinists. And on his deathbed he called them to him and briefly and pointedly confessed his failures as a father and as a husband and as a man generally. But when his sons tried to console the old man, he said: "I'm not apologizing, nor am I excusing, I'm simply explaining that if I hadn't been all these bad things, I would never have been such a good violinist." After which he requested that they play him out to a quartet of his own composition, which they did, very beautifully, for they were all good violinists. And though they had their doubts about their father in other respects, they had no doubt about his quality, or at least his intentions, or at least his ambitions, or at least his hopes as an artist and reality as a man.

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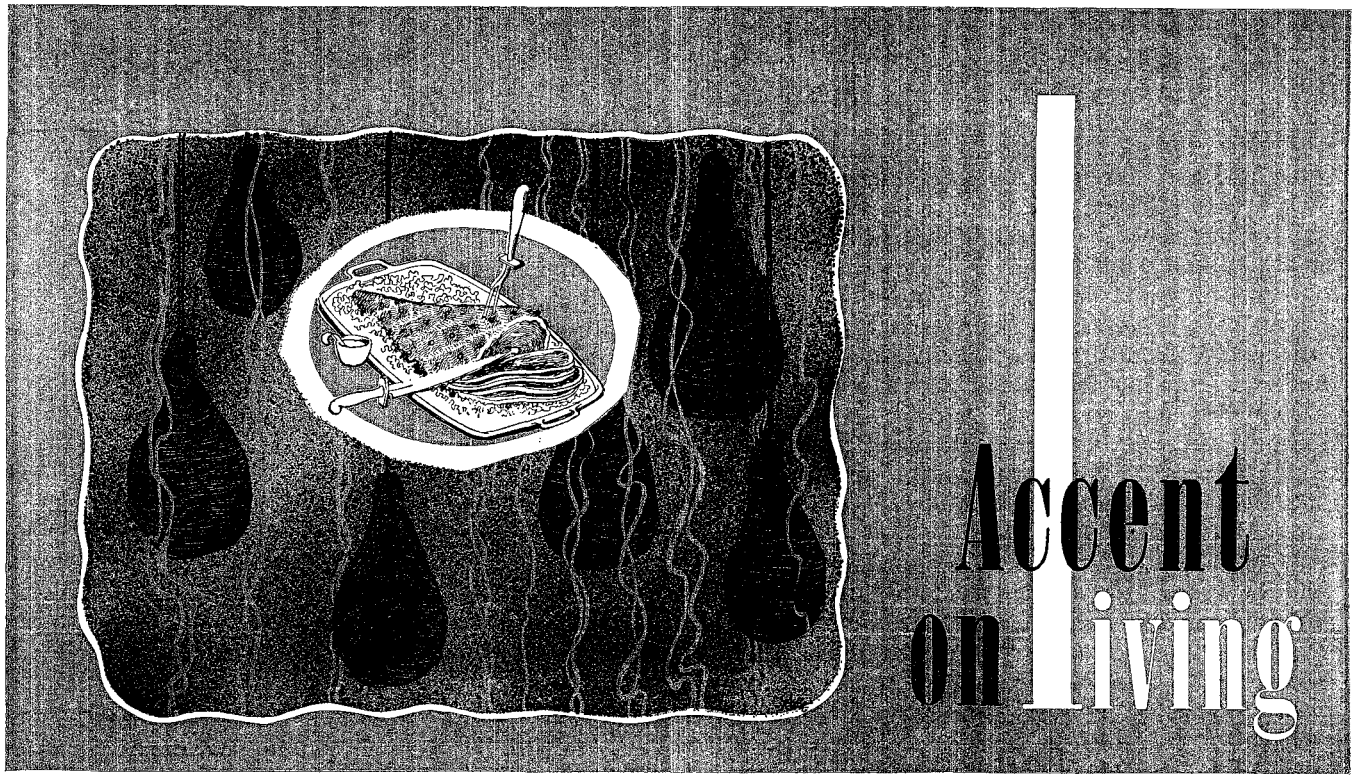

Some Notes on Food

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

A splendid ham, from Trigg County, Kentucky, served to remind me the other evening that the good old days are still, in some respects, agreeably with us. The ham, I was informed, came from Tuggle's Grocery Store in the town of Cadiz, and although most such hams are aged for two years after curing, this one had a mere eighteen months behind it. No matter. It was wonderful: delicate and moist in texture, a full smoky flavor, and wine-dark in color, with a yellowish fat quite unlike the tasteless lardlike fat of ham from the big packinghouses.

From other information supplied by my host, I gathered that Kentuckians provide no fancy diet for their pigs, which are raised on corn and forage. The hams are hickory smoked, and the cooking, after a day or two of soaking them in several waters, is no more complicated than simmering between fifteen and twenty minutes to the pound, according to age and hardness, until the small bones can be pulled out readily. The final instructions were simple enough:

"When cool, trim off the top skin, and enough fat to leave about ½ inch, level fat jacket. Cut (not deeply enough to enter meat) with a sharp knife all over fat, marking it off into squares. Insert a whole clove in each square, spread a cup of soft brown sugar over the whole surface. Put under the broiler (not pre-heated) and allow to bubble until sugar melts and glazes the whole surface."

It seems obvious that the excellence of the result, from so commonplace a recipe, lies in the quality of the ham itself: an honest product, developed by faithful adherence to proper curing and aging, without substitutes and shortcuts. Similar rewards can be found in bacon from country sources, and there are still to be had varieties that seem just as satisfying as the best from Ireland or Denmark.

While the U.S. mails continue at their languid pace — eighteen days for delivery from Tennessee to New Jersey in one recent case — it is best to buy bacon unsliced and thereby less susceptible to mold. The removal of mold, according to the Kentuckians, is best done by scrubbing with a stiff brush and mild soapsuds, and mold need not be a problem if postage for rapid handling is added. I incline to doubt whether the small suppliers of country hams and bacon are equipped for any sizable volume of mail orders, but I am bound to report that the most interesting bacon I have tasted in many years came from William Baggett's Roadside Market, in Humboldt, Tennessee. In slices of about a quarter inch or slightly thicker, the Baggett bacon retains real substance, even when it is completely crisped.

Ham and bacon of old-fashioned quality seem to belong to the South, but there survive in Massachusetts three examples of old-style crackers that ought to be bracketed with them in these notes: G. H. Bent's Water Biscuits, which, split and toasted, are the incomparable noninterfering accompaniment for a fine cheese; the Westminster Thin Saltines, made by Dawley & Shepard in the town of Westminster (established 1828); and Bradt Saltines, from the Bradt Bakery (established 1833) in Lowell. The longevity of these small, independent cracker companies is worth remarking, and Josiah Bent is credited with marketing the first water biscuit in 1801, although the present company, located in Milton, dates itself back to only 1892. The Bradt and Westminster saltines are extraordinarily good, but, I fear, of only local repute, while Bent's are still to be found in first-class restaurants anywhere in this country.

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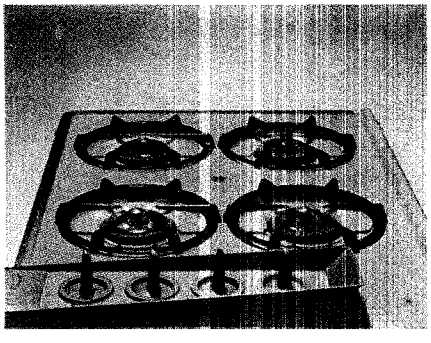
the man who installed it stayed for dinner



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5 × 3 = 1111

BY VOLTA TORREY

A graduate of the University of Nebraska, VOLTA TORREY *is the author of many magazine articles and is editor of the* TECHNOLOGY REVIEW, *alumni publication of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

Generations of schoolboys have resisted learning the multiplication table, but teachers have gone on beating it into their tender minds. Machines have metallic memories, and they are tougher. Machines, too, have balked at memorizing the times table and in a single generation have won the privilege of skipping eight tenths of it.

This victory has made the current generation of mathematical computers mightier and haughtier than people. A Japanese schoolboy with an abacus can no longer shame them. The machines are beginning to read and write English now, and pretty soon they may grab all the easy jobs. People then will have to take on difficult tasks or have nothing to do.

The prospect is grim, but before screaming about it, we should, as is customary, recall the problem's origin, development, and environment. Thus, we may bring it into perspective, isolate its nucleus, determine its parameters, and possibly gain insight into what's going on.

Harvard unveiled the first really colossal number mill in 1944. Professor Howard H. Aiken had resented having to spend a year on the computations needed to clinch his doctorate. Being a lazy fellow, he told the press, he had consequently conceived a way of avoiding more such work by building a machine. At his urging, the International Business Machines Corporation had assembled a 35-ton maze of wires, wheels, red lights, and reels of paper that could solve mathematical problems a hundred times as fast as a man.

That machine was considered a marvelous laborsaving device in those days, but its successors have made many young fellows work terribly hard and are threatening to lure others into tackling even bigger jobs in the future.

Compared with today's computers, Aiken's giant was a slowpoke. The 1962 models perform operations in millionths of a second that it took his machine whole seconds to do. But Aiken's robot was an honest workman that operated the way people do. It dealt with 0's, 1's, 2's, 3's, and so forth, like a cash register. Big computers no longer do that.

For example, instead of multiplying 5 by 3 and getting 15, they multiply 101 by 11 and get 1111, which is 15 in the new lingo that the engineers have been persuaded to let machines use. They don't need the 2's, 3's, 4's, 5's, 6's, 7's, 8's, and 9's with which schoolchildren are still encumbered. If you give a member of the present generation of digital computers a problem containing these symbols, it will instantly substitute numbers consisting wholly of 0's and 1's — and, bingo, it will have the answer.

But is this cricket? Schoolboys being forced to memorize the times table have a right to doubt it. There are no such fetters on machines. They are allowed to count by twos, as if they had only thumbs, and this makes matters relatively simple. In their world our 0 is still 0, but 1 is 01, 2 is 10, 3 is 11, 4 becomes 100, 5 is 101, 6 is 110, 7 is 111, 8 becomes 1000, 9 is 1001, 10 is 1010, 11 is 1011, 12 is 1100, 13 is 1101, 14 is 1110, 15 is 1111, 16 becomes 10000, and so on and on.

These numbers become long faster than ours do, but remain easy to manipulate because they have only 0's and 1's in them. All you have to know to multiply this kind of number is that 0 times 0 is 0, 1 times 0 is 0, and 1 times 1 is 1.

Suppose, for example, that your teacher asked you to multiply 5 by 3 and would let you do it the way IBM machines do. You could proceed like this, without ever having seen a table of 3's or 5's:

$$\begin{array}{r} 101 \\ 11 \\ \hline 101 \\ 101 \\ \hline 1111 \end{array}$$

That 1111, as you have seen, is 15 in computerland. This kind of arithmetic is called binary, and any child could master it in a jiffy if his mind weren't cluttered with the old-fashioned kind. Why should we let machines, but not schoolchildren, get away with such easy figuring? Some smart kids are beginning to wonder.

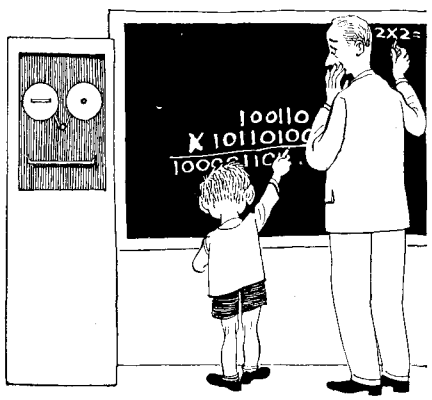
But this isn't the only embarrassing question that teachers soon will have to face. The machines are being permitted to read and write without first learning to draw an A, B, or C.

In the cradles where the machines are coddled, 001 can stand for A, 010 for B, 011 for C, and so on; and such combinations of only two symbols can be distinguished from numbers by placing some other arrangements of 0's and 1's in front of them to show that they stand for letters of the alphabet. This is actually being done.

The engineers who have let the robots take these shortcuts to the three R's have not been as tough in dealing with machines as parents and teachers have been with youngsters. The machines have been even more obstinately opposed to learning than the laziest children — and their supervisors have let them do hard things the easy way. If the computers weren't so pampered, boys and girls might not have so much homework.

A close scrutiny of the mess children are in suggests, in fact, that happier days may lie ahead. The next generation of computers is likely to speak, as well as use electric typewriters. Being sassed by a child is bad enough, but being bawled out by a computer that doesn't mind its tongue may exhaust the engineers' patience and prompt them to crack down on these gadgets the way grown-ups always have on children. Then the machines really will have to think to stay ahead.

Educators, too, can be counted on to make life rougher for computers than for children by stating problems badly. Possibly even the College Entrance Examination Board will come up with questions that make so little sense that they cannot possibly be answered by anyone or anything taking binary shortcuts.



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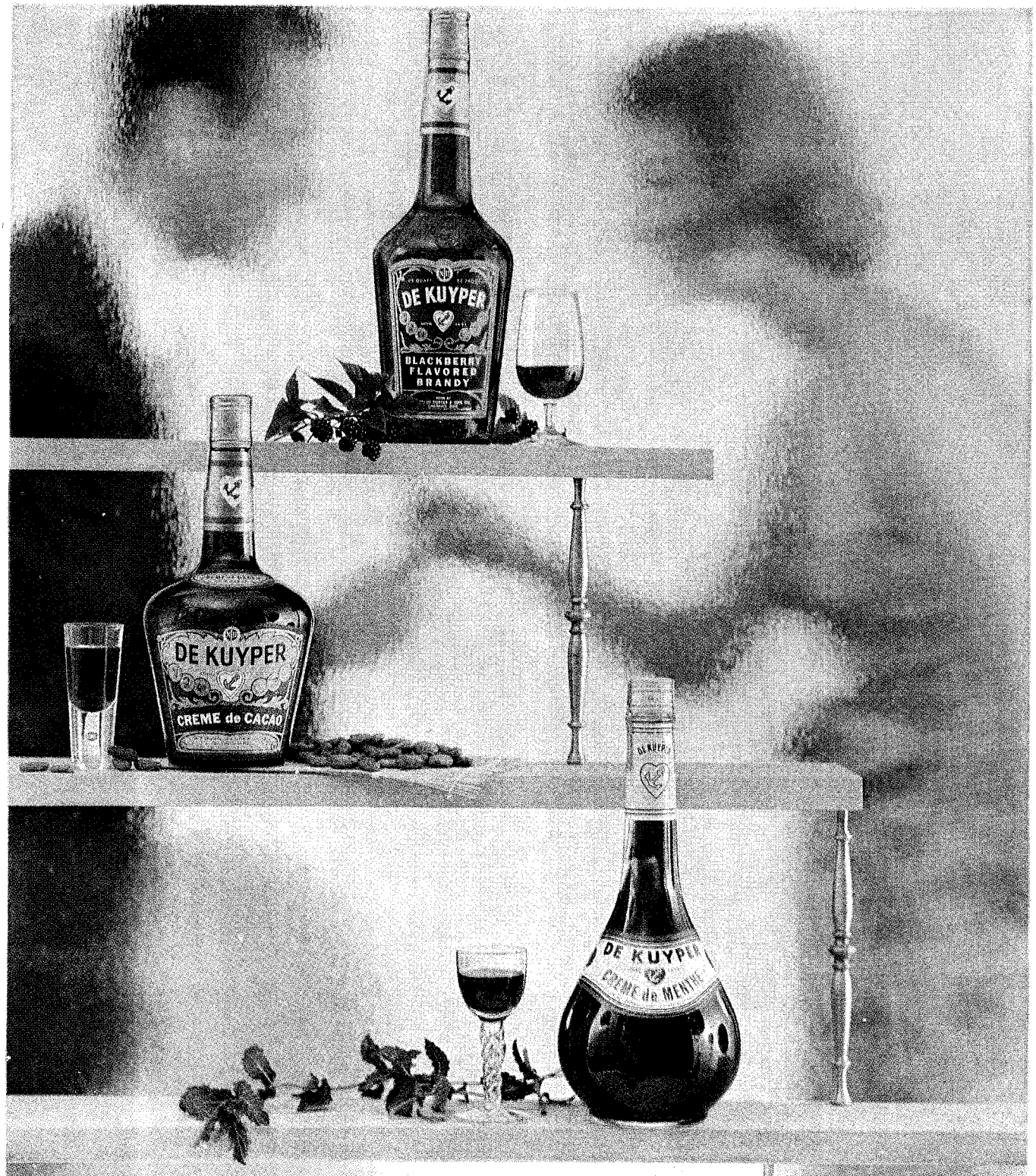

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Manners and Morals of the Auction Room

BY LESLIE A. HYAM

LESLIE A. HYAM *is president of Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., of New York, where all sorts of financial records were recently broken at an auction of paintings.*

In the course of the urban auction year (which isn't a year, but a short-weight package of some eight months), we entertain a multitude of customers at Parke-Bernet; often, on a Saturday, as many as three thousand of the propertied classes and their advisers, heirs, and assigns. I say "entertain" because public auction partakes of the character of social *conversazione*, gambling rooms, and theater. And it would be unfair not to add that the customers, in turn, frequently entertain us.

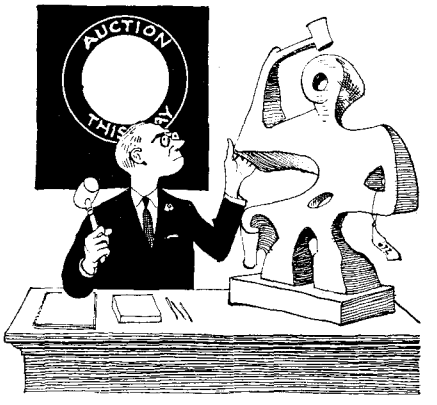
This is not an anthropological treatise on the auctiongoer, whose long ancestry goes back, if not to the Peking man, at least to Roman times; but a few observations on his characteristics may not be amiss. He is the flower of his species, for he not only has money to spend but is willing to lay it out in the purchase of artifacts, some of which have no conceivable use, and little aesthetic quality either, like the horrendous art glass of 1890 to 1915, currently being collected at fantastic prices. He is stimulated, and sometimes made acutely nervous, by competitive bidding; and he is fairly convinced that his private treasures are vastly superior to any that we can set before him — his Picasso is better than the one we have on exhibition this week, or our paperweights cannot hold a candle to his father's. I heard one collector who came to an exhibition deliver deprecatory comments on no less than twelve out of twenty-odd paintings that we sold a few days later for over a million and a half dollars.

The customer is anxious to buy bargains. He hates to start the bidding, and sometimes cuts his bids, but it must be understood that this is because he is shrewd, not penurious. And he cannot stay away from the auction room too long, for going to auctions is habit-forming, and there is no known cure. A true story of the great blizzard of 1961 will serve to illustrate.

By midmorning of Saturday, February 4, some fourteen inches of snow had fallen on New York. Two of our auctioneers were marooned in Westchester; another had left Queens hours earlier and had not been heard from. A few hardy customers had trickled in, and at 1:45 the little sale known as McKinnon *et al* was due to begin. Cars had just been ordered off the streets, and the mayor had declared a state of emergency. Should the show go on?

Divided counsels crackled over the telephone wires. For years we had known that snow had not hampered auction sales, but, face to face with millions of cubic yards of the stuff, we were not sure that the customers would know their parts. However, the galleries reported a few visitors chatting normally, and one of our officials had even been invited to lunch by a duchess. This somehow seemed to show that the ship was on an even keel. People were phoning in to inquire if we were going on with the sale. Our Queens auctioneer staggered in, having spent the entire morning in the subway. The decision was made to go ahead with McKinnon *et al.*

The rest is, if not history, at least of minor sociological interest. By 2:30 the salesroom was jammed; by 3:00, the balcony full. Some ladies arrived on skis, which they parked with our astonished doorman at the front door. Everybody expressed dismay at seeing all the other bargain hunters present. Over a thousand people attended, and the session went six thousand dollars above the estimate.



If we possessed the rhetorical skill of the creator of Br'er Rabbit, we would undoubtedly try to draw a moral. Is English furniture worth more during a snowstorm? Is one part of the human race always trying to steal a march on its neighbors? Is auctiongoing a compulsion neurosis? Do cats eat bats? None of these profound questions has been resolved by McKinnon *et al*, now a leading case on the statute books. But let us at least think more kindly of the humble blizzard, that unsung catalyst of personal enterprise.

At Parke-Bernet, there are certain restrictions on the behavior of our guests. They cannot bring into the salesroom dogs, cats, parrots, or goldfish; neither can they consume luncheon, even surreptitiously, or smoke. They may not chatter loudly enough to attract the auctioneer's attention (an invariable habit among the dealers at jewelry sales) but are expected to laugh politely at the standard rostrum jokes, which are five in number. Gentlemen must remove their hats, and children under bidding age must remain close to their mothers and not climb on things. Bidding may be conducted by nods, winks, scratching one's nose, or any other signal arranged with our attendants, who will be surprised by nothing. For example, in a sale of eighteenth-century French furniture, a dealer, standing near the door, had arranged to bid by unbuttoning his overcoat, buttoning it again when he wished to stop. Anxious to acquire a Louis XVI sofa, he opened the garment, and then, in the middle of the bidding, saw someone outside to whom he urgently wished to speak. He departed, and our attendant continued to bid for him, so that when he returned, he had secured the piece at an uncomfortably high price. The ensuing argument as to whether an unbuttoned coat no longer in the room is, philosophically speaking, still unbuttoned *in esse* was worthy of Bishop Berkeley.

After a successful bid, the customer is asked to sign a card, and if he welshes on his offer, he is not

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invited back to the party. Either husband or wife may bid, but not both simultaneously; and if the little woman buys something and her husband doesn't like it when she gets it home, she is not permitted to return it the next day on an invented pretext. There are, of course, exceptions. Many years ago, in a sale of Spanish furniture, a wrought-iron pulpit some seven feet high was put up for sale. The auctioneer descended in search of an opening bid until he had reached fifty dollars, at which figure a little woman put up her hand and bought the piece. The next day her husband appeared, in a towering rage, and refused to pay for it. It seems that his wife had thought that it would be pleasant for him to sit and meditate in the pulpit after dinner. Sympathetically, we took it off his bill, and we have not seen the lady again.

We are very insistent that people know we are not a department store and do not own the merchandise that we as agents sell for our consignors, so that our conception of service does not include the premise that the customer is always right. In fact, we are rather prone to assume that he is generally wrong and trying to pull something. By and large, however, people are honest, even when there is no written record of their transactions; and we, who have to print all our opinions in black and white, are even more honest, and a great deal more careful. We do business for cash, and conjugate the verb "to pay" only in the present and past tenses. In dealing with the rich, who in the main have an offhand attitude toward invoices, we have realized the need for a program of higher education, which we have pursued with tenacity. As a result, we have a large class of graduates who settle their bills cheerfully and promptly.

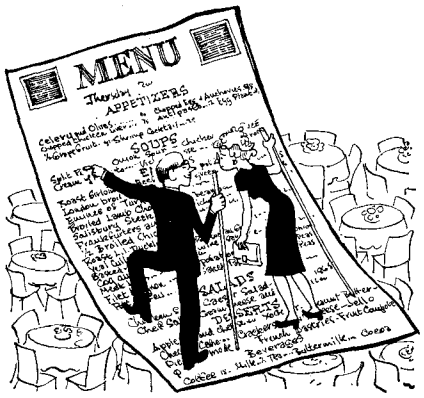
It is customary to sum up, but human behavior does not lend itself easily to neat conclusions. The customer, it must be admitted, has met our advances more than halfway. As for ourselves, we are pleased and rather proud that people generally understand what we are trying to do with our painstaking catalogue descriptions and exhibitions and our elaborately equipped sales theater. We abhor the spirit of *caveat emptor*, and, for good measure, belong to the Better Business Bureau and go to church regularly.

Where Does It Say That?

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

GURNEY WILLIAMS *is editor of cartoons for* LOOK *and has written several light articles for the* ATLANTIC.

Lunching today in a restaurant, I witnessed a phenomenon. At the next table sat a man and a woman. A waiter approached, handed each a menu, and stood patiently by. The woman placed her copy, unread, face down on the tablecloth and rummaged a package of cigarettes and a lighter from her handbag. The man glanced briefly at his menu and said, "I'll have the roast



beef." Without hesitation, the woman said, "I'll have that, too."

While this performance may not have astounded you, it seemed remarkable to me because it was the first time I had ever heard any variation of the following pre-order skirmish.

DINER (*to companion*). "I think I'll have the leg of lamb."

COMPANION. "Lamb? Where does it say that?"

DINER (*pointing*). "Right here; third item from the top."

COMPANION. "Third — oh. That looks good."

I mean, I continue to wonder why it is necessary to see Baked Idaho Potato or Rice Pudding or *Flambon au Jambon D'or* in cold type before deciding that it "looks good." Some people say it "sounds good."

My Aunt Daisy, a classic exemplar of this restaurant foible, goes one step further. In addition to "Where does it say that?" (Chef's Salad) and "That looks good," she asks the waiter's opinion of it. I am looking forward to the day when she will be told flatly that the chef came to work with a monumental hangover, scooped the spilled salad ingredients from the floor, and mixed everything by hand in a cardboard container while wearing his gardening gloves.

Even worse — and certainly more realistically — I can envision Aunt Daisy lunching alone in a little place I frequent which has no menu at all. You just sit down and the waiter tells you what is on hand for the day.

I see it this way.

Aunt Daisy, shown to a table, requests a menu. Told that there is none, she seems bewildered. "Well, then," she asks, frowning, "how am I going to know what I want?"

The waiter reels off the specialties, of which Aunt Daisy remembers only the fried chicken.

"Where does it say — I mean, can I see it?" she inquires.

"See it?" repeats the waiter. "You want to see the chicken before it's fried?" He looks with some desperation toward the door, perhaps hoping that an inebriated patron will enter and require the services of several waiters to eject him. Any such diversion would be preferable to Aunt Daisy, he tells himself.

"But," Aunt Daisy continues, "how do I know if I want fried chicken unless I see it on the menu?" She is now thoroughly confused. "That is, how can it look good when —"

It would be cruel to go on.

I'll close quickly by saying that the next time anyone asks me where it says Club Sandwich, I'm going to say, "Here. Looks good, too. All twelve letters of it."

RICHARD E. DU WORS

Dies Irae

To walk two miles
Through the winter wind
To seduce a man's wife,
And he in the house,
Is not high adventure.
But in these days
When one carries
Neither a rifle nor a pike,
It will have to do.

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Nearly a million jet-age Americans still don't have electricity in their homes!

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From the beginning, rural electric systems have been built and operated by local people who could get electric service in no other way. They believe in area coverage . . . low-cost electricity for *every-one*—large and small, near and far! And service to all is a requirement for Rural Electrification Administration loans.

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Down With Music

BY MARJORIE RIDDELL

MARJORIE RIDDELL *is on the staff of a London newspaper and is the author of many light articles and an entertaining book,* M IS FOR MOTHER.

It seems to be taken for granted nowadays that there are only two kinds of musical taste. It is quite customary to be asked, "Which do you like, classical or pop?" The assumption, apparently, is that no other choice exists. And I, for one, have grown tired of being gaped at in glassy incredulity when I answer, "Neither. I am neither with it nor not with it. I don't very much like any kind of music. I am tone-deaf."

I am not this way for want of trying, and it seems very hard that such eye-popping should be my only reward. And it is a fact that musical people have been of no practical help whatever, not in all the years I was working on my problem.

I first became aware of it at school. I hadn't noticed it before, because my parents are tone-deaf, too, although my father says he isn't. Anyway, music simply didn't happen in my family. It wasn't until I went to school and did what was called "Singing" that I began dimly to comprehend that for some people music wasn't just something that one hurried across the room to switch off after the news.

"Ridley," my singing mistress used to say, because she always thought my name was Ridley, "why are you using only one note? There are several in *Cherry Ripe*. And the one you have chosen is not among them."

This used to amaze me, partly because I knew I *was* singing all the notes and partly because I could not see how she knew I wasn't. After all, there were twenty-five of us singing.

We did dictation, too. She would play a few bars on the piano, and we would write them down in our manuscript books. When parents came to look at exhibitions of our work, I used to hide my manuscript book under my sewing, but when I went back later, someone had always moved my sewing to one side and turned it inside out to show all the knots. Not my own parents, either; they wouldn't have bothered.

"Ridley," my singing mistress used to say, "why have you written this in B flat?"

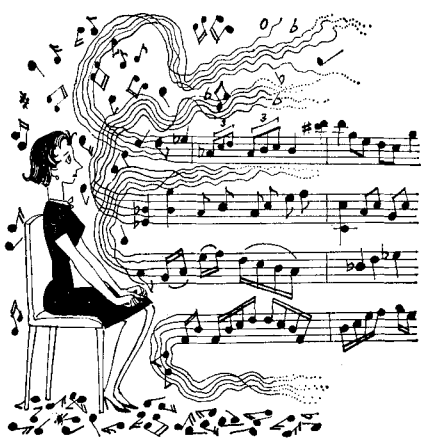
What could I say? I didn't know why I had written it in B flat. I didn't know I *had* written it in B flat. I would not have known if I hadn't. I didn't know what B flat was. I still don't. "What *is* B flat?" I would ask. And she would play a few bars and say that was B flat. "Yes," I would say, "but what is it?" She would play it again. "*Listen*," she would say. So I would listen. But what was I listening *for?* I didn't know.

I had an idea it was a different part of the piano, but as soon as she saw I was trying to see where her hands were, she would make me turn around. If only I had known what it looked like, the way you can say to a doctor, "It's a round, gray ache, sort of darker in the middle and turning to silver at the edges." But musical people don't seem able to express themselves like that.

One day my singing mistress asked me if my parents were musical, and when I said they weren't, she nodded and told me not to worry. I wasn't worrying, but I would have liked to know what it was they were all talking about.

"Why are you beating in three-four time, Ridley? Everybody else is beating in four-four time." Well, I had noticed, of course, that I kept crashing hands with the girl next to me, but otherwise, what difference did it make? It fitted in all right. And I could stop when the others did.

All this was nothing more than a mild source of irritation, however, and it wasn't until I had left school that I began seriously to listen to people who said, though still without any reasonable explanation, "You don't know what you are missing. You should *try* to understand it, even if it is more difficult for you than for most people."



So off we all went to concerts and the opera, but after three or four years I still hadn't got the hang of it. I think now this was mainly because there were too many distractions, like the expressions on the faces of the audience, the rigid doll nearly pulverized by Madame Butterfly, the same four soldiers being the army in *Faust*, Faust himself having to go behind a quivering rock to be transformed into a young man (and coming out looking exactly the same, only now in purple velvet), the length of time it took them all to die at the tops of their voices, the question of who, among a stageful of bearded men, was the one singing, and of whether the opera was in French, or Italian, or English.

Quite the most distracting performance, I remember, was a concert. The orchestra finished a rather serious piece, and everyone relaxed and made those curious little rustlings and murmurings you get with classical music. Then they began to pull themselves together and to look expectantly toward the front, and suddenly I became aware of a change in the atmosphere. People were smiling, and then laughing, though quite quietly. The music started, and this restrained but unmistakable levity increased. The focal point still seemed to be the orchestra, but I give you my word that nobody on the stage looked any funnier than before. Nothing had happened, nothing had changed. Nobody had fallen into his drum or lost his trousers or got his head caught in his harp. I *swear* there was nothing. And then I saw that everyone in the orchestra who wasn't blowing anything was grinning, too. And suddenly it was like a nightmare — this vast joke that I alone, out of hundreds of people, didn't get.

So I turned to the man I was with and said, "What are you all laughing at?" And he said, "Ssssh!" And that was the end of that little romance, I can tell you. Afterward, when I asked him again, he stared at me in amazement and said, "But that is one of the wittiest pieces of music ever written."

Unfortunately, I have forgotten what the piece was, but I assure you it was a perfectly ordinary example of classical music without any scorpions dancing to it or any hens singing. Disney, I have dug, but this, no.

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Are Food Fads Unbalancing Your Diet?

It's Time To Call A Halt To The Spreading Of False Health Information

In most of the world today people are happy if they can find enough food simply to keep themselves alive for another day. In the United States, however, we witness the ironical situation in which many people are being misled into believing that they must buy many kinds of pills and potions because our abundance of foods does not satisfy health demands.

As dairy farmers, our business is to produce and sell milk. Because milk and products made from milk play a very important part in the good health of the American people, we work closely with public health authorities to offer to the American public milk that is a pure and wholesome food. We also finance independent scientific research to assist in expanding the nation's knowledge about the role of dairy foods in human nutrition.

Whenever scientists have agreed that we dairymen should take action that will benefit the people who consume the milk we produce, we have followed the advice. Thus, as one example, vitamin D is added to much of the milk sold in this country because nutrition scientists determined after many years of study that adding vitamin D to milk offers the most convenient means of assuring that children will have this essential food nutrient in their daily diets.

Milk has long been known as "nature's most nearly perfect food," and there are some very sound reasons behind this description. Because nutrition scientists have provided very good evidence to back this claim, it is, not surprisingly of course, somewhat irksome to us to be spending much of our time answering the sensationalized charges and false ideas propagated by the flood of food faddists and quacks.

There Is No Perfect Food for Man

As one example of the kind of thing that disturbs us, we cite the often heard suggestion, usually coming from pill and potion peddlers, that man is the only mammal that consumes milk beyond infancy. Therefore, we are supposed to assume, milk is not intended as a food for man beyond infancy. This is a ridiculous charge, and there is no sound basis for keeping it alive.

Obviously, nature intends the human mother's milk for her infant, and this probably is the only stage in mammalian life where there is anything really close to a perfect food. Beyond this, however, there is no perfect food for man.

As a matter of fact, we don't need any particular kind or kinds of food *except in terms of the essential food nutrients which are provided.* The nutrition scientists don't profess to know all they would like to know about what nutrients we need to maintain the human machine at a peak of good health, but a great deal of progress has been made. The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council has established "Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances" for food nutrients based on the current advanced knowledge derived from scientific research.

Thus, for an adult man (based on an age of 25 years, a weight of 154 lbs., height of 69 inches, and doing moderate physical activity) the Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances call for 3,200 calories; 70 grams of protein; .8 gram of calcium; 10 milligrams of iron; 5,000 international units of vitamin A; 1.6 milligrams of thiamine; 1.8 milligrams of riboflavin; 21 milligrams of niacin; 75 milligrams of ascorbic acid or vitamin C. These are the food nutrients which the National Research Council recognizes as essential and for which recommendations have been made. Nutritionists also recommend that we select our daily diet from the four basic food groups — milk, meats and fish, fruits-vegetables, grains and cereals — in order to meet all of the nutritional requirements known and any that might not yet be fully established.

The Case for Milk for All Ages is Strong

Let's look now at the reasons why milk is recommended by the nutritionists for people of all ages as part of the well balanced American diet. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide from 10 to 13% of the total daily calorie needs of this adult man described above; 25% of the protein; 71% of the calcium; 15% of the vitamin A; 46% of the riboflavin; and 10 to 12% of the thiamine. While milk also contains some iron, vitamin C, and niacin, other foods are far better sources of these nutrients.

It is because milk — in the quantities recommended at various age levels — provides such a large percentage of the essential food nutrients that milk is considered to be a "nearly perfect" food for people of all ages. Milk also provides a tremendous bonus in that all of these nutrients are available at a low "calorie cost." To obtain the essential nutrients provided by milk through other foods would require a higher calorie cost for most combinations available.

All of which adds up to this: the faddists and quacks who seek fame and fortune by confusing the American people about our food supply and about the way we should consume this food to build and to maintain good health ought to be called to task for the misinformation they peddle. The American food supply is the best in the world, providing an abundance and a variety of food that serves well to provide us a strong base for good health if we will follow the simple rules for good eating established by the nutrition scientists.

american dairy association

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Mind you, and I admit it, feelings between us were already a bit strained, probably because I'd asked him why an orchestra needed a conductor. "They don't watch him," I pointed out. "They never look at him. There he is now, flourishing his baton like a new boy scout with a flag, and not one member of the orchestra has so much as glanced up from his music stand since they all started to play. If the conductor fell off his rostrum they wouldn't notice, provided he did it quietly."

I'm sure this is true. I've seen it in movies.

And again, in the movies, when the detective stalks grimly up to the conductor, tells him the body has his fingerprints on its neck, and the conductor rushes hysterically out of the hall, *the orchestra goes right on playing.* Surely this means something? But musical people only get mad when you ask them what it is.

Those were difficult years. I think of them as my musical period. And now that it's over, I'm not sorry. What really finished it, I think, was the time I went to work for the British Broadcasting Corporation. I would have liked to do script writing, but being a realist I suggested I might learn to do some quite humble and off-peak continuity writing. They gave me dozens of forms to fill in, interviewed me three times, asked searching questions about my qualifications, ability, character, schooling, aptitudes, hobbies, grandparents, and childhood illnesses, and gave me a job in the music department.

This actually did not make as much difference to the BBC as you might imagine, because my work consisted mostly of sending memos to the chorus master telling him of time changes in programs which he had broadcast three weeks previously. And as the memos I sent him were copies of copies of the memos already sent to him by the department which sent the copies to me at the same time, it didn't do as much harm as it might have, considering my typing.

However, it made a difference to me, and I was glad it annoyed them so much when I actually *said* "sop" and "pfte" instead of just typing them and saying "soprano" and "pianoforte"; although I could certainly have used that four-shilling annual increment which I was disallowed for having an air of flippancy.

You may have got the impression by now that I can't tell one piece of music from another, and I must say I have often found it just as difficult to distinguish the words of a pop song as those of an operatic aria. Actually, I had given up music by the time pop came along, so I haven't really been trying as hard as I did with classical music. I don't really know as much about it.

When properly exploited, an ignorance of music can be quite enjoyable, as well as fashionable; there is a secret joy in telling pop people you just don't dig classical music, and classical people that you simply cannot understand pop. Sometimes I get quite reckless and go on further to confide that my favorite pop piece is *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, and my favorite classical piece the first bit of the first part of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, the bit that goes bom bom bom bom BOM bom bom. This causes a momentary silence in nearly any musical circle.

You Be Admired; I'll Just Be Tired

BY C. S. JENNISON

Tonight I collected the trash I'd neglected
And picked up the crayons and blocks
And ironed some sweaters and answered some letters
And scrubbed out a sinkful of socks.
I stifled a yawn as I watered the lawn,
So after the puppies were fed
I sewed a few patches and pants buttons on
And dropped like a stone into bed.

Past caring or choosing, I started perusing
A magazine bulging with hints.
I whisked in a trice through the varied advice
On chastity, childbirth, and chintz.
I skirted the skirts and the yummy desserts,
And though I was equally snooty
Toward how to pick houses and blouses and spouses,
I stopped like a coward at Beauty.

I peered in a mirror I should have held nearer
And noticed my features were gaunt.
They weren't Truly Grecian or Proudly Patrician,
Poetic, Urbane, or Piquante.
I hadn't Been Fair to my mouth and my hair.
My brows were all over the place;
And really my face wasn't Oval or Square
But kind of a nondescript face.

My Latent Allure, I was suddenly sure,
Was something I'd taken too lightly.
My eyes didn't glow, and I'd Let Myself Go,
Till honestly I was unsightly.
My muscles weren't toned, and I quietly moaned
To learn of the Work To Be Done
Like leaping from bed (as the article said)
For Pillowtime Push-Ups and Fun.

I glanced at The Scheme for a Skin-Waking Cream,
But, since it led onward to Makeup,
My skin (I decided) got weary like *I* did,
So why should I force it to wake up?
Let journals make free with The Girl I Should Be
And chat of How Happiness Hovers;
Whoever's in search of the Real Hidden Me
Can look for me under the covers.

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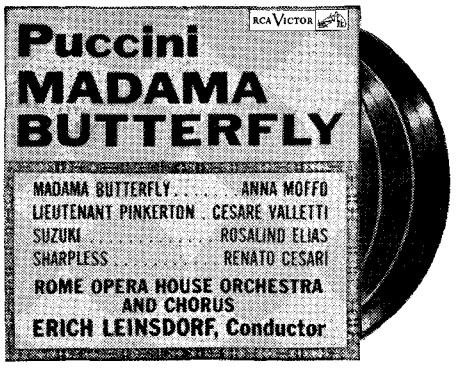

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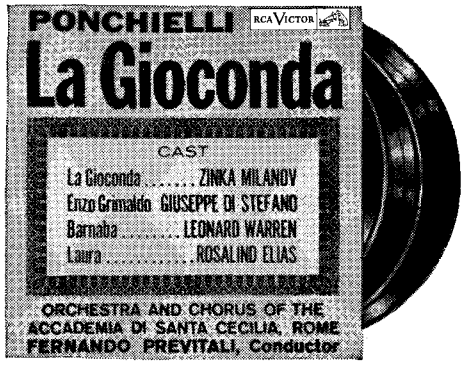

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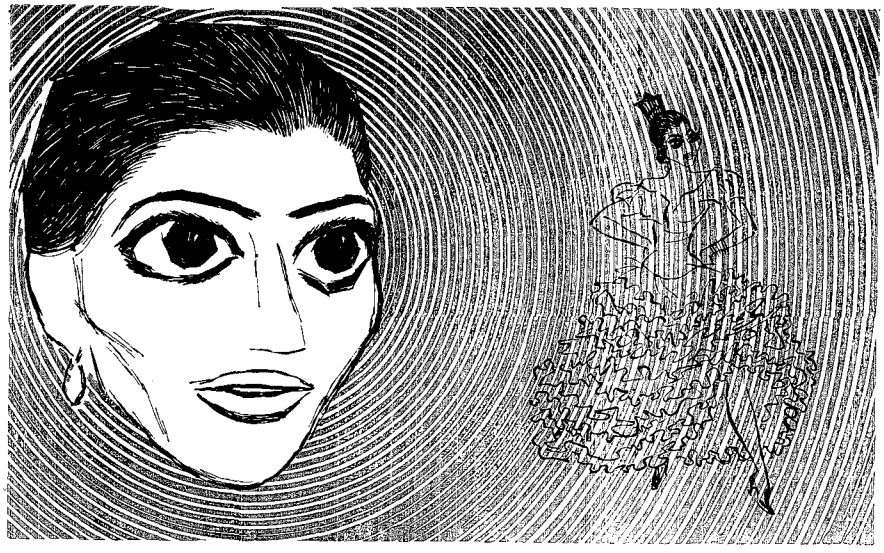
BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG



When will Maria Callas record a complete *Carmen?* That is the intriguing question that has been raised by Angel's release of a record of French opera arias sung by Callas. Two of the arias are from *Carmen* — the "Habanera" and the "Seguidilla" — and Callas' musically vivid and dramatically vibrant performances of them raise a strong suspicion that she would make the most spectacular recorded Carmen since the fabulous Conchita Supervia.

Naturally, this prospect is sufficient to excite the interest, not to say the cupidity, of more than one record company, and at least three of them will admit guardedly that the idea is "under consideration." It seems likely that the intricate mating dance that precedes such an important undertaking has already begun, that overtures have been made, if not yet played, and that the principal questions now remaining are: how soon, and by whom?

Carmen can use Callas, and Callas can use *Carmen*. Her high soprano register, those "native wood-notes wild" that enlivened so many mad scenes and sad scenes, is no longer all it might be; indeed, there are even those who say it never was. But as a mezzo, which is what Carmen is, Callas shows all the signs of a vocal munificence to match the dramatic strength and insight into character that have always been her hallmarks as an opera singer. Nor is it entirely a matter of replacing mere power and brilliance with guile and craft, as happened when Lefty Grove lost his fast ball, to take an example from an earlier generation and another art. The highest reaches of the scale apart, Callas today has plenty of voice, and it remains as expressive as it is ample.

Her new record, which bears the title *Maria Callas Sings Great Arias From French Opera* (Angel S-35882, stereo; 35882, monaural), offers a revealing guide to what this remarkable singer can and cannot do nowadays. Her "*J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*" from Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice*, which also lies within the mezzo range, is a model of controlled intensity. Someone once remarked sardonically that this smoothly contoured aria might just as easily have been entitled "*J'ai trouvé mon Eurydice*," but Callas, with the utmost simplicity and restraint, leaves no doubt of the emotion *she* is experiencing. In Chimène's aria "*Pleurez, mes yeux*" from Massenet's long-retired *Le Cid*, she demonstrates her ability to make unfamiliar music seem unjustly neglected. It is only in two coloratura arias, the Waltz from Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* and the Polonaise from Thomas's *Mignon*, that Callas' rasping and unsteady high notes trouble both her and the listener; it is hard to say which one is troubled more.

What makes Callas' excursion into French repertory so promising is her stunning success with the *Carmen* arias and, to a similar extent, with two numbers from Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*, "*Printemps qui commence*" and "*Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse.*" In these, high notes are no longer a factor, and the ability to create and project a musical personality is more important than ever. To sing Carmen without hooting or booming, pouting or posing is an unusual feat, but Callas neither overacts nor oversings. Moreover, her French is clear and distinct; she pays as much attention to the words as to the music, which may explain why both come through so convincingly. No one has ever challenged Callas' pre-eminence in the art of creating great musical characters with the voice, and when the voice itself ripens as it deepens, a whole new musical world may be opening up for her to conquer.

French opera could certainly use an infusion of fresh talent and new recording activity. Although the staples of the repertory have been covered, many of the recordings are old and most of them are undistinguished. There is less selectivity than in practically any comparable branch of recordings. Gounod's *Faust*, once the world's most popular opera, but now almost totally out of fashion, is represented by only one stereo recording, and not a very good one, while there are three of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, which is at least equally far from being a masterpiece. And in a list of operatic obscurities that ranges from *Aniara* by Blomdahl to *Die Zaubergeige* by Egk, there isn't room for a single work by Meyerbeer.

It used to be a basic rule, not to mention the saving grace, of the record industry that when the big companies left a vacuum, the small ones rushed in to fill it. Nowadays, most small companies are more prudent and parsimonious, and content to leave costly operatic productions to the big fellows. Nevertheless, a new label called Da Vinci Records has just taken a stab — and that, unfortunately, is the only word for it

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— at recording Jacques Halévy's once-famous opera *La Juive*.

If any nineteenth-century French grand opera has a chance of coming off the shelf and succeeding on today's stage, it might well be *La Juive*, which has flickered to life sporadically at the Metropolitan, the last time in 1935. It offers a richly atmospheric Passover scene, a famous tenor aria, "*Rachel, quand du Seigneur*," several effective ensembles, and some lively stage effects — its heroine dies by being dropped into a vat of boiling oil during an auto-da-fé. Most important of all, perhaps, is its allure for great singers. Its tenor role was Caruso's last, and such renowned singers as Ponselle, Rethberg, Martinelli, and Pinza have sung in it. One of the most entrancing rumors last year in the record world was that Columbia, whose operatic activities are all but nil, was planning to record *La Juive*, with Eileen Farrell and Richard Tucker, two singers who seem eminently qualified. But the plans, if any, have apparently been shelved, with the result that the new Da Vinci recording (Da Vinci 100/2, monaural; S/100/2, stereo) has the field to itself.

It is a curious kind of recording. Its listed cast includes Frances Yeend, soprano; Miklos Gafni, tenor; and William Wilderman, bass; with the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino Orchestra, conducted by Erasmo Ghiglia. Some of these are respected names, but the performance is rough, tentative, and badly coordinated; at times the singers and orchestra are so far apart that they almost sound as if they were separately recorded. Furthermore, scenes and sections have been slashed from the score; voices are unbalanced in the ensembles and inadequate in the solos; the singers' language is tainted by every accent except French. It is obvious that *La Juive* will have to wait for some other attempt to resuscitate it on records.

The decline of French opera on American recordings has its parallel on American stages. One is tempted to ascribe this to the failure of French opera to travel well; like certain wines, certain music is at its best on its home grounds. And yet, half a century ago, when the operatic fare was not terribly different from today's, Oscar Hammerstein built his Manhattan Opera House largely on French operas and opera singers, and all but put the Metropolitan out of business.

This season, by contrast, the Met's French repertory is confined to two Offenbach works, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* and *La Périchole*, with the latter sung in English translation. Only one French singer is listed on the roster, a Parisienne with the unlikely name of Jane Rhodes, who has been engaged this year not to sing French roles but to perform in Richard Strauss's *Salome*. When the Metropolitan last presented Gounod's *Faust*, it did so with a Spanish soprano, a Swedish tenor, and an American bass.

The Met gives two reasons for its lack of French singers: they are not of star caliber, and they lack versatility.

"They simply can't sing anything except French parts," says one Metropolitan executive, "and in our kind of operation it's difficult to bring singers over for one or two roles. A tenor who can sing the lead in *Faust* or *Carmen* surely ought to be counted on for the Duke in *Rigoletto*. But it doesn't work out that way."

Its doubts notwithstanding, next season the Metropolitan plans to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Debussy with a revival of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, with Ernest Ansermet conducting. But the staples of French repertory, *Carmen* and *Faust* and *Manon*, can be expected to continue leading an awkward and apologetic existence.

Is the outlook for French opera on records similarly unpromising? It may be, unless singers of star quality in French roles emerge to encourage producers. The market in this country, most manufacturers insist, is too limited to promise commercial success for recordings of the idiomatic, authentic, competent type of production put on in Paris today by singers of purely local renown. Two years ago an American importer brought over large quantities of Pathé recordings from Paris; among them were complete operas from the Aix-en-Provence Festival, vocal reissues of great French singers of the past, and a delightful series of operettas by Offenbach, Planquette, Messager, and others. Despite their high quality, their sales were insufficient, and the venture failed.

Similarly, Columbia no longer maintains in its catalogue what to

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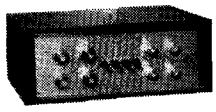

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at least one listener was the most authentic and enjoyable complete *Carmen* ever recorded — a Paris Opéra-Comique production of 1949, with Solange Michel in the title role, which used the original spoken dialogue, rather than the recitatives that were added after Bizet's death by another composer and are now almost universally employed.

So far as complete performances are concerned, *Carmen* has not had a very happy life on records, although individual practitioners of the role are liberally represented. In point of total sales (the main point to manufacturers), the most popular *Carmen* album ever released in the United States is the Victor set starring Risë Stevens, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill; it is a faithful replica of a Metropolitan performance, but a long way from the quintessence of Mediterraneanism that Nietzsche saw in *Carmen*.

The most recent attempt to achieve a satisfactory complete *Carmen* was Capitol's set of 1960 with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Victoria de los Angeles singing the lead, and a French orchestra, chorus, and supporting cast providing an authentic and solid base. It took Beecham longer to record *Carmen* than it took Bizet to write it, for the sessions, plagued by temperamental disputes, delays, and interruptions, went on for a year, and the recording is reputed to be the most costly ever made.

The end result is a *Carmen* rich in sound and revealing in detail, but low-charged in dramatic tension and reserved in musical characterization — an interesting *Carmen* rather than an exciting one. Victoria de los Angeles is too much of an artist to be a bad Carmen, and too much of a lady to be a good one.

Which, in a way, brings us back to Maria Callas. One would not say that she alone can imbue *Carmen* with new life and originality, or single-handedly perk up the French operatic catalogue. Two arias do not make a Carmen, although when they are the "Habanera" and the "Seguidilla," one is off to a reasonable start. But the thought persists that Callas, because of what she has shown in her new record, merits a chance to do well what so many singers have done indifferently. As Carmen herself observes at a strategic point, "*Il n'est pas défendu de penser*."

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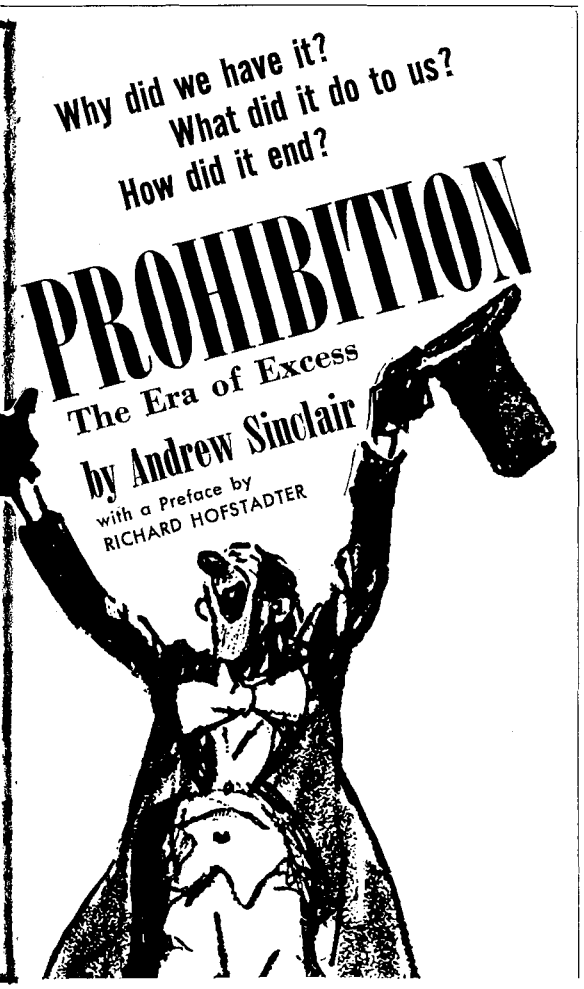

Record Reviews

Berg: Lulu, Four Symphonic Excerpts; Lyric Suite, Three Movements for String Orchestra; Der Wein; Seven Early Songs; Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano, and Thirteen Winds

Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Israel Baker, violin; and Pearl Kaufman, piano; Columbia M2S-620 (stereo) and M2L-271: two records

No album containing so much music by Alban Berg, played with so much devotion, skill, and authority, can escape being designated as important. Is its purpose to expose some of his least-heard music (such as the early songs or the orchestrated *Lyric Suite* movements, written originally for quartet), or to provide a sampling of some of his most notable achievements (such as *Lulu*), or to set forth his acerbic lyricism? Any given listener's response is likely to depend upon his responsiveness to twelve-tone music in general. But Berg's setting of *Der Wein*, a lengthy three-part song for soprano with orchestral accompaniment based on Baudelaire's poem *L'Âme du Vin*, is filled with music that is almost pictorial in its sly and graphic touches. And the *Lyric Suite* merits its name, for all its brooding, brusqueness, and occasional eeriness. Somewhat more forbidding is the Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano, and Winds, an intricate musical celebration of the number "three." The performances are not likely to be surpassed.

Brahms: Sextet in B-flat Major for Strings, Opus 18

The New York String Sextet (Renato Bonacini and Kees Kooper, violins; Paul Doktor and Clifford Richter, violas; Benar Heifetz and Janos Scholz, cellos); 20th Century Fox 4008 and S-4008 (stereo)

A band of string players devoted to sextet literature is not the commonest sight, or sound, in music, and in practice this group finds itself playing quintets, too. But this lengthy, songful piece by the twenty-seven-year-old Brahms enables them to pool their six-sided talent, and an impressive display it is. The music, obviously, is early Brahms, and not especially typical, but it is spirited, lyrical, expertly blended, and abundant in good melodies and charming

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moments, such as the all-pizzicato closing of the first movement. A change of pace in chamber music.

Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Renato Cioni, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; Cesare Siepi, bass; with Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecelia, Rome, conducted by John Pritchard; London OSA-1327 (stereo) and A-4355: three records

Since Joan Sutherland's name dwarfs all others on the album cover, including that of the unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor herself, it would be beside the point to dilate upon other virtues to be found herein, such as crystal-clear sound, sure-handed conducting, and the restoration of admirable musical passages normally excised from performances. So, hurrying on to the performance of Australia's most fabulous vocal export since Nellie Melba, one finds the expectations justified and the challenge surmounted. Sutherland's voice is a trifle cool, perhaps, but immensely agile and, when need be, altitudinous. One of the musical restorations is a little trio interposed in the midst of the Mad Scene; it provides a norm, a point of reference, that makes the ensuing soprano pyrotechnics seem more inhuman than ever. The rest of the cast is solid; Merrill sings one of the best Enrico Ashtons on records. Only the Sextet seems tame, but it often does on records.

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in A Major, "Italian"; Symphony No. 5 in D Major, "Reformation"

Lorin Maazel conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 18684 and 138684 (stereo)

The first few seconds of this *Italian* symphony are pure magic — woodwinds burbling rhythmically and happily together while strings enter over them with the swift and lilting opening theme. Few performances of this cheerful symphony begin more captivatingly, and what comes after is no letdown. The oft-despised *Reformation* symphony also manages to hold the ear and the mind. Lorin Maazel, who began his career as a child-prodigy conductor, nowadays, at age thirty-one, conducts manfully and musically. Here the Berlin Philharmonic makes some lovely sounds for him, and the engineers have captured them admirably.

Thomson: The Plow That Broke the Plains; The River

Leopold Stokowski conducting Symphony of the Air; Vanguard 2095 (stereo) and 1071

One of the things that identifies Virgil Thomson's music as American is his fondness for quoting snatches of familiar folk, popular, and hymn tunes. Another is his ability to express himself directly and straightforwardly. Both characteristics help to shape these orchestral suites taken from Thomson's music for two Pare Lorentz motion pictures of the 1930s, one dealing with the Southwest dust bowl, the other with the Mississippi Valley. Presented as symphonic entities, both compositions cease being documentary film scores and become nostalgic musical expressions of two regions of America. They are richly and sonorously played by the Symphony of the Air.

The Immortal Victor Herbert

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra conducted by Robert Shaw; with Saramae Endich, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Mallory Walker, tenor; and Calvin Marsh, baritone; RCA Victor LSC-2515 (stereo) and LM-2515

No doubt, the immortal Victor gets sticky after a while. But a record like this, abounding in tunes from *The Red Mill*, *Orange Blossoms*, *Naughty Marietta*, and so forth, leaves most current Broadway show albums in another world. Mr. Shaw's Chorale has gusto and resonance, and four young singers handle the solos agreeably — nay, enchantingly.

Oh, Freedom! and Other Spirituals

Leon Bibb, folk singer, accompanied by Tanya Gould, piano, and Walter Raim, guitar; Washington 701

Leon Bibb is a rarity among folk singers, an artist with an excellent voice and a keen sense of musicianship. He demonstrates here that these qualities are applied as beneficially to Negro spirituals as to any other form of music. Presented with such sensitivity and sincerity, both the ecstatic songs and the emotional ones take on new dramatic and musical dimensions — which is a ponderous way of saying they are made to seem fresh and interesting. Among the seventeen songs are *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho; Honor, Honor;* and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* — the last sung unaccompanied, with a simple directness that puts to shame a dozen fancy arrangements.

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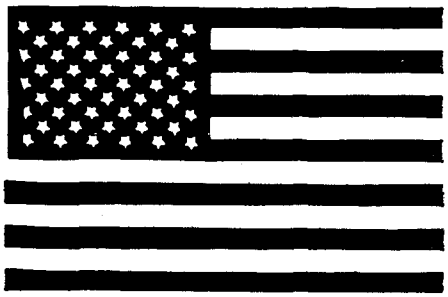

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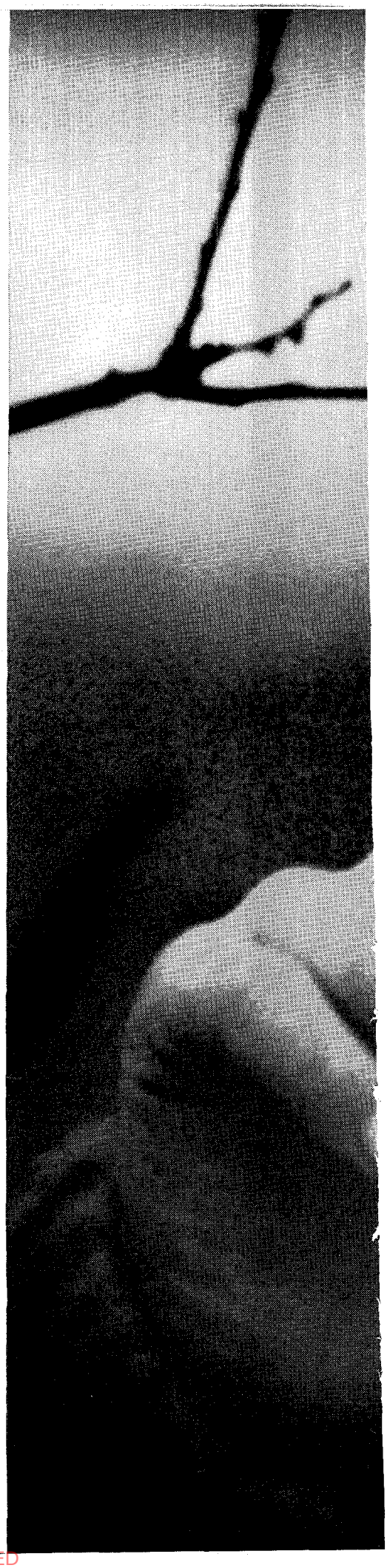

● Why do they stick to the twig? Where did they come from? When will they fall?

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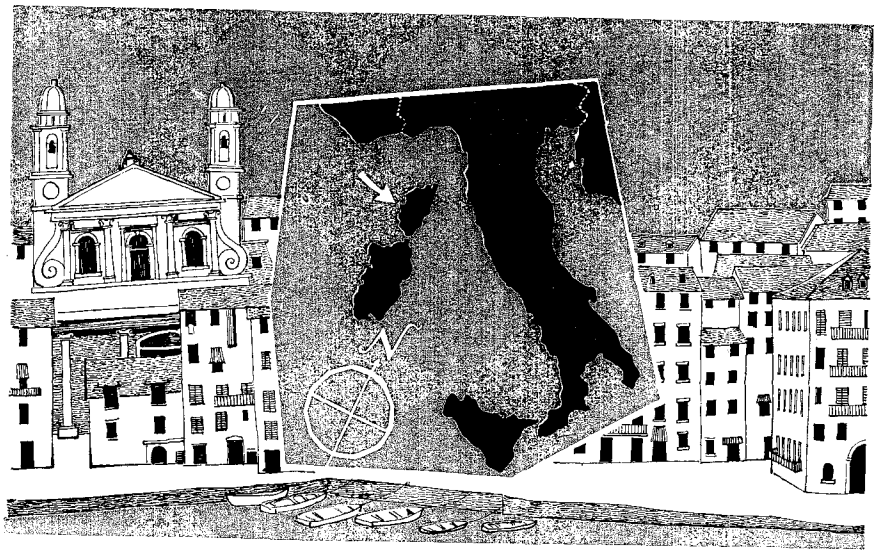
pleasures *and* places



CORSICA

BY GEOFFREY WAGNER

Situated due north of Sardinia, with which it was long treated as one economic unit, Corsica lies off the American traveler's track. Although some 30,000 British now annually visit the island, I have only run across a handful of my compatriots there in the last five years. Yet it is easy of access; from Nice to Calvi is but ninety-five sea miles, less than an hour by plane, and during the season there are dozens of flights to Ajaccio and Bastia and Calvi from the French mainland, as well as direct services from Paris and London (even one from Düsseldorf now). There is a lot of quite comfortable, usually overnight, shipping out of Marseilles, Nice, and Toulon, in case one wishes to bring across a car, though in July and August these boats become heavily booked ahead by currency-controlled French *estivants*. Corsica is also attainable from Italy (Livorno) and Sardinia, but prospective travelers from the latter should perhaps be warned that although the trip takes no more than an hour, the Strait of Bonifacio is often rough enough to delay the tiny boat put on this service.

Corsica always appears much larger than its actual land size of 3378 square miles. This is due, first, to the astonishing variety of its scenery, for it possesses surely the most abrupt contrasts in the Mediterranean. Within forty kilometers of baking beaches, the traveler can reach almost-Alpine villages, or the finest chestnut forests in the world, in the Castagniccia, or mountains shaggy with resinous maquis rising to labyrinths of tormented peaks 9000-feet high and continually tipped with snow, or great plains of olives and gaunt gorges reminiscent of North Africa. Second, communications are poor, compared with those in Sardinia; Corsica is even currently threatened with extinction of its uneconomic but beloved one-track railway system. Third, the roads, which are pretty bad, thanks to French denial of funds, are tortuous and spin out short distances; it was calculated that in last winter's sports-car rally the island tour selected involved some 1500 corkscrew bends. Although there is a perfectly satisfactory network of bus runs between major points, I recommend highly the hire of a small car there. Both Bastia and Ajaccio have reputable drive-yourself agencies, and the very unkempt nature of the roads lends delight to modern motoring. It is hardly possible to drive for more than a few minutes in Corsica without some spectacular view to one side or another, and this is also the only sensible way to penetrate the interior and get some idea of what the island is really all about.

This essential character is not easy to communicate summarily. It must be emphasized initially that the island is a fully integrated department of France, the last to join (about a hundred and fifty years ago), the sixth largest in size, potentially the richest in soil, the poorest in population, and the first — forget it not — to free itself from the German yoke in World War II. I labor this possibly elementary point, since there was some irreverent local publicity when a well-known American magazine recently addressed an Ajaccio subscriber, "care of Corsica, Italy," two centuries late, and I have frequently found my own U.S. mail, when the word Corsica alone was used, sorted for Italy.

French is thus the official language, everywhere spoken and understood, but the native Corsican tongue sounds like a south Italian dialect. Since, for most of its modern history, Corsica was either a Pisan or Genoese gift of the Papacy, Italian is understood throughout the island, but even with some Italian you are unlikely to understand Corse, which is still peppered with Arabic derivatives. For Corsica was notably prone to the typical Mediterranean invasion waves, since the Genoese early imposed authority by confiscation of arms (hence the certain dignity of carrying arms there today). The Moorish profile, with the white bandeau around the forehead, which forms the national emblem, and which Pascal Paoli struck on coins when creating a mint, is meant to symbolize that the pagan captive has had the bandage over his eyes raised by the more liberal regime of Pascal Paoli, that hero of independence, whose ashes lie in his old house at Morosaglia, appropriately facing the highest mountains.

Just as there is an Ajaccio-Bastia feud — I am charmed by the latter, a leafy, unassuming Corsican suburb of Marseilles — so there is some Paoli-Napoleon rivalry. Everyone knows something about Napoleon, and his birthplace in that surprisingly substantial house in a side street of Ajaccio should certainly be

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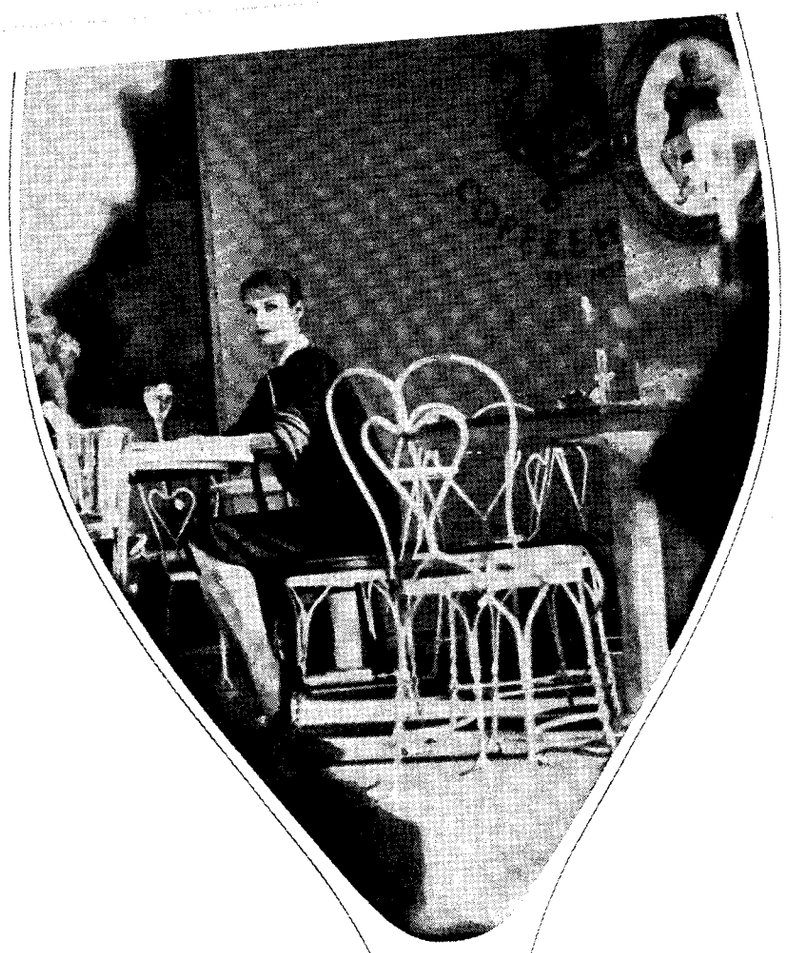

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visited; but not all tourists remember Paoli, the architect of the island's brief but vital period of independence, before it became, still more briefly, British at the end of the eighteenth century, largely thanks to Nelson, who prized the 150-foot-high *laricios* of the Valdo-Niello for masts. Paoli's capital, Corte, in the heart of the island, is well worth visiting. Here, in the old citadel, you can see the shot-pocked house which General Gaffori's wife defended almost single-handed against the Genoese in 1750 ("our women were good enough to deal with them"); and here, too, the islanders recently ratified a successful case of civil disobedience in their forcible refusal to allow the French government to stage atomic tests at Argentella.

All this is to say that the best preparation for meeting Corsicans is to expect them to resemble summer Scotsmen. They are not gay Italians. They have been exploited by outsiders for centuries. Despite the fact that Corsica's cost of living is currently assessed as 30 percent higher than that of any other French department, there is no misery on the island, principally because the Corsicans are stoic (witness their record in German concentration camps) and have disciplined themselves to what textbooks call the psychology of scarcity. Also, Corsicans are people of "face" and tend to conceal their sorrows. Physically, I might add, they are short dark people, often with pale-blue eyes; sober, frugal, dour, severe, remarkably honest, disapproving of the Continental, and unattached to money values. Good friends in adversity.

However, the Corsicans most tourists meet are the employees of restaurants and hotels of the coastal fringe, and these are frequently French, since it is a *déshonneur* to be anybody's servant in Corsica. This tourist fringe, especially along the incomparable west coast from Propriano to Ile-Rousse in the north, is a relatively *arriviste*, post-Edwardian phenomenon; and yet it is here that the prospective traveler will find what are to my mind the finest beaches in the Mediterranean, unsurpassed submarine fishing, and wonderful camping sites, particularly around Porto-Vecchio, itself a dull village, but surrounded by glorious stretches of platinum *plages*, by one of which the King of Belgium has just built a house. I should not pass over, either, the deep clear mountain pools inland, some with sand edges, where in full summer you can roll off hot rocks into icy water. But elegant hotels or chic nightclubs are not to be found. Ile-Rousse is alone in having a luxury hotel, given red type and four gables by Michelin (the Corsican section in the Michelin Guide is very poor at present, but the Michelin map is a must); Calvi has an amusing night-club run by an ex-Cossack; but on the whole the visitor should not expect highly developed amenities, or cheap prices, or even sophisticated cooking.

Several shingles around the island will invite you to enjoy *Spécialités Corses*, but during summer these consist in the main of tasty *pâtés* of blackbirds and thrushes and rather crude *charcuteries*, or ham products of the *prosciutto* variety. Fine goat's-milk cheeses abound on the island (Roquefort, from ewe's milk, is made here), and there is some magnificent Corsican honey. There are also some good *rosé* wines — try Royal Corse, named for the first Corsican regiment — but most of the other wines, together with local liqueurs and *pastis*, generally disappoint. These strictures should be emphatically qualified by the fact that in winter Corsican game is unrivaled, not only the famed *bécasse*, or long-beaked woodcock, but also the lowly rabbit or hare. Mountain trout is also almost absurdly abundant and excellent.

The visitor who does not expect too much, then, may well be pleasantly surprised. Nearly all the larger coastal towns have clean, comfortable summer hotels and good restaurants. These are crowded from Bastille Day in mid-July until the *rentrée des classes* in early September. Corsica is glorious in both May and June, when parts of it resemble vast wild gardens, and the weather is fully hot enough for swimming.

Actually, the Corsican experience is best felt in the little hill villages, today being deserted. Like the ports built around squat Genoese warning towers, these villages are generally defensive in structure. Many are set ten to twenty miles back into the interior from the coast and were originally mother villages to which the fisherfolk retreated whenever Barbary menaced; for example, Macinaggio, the northern village from which Paoli set out to capture the

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island of Capraia, is the port for charming, sleepy Rogliano higher up. It is important to visit the lushly overgrown houses back in the Cap Corse hills to the north. Here is a tranquillity most of Europe forgot a century or more ago — among donkeys and potted plants and pigtailed girls and pensioners and shepherds in flannel cummerbunds. But these villages are often sadly elegiac, since each now shows signs of recent abandonments.

For Corsica is uneconomic. It runs at an annual commercial deficit of 150 million new francs. It is depopulated and overpopulated. Between 1937 and 1956 its census showed a loss in population of 75,759, and though the official figure was over two hundred thousand at last count, it is now thought to be down to about 140,000. When you deduct from this total Bastia and Ajaccio, towns of forty and thirty thousand inhabitants respectively, Corsica's population density sinks to ten inhabitants per square kilometer, while that of Sardinia (roughly its equal at the time of the Second Empire) is now fifty-three, and even Africa, with its deserts, boasts eighteen.

Here the trouble is cultural as well as economic. For a variety of reasons Corsica has been penalized for its insularity, deprived of tax compensations such as affect and assist Sardinia, Sicily, and even the Channel Isles. Life is expensive. Not only is there no financial incentive for the young to remain; there is no intellectual stimulus, nothing at all beyond the *lycée* stage of education. Those who wish to go to the university are obliged to leave for *le continent*, as France is called, and are almost inevitably lost to the island as a result. Two world wars have further depopulated Corsica, which claims to have sent proportionately more of its manhood to death for the mother country than any other department. At the same time the birth rate and the drift back of old *retraités* to live on their inherited lands mean overpopulation by the nonproductive. This problem might be somewhat alleviated if Algeria should gain independence, at which time, it is guessed, many *colons* would return to Corsica. This happened in the case of Morocco.

Corsica offers today the wildest scenery easily accessible in Europe; a sense of pre-industrial peace (few

LET HIM LIVE WITH THE PIGS

Tong Chin lived in a mountain village on the East Coast of Formosa. His home was a shed which was part of a pig pen. He was in rags, couldn't speak Chinese, only tribal. He ate with his hands and his mother was anxious to get rid of him saying, "He can't do anything. He only eats." Her attitude explains why instead of living with her he existed with the pigs. He couldn't run away because he was blind. A more hopeless future than the one he faced is hard to conceive. But visit him now in a Christian Children's Fund Home for the Blind and listen to him recite his lessons and play part of a classic on the piano. In just a couple of months he has become a clean, bright and extremely appreciative boy. Modern teaching methods for the blind can accomplish miracles.

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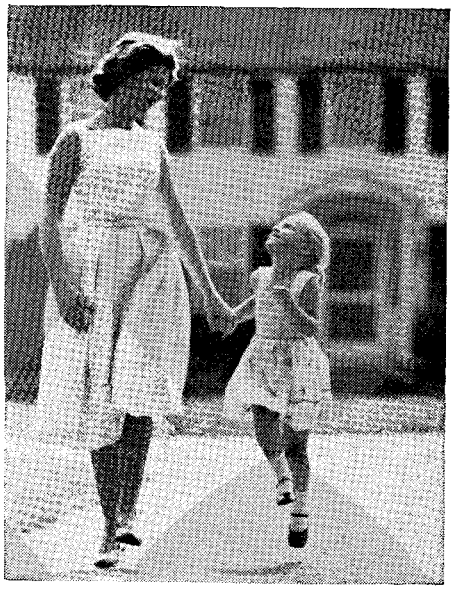

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roads, one short grassy railway, a risible telephone system); an utter lack of regimentation and organization (I am not encouraging trespassing when I say that private property is a liberally interpreted term there); and an absence of money values.

Writing at the close of some fifteen months' residence on the island, I realize with some amazement that I never once locked my car or house. In this heavily policed enclave, everyone knows everyone else. The old, vanished bandit class were always perfectly known to the police. Apart from forest incendiarism, a tragic affair I cannot cover here, crime is virtually nonexistent on the island. The resulting sense of trust and community is a remarkably rewarding one to experience. Off the island, of course, the Corsican feels less bound by local morality, since he is dealing with his equivalent of the gringo. This in turn raises that rather banal subject, the vendetta. Originally it was a form of *de facto* government in the teeth of an official injustice imposed by aliens. But the aliens, or Genoese, encouraged the vendetta, to split indigenous resistance. In his pages on the island, Voltaire expressed especial horror at the resultant interfamilial bloodshed. Such killings eventually became vulgarized into sexual revenge, of the type shown, and shown critically, by Mérimée. As such they still exist, though in a very attenuated form.

Above all, Corsica is what the sociologists term a shame-culture. The acquisition of riches is unimportant and truly avails you little on the island itself. *Honneur*, what others think of you, is all. Thus, to be a mayor is terribly important, and has brought many to grief; to be rich is not. The tourist may well find his tips returned, though never his gifts. It is all profoundly democratic. There may be a count in every third village, but no social advantage is involved in a title. One meets simple carpenters and shepherds with the famous names that ring through the island's history, like Pozzo di Borgo, Colonna d'Istria, di Rocca Serra, Grimaldi d'Esdra. Consequently, to be an American in Corsica has a certain cachet, not thanks to any monetary distinction, but because the American has demonstrably paid Corsica the compliment of coming from very far to visit. The welcome will be reserved, but none the less warm, and true.

Persianity

BY JOHN WHITE

Query: why don't Persian bathtubs join the floor — that is, why isn't there a piece of pipe running from the hole in the tub to the hole in the floor? They just sit there, the tubs, with no pipe whatever attached to their drain holes; you pull out the stopper, and *whoosh!* — the water rushes out and richly floods the room, since the giving hole in the tub seems much bigger than the receiving hole in the floor through which the torrent must eventually make its way out of the house.

Result: shoes and whatever clothes were left neatly piled on the floor during the bath are respectively floated and soaked, while the bather splashes about frantically in water that rises rapidly to his ankles, and above. Because it is Persia, the strangeness of the custom of not joining tub to floor is somewhat offset by another practice — the erection of a little dam at the bathroom door. Thus, ultimate destruction of the entire house is averted; the whole contents of the tub emptied onto the bathroom floor does not *quite* overflow into the other rooms.

Only after three such floatings and soakings of my apparel did I manage to remember and cache my shoes and clothes on various bits of high ground — w.c. and medicine chest and suchlike — before entering the tub. That way it became a sporting proposition: emerge from the tub, plot my course so as to grab up everything on the way, then pull the plug and race for it. I got so good I could hoick everything up and out before the onrushing flood caught more than the bottom of my last heel.

I should note that finally, after about four months of this kind of salvage-racing, punctuated by an occasional relapse into forgetfulness and consequent float-soaking, I arrived at what I believe to be the ultimate wisdom: I deduced that it was not necessary to pull that damned plug *before* dressing. No, one could emerge from the tub, in complete leisure dry oneself, clothe oneself, stroll about cleaning one's teeth, inspecting one's nails, weighing oneself, and performing all the other little chores suitable to that

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circumstance and place, and at last, completely clad and prepared to rejoin the world, stand a little away from the tub, pull the plug, and with hardly a suspicion of haste, step backward and out of that flood-doomed room — as dry as a bone.

That it took me so long to figure out this apparently obvious maneuver was indeed somewhat distressing, but at least I *did* at last manage it, thus, in my own mind anyway, removing myself from the category of the hopeless or "the walnuts." There is a Persian proverb: "The training of the unworthy is walnuts on a dome."

But *why* are Persian tubs unjoined to Persian floors? In three of the four houses I inhabited such was the case. I asked Mohammed. Said he, "Why, because if there was a pipe between tub hole and floor hole bad smells would come up." Said I, "Wouldn't *worse* smells come up from the floor hole itself?" Said he, "I don't understand plumbing." Said I, "Neither do I."

I asked Hassan. Said he, "The bathrooms were built before there were tubs, and it would not be convenient to run pipes all the way across the room from where the tub is to where the hole in the floor is, which was put there for the shower." I thought of a bathroom I knew that 1) had the floor hole directly under the tub hole, innocent of joining pipe, and 2) had no shower. But I deemed it wiser not to pursue the matter. I had once before asked Hassan a similar question: why do the electric linemen string their power lines across the very tips of branches of trees, so that they are pretty sure to be blown off, rather than poke them down to where the branch joins the trunk, so that they might not be blown off for several days or even weeks? It would require hardly any extra effort. Hassan had replied: "Because our people are *natural*. They live in the present. Yesterday was not, tomorrow will not be, *today* is all. That powerman wakes up and walks out with his long stick, to poke power lines back onto trees, and it is all the same to him whether he does it on this street or the next, or whether he did the same thing yesterday or the day before. The day is the day, and work is work, and — " And by the time that answer was finished, I felt I knew far less about men and trees and power and Persia than ever before.

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Robert Ardrey, *African Genesis (Atheneum)* / James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name (Dial)* / Stringfellow Barr, *The Will of Zeus (Lippincott)* / John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, *The Architecture of America (Little, Brown)* / Rene Dubos, *The Dreams of Reason (Columbia)* / Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities (Random House)* / Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sanchez (Random House)* / Lewis Mumford, *The City in History (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Virgilia Peterson, *A Matter of Life and Death (Atheneum)* / Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life (McGraw-Hill)* / Elizabeth Stevenson, *Lafcadio Hearn (Macmillan)* / Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President (Atheneum)* / Ola Elizabeth Winslow, *John Bunyan (Macmillan)*

POETRY

JUDGES LEONIE ADAMS, MARK VAN DOREN AND WILLIAM JAY SMITH ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Bagg, *Madonna of the Cello (Wesleyan)* / Philip Booth, *The Islanders (Viking)* / John Ciardi, *In the Stoneworks (Rutgers)* / H. D., *Helen in Egypt (Grove)* / Reuel Denney, *In Praise of Adam (Chicago)* / Alan Dugan, *Poems (Yale)* / Abbie Huston Evans, *Facts of Crystal (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Isabella Gardner, *The Looking Glass (Chicago)* / Horace Gregory, *Medusa in Gramercy Park (Macmillan)* / John Holmes, *The Fortune Teller (Harper)* / Denise Levertov, *Jacob's Ladder (New Directions)* / Ned O'Gorman, *Adam Before His Mirror (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / John Hall Wheelock, *The Gardener and Other Poems (Scribner)*

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WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WINNERS TUESDAY, MARCH 13

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE Chinese Art Treasures were on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts during the Christmas holidays, and a more enchanting and welcome gift could hardly be imagined. These two hundred and thirty masterpieces — paintings, scrolls, calligraphy, pottery, and jade — were selected from the famous court collection which was begun at the very outset of the Southern Sung dynasty (1127–1279), which survived the invasion of the Mongols and of the Manchus, the fall of Peking in China's humiliating foreign wars of 1860 and 1900, the pillar-to-post transfer during World War II, and after that, the Communist take-over. They come to us from Taiwan, and it is a miracle that they are in such an exquisite state of preservation.

On my first two visits, I had eyes only for the paintings. WANG SHIH-CHIEH, who has written the preface to the catalogue, CHINESE ART TREASURES (Skira, $5.00), says that the essence of ancient Chinese art is "its ability to impart a high sense of tranquillity and peacefulness. The serene world the ancient Chinese artist labored to depict was, however, not a world void of passions; it was rather a world where passions had found sublimation." This feeling of tranquillity is pervasive, and you see its immediate effect on the faces of the spectators: they are relaxed and smiling, and they are evidently finding a surprising pleasure in looking for the small, half-hidden figures, the little touches of humor, poignancy, and sheer beauty which you will find if you wait. The children, and I among them, were attracted to the animals. *Magpies and Hare* by Ts'ui Po (dated 1061) makes one laugh aloud nine hundred years after it was painted. Against the wet contour of an earth bank leans a small gnarled oak. The wind is blowing through its leaves and is strong enough to keep one of the magpies poised overhead. The nearer bird, beak open, is jeering down from the branch, and the hare, as he looks up with his "Who, me?" expression, is a masterpiece of innocence and guile.

I came back repeatedly to study another of my favorites, *Herdboys and Buffaloes in the Rainstorm* by Li Ti. Here the wind is lashing an old willow tree, and one can almost feel the onslaught of the rain. The herdboys, each mounted on his broad-beamed buffalo, are getting the hell out of there, and the younger has just had his straw hat blown away and is about to jump off the rump to retrieve it. Hat or buffalo? How can realism be made more engaging?

We notice how well-fed these animals are: the cats and the monkeys are fat; the horses, those from the imperial stables, so rounded that it is just as much fun for the artist to paint them from the rear view as in profile. The Khitan hunters, on the other hand, are mounted on short-legged, stubby little ponies branded on the left thigh. There are two paintings of them, one showing the hunters with their greyhounds (rather like salukis with their long fluffy tails), one hound to each horse, either sitting the rump or carried in the lap of the rider. In the second painting, the boys are armed with their trained eagles. The manes and tails have been fuzzed out with strokes as fine as a hair, and, my, how bleak-looking are those endless steppe landscapes!

For the intricacy of the composition and the delicate shading of color, there is nothing to match the two panel paintings of what may once have been a screen, *Deer Among Red Maples* and *Deer in Autumn Forest*. In one the herd is resting and feeding in the wood; in the other there has been some disturbance in the forest. The hart has his fine head up as he listens, and his harem is turning to him for protection. The subtle handling of the deer and the beautiful feeling for the foliage are the work of one who was in love with nature a thousand years ago.

I enjoy pictures that tell stories, and the finest in this collection do just that. *Breaking the Balustrade* is the most dramatic picture of the lot. A courtier has been sentenced to be beheaded for

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daring to speak out against the obsequious favorite of the Emperor. Soldiers are leading him away, but he grasps the balustrade and in passion demands that he be killed on the spot. The Emperor's poise and his change of face as he recognizes the man's courage are a story now made immortal by the anonymous artist. The artist's use of open spaces and of few details lets the light fall, as it should, on the three main characters, the Emperor, the favorite, and the brave one.

A second and tantalizing story is that which tells of *Wen-chi's Return to China*, by Ch'en Chü-chung. Lady Wen-chi was the daughter of a famous scholar of the second century. On her way to Kansu she was taken prisoner by Hsiung-nu raiders and whisked off to Mongolia, where she lived for twelve years before being ransomed. Captivity was not without its consolation, for she found a happy Tartar husband and bore him two sons, and now here at last is the Chinese envoy, come to bring her home. The children cling to her and refuse to obey the nurse who would lead them away. But the packhorses and the camel are already loaded, and one can see that they will soon be on their way. Did Wen-chi have no say in the matter? Could she not have stayed or been hidden if she wished? No. For this was a man's world.

For quiet comedy *Secluded Fishermen on an Autumn River*, by T'ang Yin, is a scroll to delight the heart of any angler. The thatched lodge is already alight, and within, the early arrivals are chatting and, one assumes, drinking. Paddling toward the landing comes a lone fisherman so thirsty and back-weary he can hardly wait. Two others are sitting in the sterns of their boats, one playing a flute, with his feet in the water, and out in the deep pool is one last bitter-ender still hoping for the big one that shows only after dark. The red leaves have been falling all afternoon, and they dance on the water and add their warmth to the lovely painting.

The earliest figure painting in the exhibit is that of the *Foreign Envoy with Tribute Bearers*, attributed to an artist of the seventh century. The envoy himself is riding a white horse, and before and behind him come his attendants, carrying a birdcage, elephant tusks, coral — gifts which a barbarian would think of. It is a motley crew, some with strong Semitic features, one African, and one who looks to be European. The mockery here is easy to detect.

The landscapes, whose titles are like short poems, should be taken in slowly. It is distracting to have so many beauties contending for one's attention. My preference is for the earlier ones. It seemed to me remarkable that so many of them were devoted to the autumn and winter, the seasons of cool blood and contemplation. The majestic heights in *Clearing After Snow on the Mountain Peaks;* the exquisite scroll *Pure and Remote View of Stream and Hills; Fishing on a Snowy River*, which delights me because of its solitariness; and *Spring in Kiangnan* — these are paintings I should like to live with.

The aftereffect of a loan exhibit as dramatic as this is to make us more appreciative of what we have at home. The Boston Museum's collection of Oriental art is one of the finest in the Western world. Now we can look with fresh insight at the *Portraits of Emperors*, attributed to Yen Li-pen of the hilarious tribute bearers; the twelfth-century version of the adventures of Lady Wen-chi among the Tartars; and the beautiful tenth-century *Tartars Traveling on Horseback*. This long scroll of mustard-colored silk, no wider than a good-sized book, is completely occupied by a procession of gingery, bouncy, businesslike little horses, lovingly drawn in delicate black, touched up with white and a resonant claret wash, and ridden by a grave gentleman and his marvelously varied and raffish following.

THE GLORY OF PEKING

Those who have lived in Peking never forget it. The open sky, the palaces in the sunshine, the dust and laughter, the gaiety and courage of the people leave an unforgettable impression. It is a happy coincidence that LIN YUTANG should recently have published IMPERIAL PEKING: SEVEN CENTURIES OF CHINA, with an essay on Chinese art by Peter Swann (Crown, $10.00); here are the genesis of the grandmother of cities and the color prints and photography to show us the entity that still survives.

At the outset, the author is intent on the spirit of the place, the ethos of the common people and how they respond to the four seasons; we watch the trading, hear the street cries, realize how important is the brazier for its heat, how short the spring, how long the autumn and winter (now we appreciate why those seasons predominate in the painting). Then we approach the Temple of Heaven. In contrast to the subdued tint and terse detail of Chinese painting, the imperial architecture is characterized by a rainbow riot of color and a positive terror of blank surfaces. It is also, one gathers, fairly short-lived. The temples, pagodas, and ceremonial gates, of marble and tile, can weather the centuries, but for residence the Chinese built in wood and mud brick covered with a marvelous frosting of gilt, paint, lacquer, and glaze. Since such palaces are so vulnerable to fire or decay, much of the surviving Forbidden City is junior to Versailles. The flowing complex

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of semi-independent units is designed more for privacy than for ostentation; the eyes of the building look inward; the vistas and gardens are softly surprising; even the beautiful blue roof of the Temple of Heaven settles gently into the landscape rather than rising up to dominate it, much as the human figures in Chinese landscape melt into the rocks and pine trees.

One wonders if the Chinese Communists are restoring their national shrines with the skill now being expended in the Soviet Union. One wonders about the last of the Manchu Emperors, a boy of twenty when Lin Yutang was in Peking; driven out of the palace by the "Christian" General Feng, kidnaped by the Japanese to be the puppet emperor of Manchukuo, then by the Russians when they marched into Manchuria after Hiroshima, he was last heard of in 1960, working as a factory hand in Mukden.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

ELIZABETH JENKINS is the first well-qualified historian to write about Elizabeth the Great of England as a woman and, secondly, as a monarch. She came to her study of the Queen following her admirable biography of Jane Austen, and as her friend Elizabeth Bowen says, the two women have something in common — "smiling irony, delight in social occasions and a strength gained by emotional self-control." In *Elizabeth the Great*, which some rate the finest biography of 1959, she told of the Queen's remarkable education under Roger Ascham; of her unerring choice of counselors, Cecil chief among them; and of the intuition and sagacity with which she bound the nation to her and, using her virginity as pawn, kept the religious peace at home and the balance of power abroad while her island, without a King, rose to its first-class power. Now, in ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER (Coward-McCann, $5.75), Miss Jenkins writes of the Englishman Robert Dudley, whom the Queen loved above all others ("I cannot live without seeing you every day," she once said to him publicly, and added, "You are like my little dog"), of the intimacy she permitted him, and of how and why she kept him dangling. The two books are complementary: in style and detail, a glorious tapestry; in perception, unsurpassed.

Miss Jenkins explores the delicate question of whether Elizabeth could have had sexual union with any man, of whether, indeed, she could have produced the heir her countrymen so wanted for a safe succession. Her own physicians were divided on this point; the biographer (and Dr. Freud) would say no. The cruelty which Elizabeth suffered in her youth left deep scars. As a child of two and a half, held up in the arms of her mother, Ann Boleyn, in a despairing, futile effort to appease Henry VIII; at eight a witness to the hideous condemnation of her beloved stepmother, Katherine Howard; shamefully courted by Lord Thomas Seymour when she was but fourteen, and prostrated by his execution; then herself condemned to the Tower, is it any wonder that marriage became for her the black pit? Yet she craved all that led to the very verge of the pit — the vanity of courtship, the close attention of virile men, the caress just short of possession; she was a deliberate temptress, contemplating a foreign marriage for the sense of power and for the temporary protection the negotiation gave to England, and everlastingly teasing Lord Robert for the physical excitement that was in it. Naturally, she created more scandalous rumors than even her archrival, Mary Queen of Scots.

She told Robert Dudley when they were children of eight that she would never marry, but from the moment she appointed him Master of the Queen's Horse, the first of many favors, she allowed him privileges no other man enjoyed. He was robust and passionate, with remarkable powers of reserve; he was greedy for the kingship, and again and again thought he was to have it — at which point he would presume, and be slapped down in anger. This alternating attraction and repulsion sets up a repetitive pattern over nineteen years, which occasionally makes tiresome reading; and we can only pity him when he turns for relief to other beauties at the court, and finally to his secret marriage.

The two are drawn in antithesis, and of the two it is the Queen we will best remember: her eloquent directness in speech, her anger when aroused, her cleanliness and sense of smell, her instinct for religious tolerance, her skill with Parliament, and her utter loyalty to those few — Kat Ashley, Cecil, Sussex, Leicester, and Howard — on whom she depended; above all, her dedication.

THE SAINT AND THE LION

In her graceful narrative poem ST. JEROME AND THE LION (Viking, $2.50), RUMER GODDEN retells the legend of the grave saint and his embarrassing convert in pleasantly conversational verse, supported by helpful footnotes, designed for young readers. The poem itself is for any age, provided one brings to it the credulity, at once simple, humorous, and practical, of the medieval imagination. Miss Godden has reproduced this kind of fancy, which saw nothing incongruous in combining a celebration of the power of the Christian faith with sly satire on the limited wit of Christian clerics, extremely well; and the drawings by Jean Primrose make it a pretty little book.

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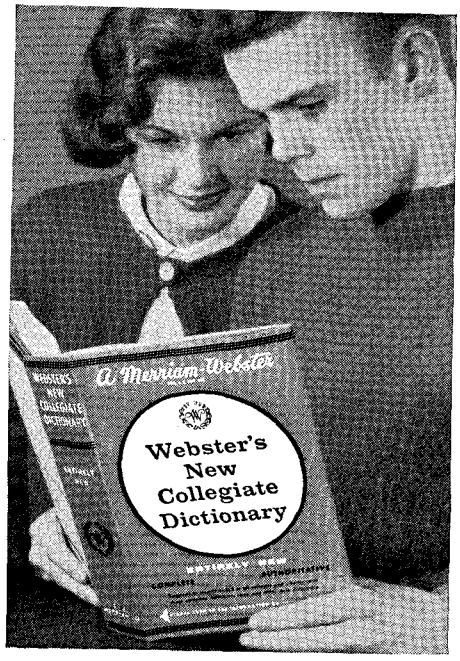

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THE ATLANTIC

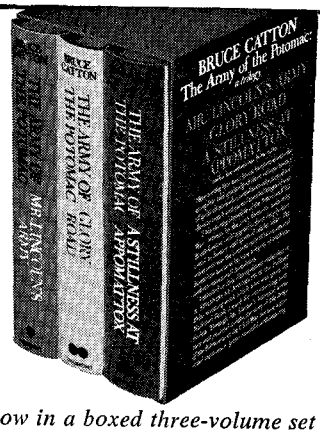
Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S first clash with public authority took place in 1914, when he denounced the British entry into World War I. For this unpatriotic act he spent a year in prison, where, in his usual indomitable fashion, he proceeded to write a book — one of his best — on mathematical philosophy. With World War II he abandoned pacifism and supported the fight against Hitler, arguing that a Nazi victory (unlike the Kaiser's) would mean a break in Western civilization. Now he has come back full circle to his original pacifism: a nuclear war between West and East, Mr. Russell believes, would be a catastrophe for mankind that cannot be justified by the advantages one political system might provide over the other.

HAS MAN A FUTURE? (Simon and Schuster, $3.00) shows us Russell undiminished by the years in his vigor and brilliance; a polemicist of noble passion and caustic wit. His book will not be generally liked in the United States, for it is hardly flattering to the national ego. Yet, whatever our disagreements with him, we can hardly help but marvel at the wonder of this man, an embattled *philosophe* in the true eighteenth-century sense, who now, in his ninth decade, is not only engaged in a running fight with the present generation of British philosophers but is also equal to taking on the governments of West and East in his own personal crusade for disarmament. If Bertrand Russell is not the most distinguished intellectual of our century, he is almost certainly its most energetic one.

Mr. Russell would be more perfect than human, however, if his book were not marred by the faults that



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usually beset him as a polemicist: impatience for the carefully qualified statement, inability to resist the witty phrase even when it distorts, and, strangest of all in so eminent a logician, some plain inconsistencies.

It has been argued against Mr. Russell that the reasons for opposing Hitler apply just as well to the equally bad, perhaps worse, tyranny of Communism. His reply is that the two situations differ because of the presence of nuclear weapons. A war for human liberty cannot be undertaken when it threatens the destruction of all mankind. Patrick Henry's "give me liberty, or give me death" is admirable as an individual's resolve about his own future; inadmissible as a resolve ("Give me liberty or let all mankind perish") for everybody else. A world under Communism might still harbor some possibilities for progress; tyrannies in the past have improved or withered away. The extinction of mankind leaves no possibilities at all.

Must we, however, restrict ourselves to alternatives so stark and exclusive as extinction and submission to Communism (which is what our unilateral disarmament would come to)? Granted that we share Mr. Russell's fears about nuclear war, the practical question is how to translate the urgent need for disarmament into concrete political steps. Here Mr. Russell fails us: the only suggestion he can come up with in the end is that the West adopt Khrushchev's proposal of general and complete disarmament.

This book will be most discomforting to those Westerners who believe we have a total monopoly of virtue. However, I think Mr. Russell does us a real service by puncturing any such self-righteous illusions. So long as either side is convinced that it is wholly pure and the other side wholly evil, negotiations will be impossible and mankind will remain in its present dreadful impasse.

But his old wounds at the hands of British and American authorities seem to fester so strongly at certain moments that his polemic against the West becomes intemperate. He does concede that the Baruch plan showed "considerable generosity" on America's part at a time when we had a monopoly of nuclear weapons; but some pages later the anti-American bias has taken over and he remarks with perfect inconsistency that this plan was deliber-

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ately rigged with certain conditions that would make it unacceptable to the Russians. With all our imperfections, we are not quite so bad as Mr. Russell thinks. Certainly, our diplomats are not that clever.

"QUINTESSENTIALLY ENGLISH"

One indispensable mark of the great stage entertainer is "presence" — the ability to carry on his act without pressing or nervous haste lest he lose his audience. Measured by a comparable literary quality, ANTHONY POWELL must be rated one of the most remarkable performers of our time. Elegant and imperturbable, never once raising his voice, Mr. Powell makes it quite clear from the start that his audience must adjust to *his* pace. In the end we succumb to the pleasure of reading him as we do when we take a ride in an antique, but finely tooled, Rolls-Royce that purrs soundlessly along at about twenty miles per hour.

Mr. Powell's admirers, most of whom are in England, form a devoted club. A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME (Little, Brown, $5.95), which contains the first three novels of his long series on English life in the twenties and thirties, will greatly expand the club on this side of the Atlantic; but a club it is likely to remain, since the taste for Mr. Powell is a dedicated and exclusive addiction.

In fact, the club has already acquired something of the passion of a claque, justly but perhaps a little too vociferously applauding its favorite. It will not do, for example, to press the comparison with Proust, which Mr. Powell can hardly survive, any more than any other writer now practicing. Mr. Powell has been aptly described by Evelyn Waugh as "quintessentially English," and a quintessentially English Proust is something of a contradiction in terms, like a mutton chop with *sauce Périgueux*. So long as one keeps the Proustian parallel in mind, Mr. Powell seems only to be writing an odd parody, the effect of which is to caricature his own very English qualities.

The similarity to Proust consists in the fact that both writers are engaged with the subjects of time and memory, and the novel of recollection permits a freedom to make characters appear and disappear unexpectedly as the conjunctions of

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memory suggest. After noting this, if we proceed to forget about the Proustian parallel entirely, we find that Mr. Powell has a quality all his own. Irony and understatement are parts of this quality, but more essential ingredients are the sheer delights of form, stylization, and rhythm. His dance to the music of time moves like a delicate and fantastic minuet.

For this grace of form we forgive a certain thinness of substance. Some dinners, not notable for their substance, can please by the elaborate ritual of their service. Mr. Powell's settings and service are impeccable, but his courses, so far, somewhat meager; one novel centers about a boyish prank on the telephone, another on a girl's dumping sugar on a young man's head at a party. The series acquires more depth as it goes on; two of the five completed volumes have not yet been published here; and Mr. Powell still has many volumes to go before he completes the whole series.

Though the world of IVY COMPTON-BURNETT is even more formal and stylized, it is also more charged and electric. After Mr. Powell's last quiet footfall has died away, to turn to read Miss Compton-Burnett is like being wakened from a half-dream by the sharp voice of Cassandra speaking with the crisp accents of an English headmistress. THE MIGHTY AND THEIR FALL (Simon and Schuster, $4.50) is not Miss Compton-Burnett at the very top of her form, but it is near enough that peak to carry all her usual authority.

Like Greek tragedy, Miss Compton-Burnett's material is what Freud in a lighter moment called "the family romance" — the intricate relationship, within a large inbred or incestuous family. Here, once again, is that family with its wickedly articulate children and servants, occupying the usual large country house; the intrigue of a will; and the final unexpected reversal that leaves everything in this queerly tragic world just about where it was. It is the mixture as before, but no admirer of Miss Compton-Burnett's would have it otherwise.

Much has been written of Miss Compton-Burnett's mastery of her unique form, but it should be clear by this time that her real triumph is one not merely of form but of substance or vision. She does not give us a pleasant vision of the human

"I Have a Son I've Never Seen"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place — a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifth of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Through this plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

* Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.

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heart, but it is a true one. Her people are appallingly selfish, mean, perverse, and deceitful — in a word, thoroughly human. The old grandmother, lying on her deathbed, may be taken as speaking for the novelist herself: "I don't feel I am going to meet my maker. And if I were, I should not fear him. He has not earned the feeling. I almost think he ought to fear me." God Himself might be a little disturbed by the vision of His creatures given back by Miss Compton-Burnett. But it is an exhilarating vision too, for these people have a ferocious vitality that makes them larger than life.

THE AMERICAN IMAGE

That English writers on the whole excel the Americans in their sense of form is due in part to the fact that the Englishman begins with the assumption that, as English, he definitely knows who he is, while the American more often than not is thrashing about in search of his own image.

This search for our American image has led us into all kinds of self-diagnosis. We have had attacks upon the hucksters, the hidden persuaders, our glut and affluence, and our new snobbishness of class and status. DANIEL J. BOORSTIN, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, in THE IMAGE, OR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM (Atheneum, $5.00), turns the diagnosis back upon itself by insisting that our main trouble is this preoccupation with the image.

Mr. Boorstin's analysis does not arraign any particular group as the villain of the piece. It represents all of us as victims and victimizers alike, caught up in a mass social process that perpetually substitutes the image for the reality. Like all ambitious historians, Mr. Boorstin has baptized a new revolution, this one the Graphic Revolution, which began with the invention of photography in the nineteenth century, developed into slick and streamlined journalism, and now, with the weapons of cinema, radio, and television, threatens to drown us in a sea of images. Not only can we no longer see the forest for the trees; we cannot even see the tree for the photograph of the tree.

This thesis is hardly novel. Some years ago, E. B. White observed that a fateful turn of history had been reached when an eclipse of the moon visible in New York City was televised there on local channels; people who could have seen the real thing out of their window preferred to look at the image on the screen. However, Mr. Boorstin's book is valuable for the vigor and detail of its documentation; his inventory of commercialized folly contains incidents that are grotesque and sad beyond belief.

But he misses one ray of hope on the horizon. The glut of images produces disbelief in them. Mr. Boorstin belongs to that generation, now in its forties, whose childhood was warped by the once-a-week visit to the distortions of Hollywood in a more naïve period. Our children today are more fortunate and have probably seen two or three movies on television by bedtime. They have acquired immunity. They have also heard enough singing commercials to have guessed the whole colossal swindle. And if these young people still go to the movies, they have other things to do in the balcony than to be absorbed in that big image on the screen.

THE CALCULATED SECOND SHOT

The young novelist who has had a great success with his first novel may find himself confronted by very special difficulties in writing the second. He is, naturally, afraid to repeat himself. On the other hand, he may be tempted to spread his wings and soar — only to fall flat on his face. A more prudent course is to attempt something merely modest and graceful, which in its mastery of craft will make clear that the first success was not just a flash in the pan, but which as yet does not in any way force the fates.

JOHN KNOWLES has managed just such a careful pacing of himself in his new novel, MORNING IN ANTIBES (Macmillan, $3.95). His first novel, *A Separate Peace*, won much critical acclaim and three prizes. While this second does not establish what his exact stature may yet be, it does show beyond doubt that he is an accomplished craftsman who can produce engaging and highly readable fiction. The book is gracefully, and in parts beautifully, written.

Mr. Knowles's great gift is for rendering atmosphere, particularly physical atmosphere. From its first page the book is awash with the colors and light of the French

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Riviera in the summer season. The characters moving around in this lush landscape, however, are neither very real nor very interesting. The one exception is a young Algerian who attaches himself to the hero and rapidly displaces the latter as the central character in the book. In this volatile, complex, and proud young Arab, Mr. Knowles has got hold of something first-rate. But on the threshold of creating a major character, Mr. Knowles pauses; he observes his creature deftly but warily, and then lets him drop. Apparently, it is not his moment just now to be too ambitious.

WAGES OF SIN

WILLIAM HICKEY, born in 1749, was a dissolute young man who thoroughly enjoyed all the low and high life of London in the latter part of the eighteenth century. After shipping to India, he reformed, made his fortune, and eventually returned to England to settle down in the country in 1808. When country life proved too dull, he set about relieving its tedium by writing his memoirs. Here the mystery of literary creation, always obscure, becomes well-nigh unfathomable. How could this bluff and genial man who had never shown any literary bent before even dare to approach authorship in his sixtieth year, much less manage to summon up from the depths of memory a masterpiece of autobiography that deserves to stand beside Boswell? The gift of total recall can be one of the worst instruments of boredom, but in Hickey's case it is something for which posterity must be permanently grateful.

Readers will be grateful also to Peter Quennell, who, in condensing the diffuse original manuscript to one volume, THE PRODIGAL RAKE (Dutton, $6.50), has rescued Hickey from specialists in the eighteenth century and set him down in the place he deserves among lovers of literature.

Hickey is a man of many charms, a principal one being that, unlike many reformed rakes, he really enjoyed the sins of the flesh, and he enjoys them again in remembrance. And if this were not enough, he tops it all by turning his dissolute life into an enduring work of literature; surely the good Lord poured out a grace abounding to this chief of sinners.

"But How Can EDUCATED People Be Catholics?"

Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man—not God. Some of them acknowledge that He was a great teacher and rank Him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

"The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion—but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people . . . and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists . . . have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

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The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era . . . and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.

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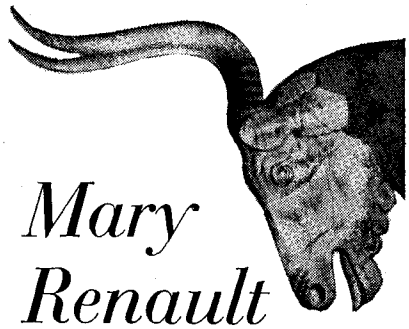

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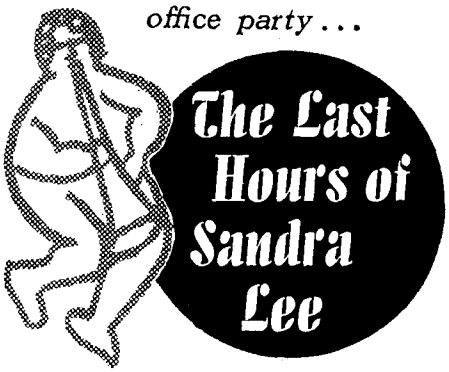

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

The chief problem confronting any biographer of Don Marquis is bound to be the temptation to quote; and, happily, EDWARD ANTHONY, author of O RARE DON MARQUIS (Doubleday, $5.95), has made no effort at all to resist it. The book is stuffed and bulging with snippets from Marquis' columns in the New York *Sun*, fragments of archy and mehitabel, most of the egobiography which Marquis never finished, serious poems which Mr. Anthony overrates, improper limericks sent by postcard to friends who have treasured them ever since, and long fireworks letters about his affairs and projects. One of these schemes, a play about Shelley, Byron, and a lady whom Marquis called "the countess Broccoli, or something," was pure fantasy. Marquis had no intention of writing any such thing. But his madly nonsensical description of a nonexistent play contains, in one hilarious paragraph, as sound a view of those two gaudy poets as most professional literary critics can manage in a twenty-page essay. Around the edge of Marquis' own comedy, Mr. Anthony has wedged in the actual facts of his life, which was such a series of disasters that a novelist who loaded them all on one character would be laughed out of business. None of the dreadful things that happened to Marquis seems to have altered his nature in the slightest. He began his career with a unique point of view, combining courteous astonishment at the habits of the human race and satirical clearheadedness about its ideas with an imagination that rocketed unpredictably into realms never previously explored. He kept these qualities to the end of his life, along with quixotic generosity and a saintly patience with his dreary female relatives. Mr. Anthony cannot explain Marquis (it's doubtful that any mortal ever will), but he displays him admirably. It is always a pleasure to encounter a biographer who knows when to get out of his subject's way.

EMMANUEL ANATI'S CAMONICA VALLEY (Knopf, $5.95) describes and attempts to interpret the fifteen-thousand-odd prehistoric carvings which the archaeologist author discovered and studied in the Italian Alps. He reports that the people of Camonica went about their business relatively undisturbed from sometime before 2000 B.C. to the days of Caesar Augustus, when a Roman legion marched into the valley and set up imperial shop. The carvings with which the Camonicans adorned their rocky territory are no match, aesthetically, for the much earlier cave paintings found in France and Spain; but because they depict, to some extent, everyday doings and run parallel in time to civilizations well explored and even documented elsewhere, they have yielded a great deal of information about life in pre-Roman Gaul.

Readers who recall that GEORGETTE HEYER once wrote exceptionally amusing and puzzling murder mysteries may be tempted, by opening hints of hanky-panky in the hunting field, to essay her latest novel, A CIVIL CONTRACT (Putnam, $4.50). They will be disappointed. It is woman's-magazine pastry with an elaborate Regency setting. Togetherness in the curricle, you might say.

GRANT H. PEARSON, a veteran of the National Park Service and now a member of the Alaskan legislature, has written, with the assistance of Philip Newill, MY LIFE OF HIGH ADVENTURE (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). No autobiography, the book sticks pretty firmly to sled dogs, bear and tourist problems, and the climbing of Mount McKinley, which Mr. Pearson accomplished with distinction and frankly confessed terror. He had a remarkable talent for falling into crevasses. It is an unpretentious book, but likable on its own terms.

ALAN DENSON has evidently edited LETTERS FROM AE (Abelard-Schuman, $7.50) with great care, providing not only the usual footnotes but also a biographical appendix which accounts for all Russell's correspondents. Since these ranged from Yeats to nobody, and Russell, a true democrat, wrote as interestingly to nobody as to Yeats, it must have been quite a task. The letters themselves provide a veritable history of Irish letters, politics, and art from 1890 to 1935, but tell little about AE himself. He stuck to criticism, mystical speculation, good advice, and large public questions; gossip and emotion are almost entirely absent from these letters.

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Many otherwise cultivated persons seem to have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. They can stand before a famous or respected work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. They seem to be cut off from a rare form of pleasure they surely ought to be able to enjoy as much as

WHAT IS WRONG? Can it be that the art of painting is something of a mystery? Indeed, it is not. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been without guidance as to what to look for in paintings. Either he has never had an opportunity to take a university course in the subject, or, because of sheer lack of time, he has never found it convenient to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum.

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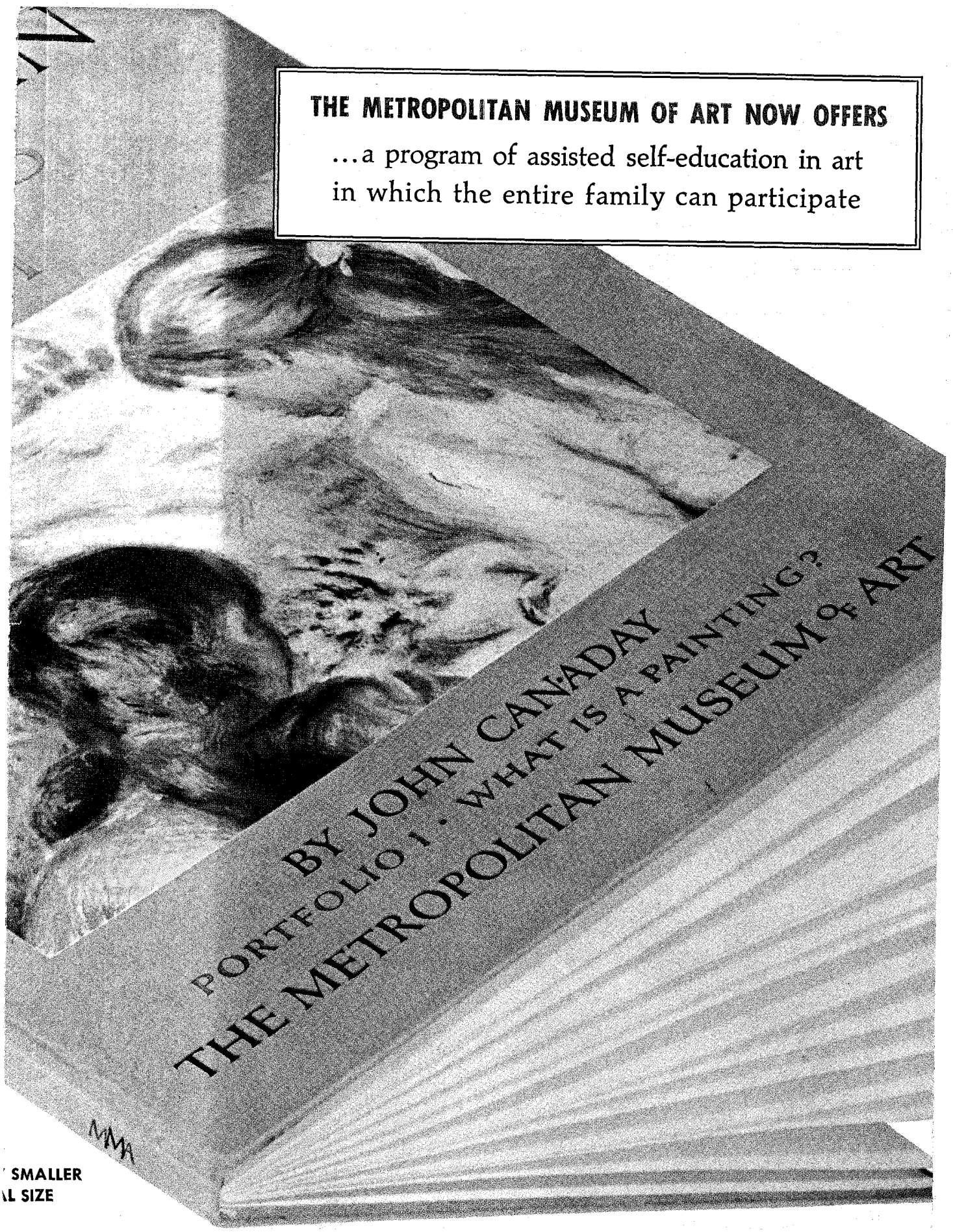

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